

Treehouse Adventures

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There are twenty four usable hours in every day. That is what my mother used to tell me when I was a younger. She told me that I had to make sure to make every hour count. I never really took her words to heart, and I let time slip by me. Before I knew it, I was graduating high school and I was on my way to college. Where did my teen years go? Was it time for me to grow up? What had I accomplished?

I am eighteen years old and on my way to a major university. I received a scholarship and a full ride, as long as I could keep my grades up. That should be pretty easy, being as I graduated high school with a 4.2 grade point average. My brother said that was me being an overachiever, but I was on my way to college and he worked two jobs at fast food places. In my opinion I was doing better than him. There was nothing that I had not accomplished in high school, that was not what I had wanted to accomplish ... well except one thing.

My day had been that of a busy one. My entire family seemed to be here for my graduation. I was the first one in this family in a long time to graduate and that was a big deal. To some of the people in my family, I was loved and put up high because of what I had achieved. To others, I was what they never could be and they did not seem to like me very much because of it.

Because everyone and their mother was at our house, rooms were crammed and people were being forced to sleep in uncomfortable places. All the kids under the age of twenty were forced to sleep in the living room. There were fifteen of us. Three took up couches, one got to sleep in a big oversized chair and the rest of us were curled up with blankets and sleeping bags on the floor. It was like the camping trip from hell in my livingroom.

Even though I was the one that had graduated, I was not one of the lucky ones to get to sleep on something besides the floor. I was pushed off to a corner, close to the kitchen and that was to be my spot for the weekend. I already knew that this weekend was going to suck, and I could not wait for my

family to return back to where they belonged.

I tried to argue sleeping on the floor, but no one seemed to care much, so I curled up in my corner and tried my hardest to just get through this. It was only for a couple days and then I would get my bedroom back, just a couple of days. Closing my eyes I tried to think of ways to fall asleep and forget where I was, but nothing was working.

I heard the clock ding again, letting me know that it was now two in the morning. I could hear breathing and snoring and random talking all around me. Whoever was talking in their sleep had some deep seeded issues that I did not care to know about. All of this however, was keeping me wide awake and putting me in a shitty mood.

Standing up and grabbing my blankets and pillow, I made my way through the kitchen and out the back door. It was chilly outside but it was quiet and that was what I wanted. I was going to lay my stuff out on the grass and try to get some sleep out here. That was when my eyes looked up at the big tree house in our back yard. I had not been up there in a good five or six years, who know if it was even in good condition to be in, but something drew me to it.

I climbed up with my things and made myself a bed on the cold wooden floor. It was far from comfortable, but it was better than being trapped in that living room. The only thing that was bothering me now at this point was the cold that was pressed against my skin. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that I was on a beach somewhere in the middle of nowhere, soaking in the sun.

“Abby,” A voice pulled me out of my fantasy and back to the cold wooden floor of my old treehouse. I was angry at first, until I saw Henry, my older brother. “Abby, what are you doing up here?”

“I’m,” I began to explain myself, but then changed my thoughts just a bit. “What am I doing here? I could ask you the same question, this is my treehouse after all.”

“Sorry,” he said with a sarcastic tone to his voice as he crawled all the way into the treehouse and sat down next to me. “I did not know it was suddenly just your treehouse. From what I can remember, dad built it for both of us.”

I rolled my eyes at him but did not answer. He was right, but when he moved out a year ago, after he graduated high school, he gave up his rights to the treehouse. Until I move out myself, I plan to keep on thinking that.

“Anyways,” he said with a smile, brushing his shoulder up against mine. “I saw you sneak out of the livingroom so I figured that I would follow and see what was up.”

“It’s way to crowded down there,” I said leaning back against the wall of the tree house. “I just could not fall asleep down there. I figured at least up here it was quiet. I failed however to take into consideration how cold it would be up here.” I shrugged my shoulders toward him, “who would have thought it would be this cold in June?”

“Awe,” Henry smiled at me as he wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close to him. “Someone can’t take the cold huh?”

I glared over at him and playfully pulled myself away, but his arm stayed firmly wrapped around me. I would have completely pulled away from him, but I had to admit, he was warming me up just a bit and it was nice.

“So,” he said trying to carry the conversation on, “you excited to be leaving for school in September?”

“Kinda,” I said with a slight smile. “I am going to miss all of my friends and my usual hangouts and I hate being the new kid, but beyond that, I am excited.”

“That is good,” he said with a reassuring tone. “I know you don’t realize it now, but once you get there you will meet new friends and find new hangouts and life will be just like it is here, except you will be on your own and the parents won’t be breathing down your neck all the time.”

“Mom and dad are not that bad,” I said with a small laugh, they were pretty lenient for parents. “They just care about us and want us to be successful and accomplish the things we want to accomplish.”

“Well did you,” he asked me, looking me over with curious eyes.

“Did I what?” I asked him with a confused tone.

“Did you accomplish all that you wanted to accomplish?” He asked me, turning his body towards mine, our knees brushing up against each other. I was not sure how to take the butterfly feeling in my stomach, so I decided to just push it to the side.

“Yeah,” I said thinking about my life up to this very moment. I had accomplished a lot of things in my life, things that I am proud of. There was only one thing that I had not accomplished but that was not something I was going to talk to my brother about. “For the most part, I would say that I have.”

“For the most part,” he asked raising his eyebrow at me. I could feel my cheeks heating up as his eyes looked at me with such curiosity.

“Yeah,” I said turning my eyes away from Henry, wishing that I could just escape and get away. I was nervous about having this conversation with him if it came about. I have never talked about it with anyone. “That is what I said.”

“That means there is something you did not get to do that you wanted to do,” he said leaning back and giving me this look that told me I had his full attention. “So shoot, what have you not gotten to do that you wanted to do?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” I said looking away from him again and out over the back lawn. I did not want to have this conversation with him. I could picture him laughing at me or making funny jokes towards me and I did not want that. He was good at picking on me for the things that he has got to do that I have not done.

“Oh come on,” he said giving me a playful nudge, I had a feeling that he was clueless as to what I was going to say. He gave me this look as if I was going to say, I wanted to be a cheerleader, but never got the chance to be one. I was thinking that was the answer I should give him.

“I am still,” I started, trying to get it out of my mouth. “I have never ...” I froze, this was the hardest thing to say out loud.

“Oh come on Abby,” he said with a laugh and lightly punching me on the shoulder. “Just spit it out already.”

“I am still a virgin,” I said quickly. I covered my mouth when I realized I had said it so loud and my face felt like it was on fire. I had never been so embarrassed in my entire life. I wanted to curl up in a ball and not look at my brother for a week or two.

“That’s it?” He asked me in a serious tone. Almost as if I said I never got to sneak out. Something that was small and minor when to me it was a big deal.

“Yeah,” I said finally looking back at him. “I just thought I would have lost it by now. All my friends lost theirs a long time ago, I kind of felt like the freak among them. I get to be the virgin college girl. How fun is that?”

Henry moved back over to me and placed his arm around my shoulder again. I turned to face him but tried to avoid eye contact. He was obviously not okay with that. He pushed my chin up with his hand so that we were looking directly at each other. I felt the butterflies in my stomach rise up once again.

“There is nothing wrong with being a virgin Abby.” he said to me in a soft and comforting tone. “In fact, its cool that you did not follow all of your friends and sleep with some random guy to just not be a virgin. Your virginity should be given to someone who loves you, not just someone who loves the fact that you are a virgin.”

“Someone like you,” I asked him, not knowing where the question had come from. It just felt like what I was supposed to say.

“Yeah,” he said in a calm voice. “Someone like me. Someone who loves you for you and wants to take care of you.”

I was not sure what to think about this situation. Did I just tell my brother that I wanted him to take my virginity? Did he just tell me that he wanted to take my virginity? Were we really going to do this?

“Henr...” I began to say but I was cut off by his lips pressing against mine. My chin was still in his hand and he used that to hold my lips firmly against his. I felt like I should fight this, that it was wrong and we should not be doing this, but I could not bring myself to do it. I wanted him to kiss me, and touch me. I wanted this.

Henry leaned against me and pushed my back against the wooden floor of the tree house. I was soon lying flat on my back and he was laying on top of me. Our lips stayed together through the entire transition, his tongue occasionally slipping into my mouth.

My hands made my way up his sides and stopped right below his rib cage. I left my hands there and held onto him tightly. He pressed down further against me and for a moment I could not breath, but I was okay with that. I knew that he would take care of me so I did not fight him at all.

Soon his hand was sliding up my pajama shirt. I was nervous, no one had ever touched my body like this before, and I did not know what to expect. I felt like maybe he was not going to like what he found.

“Oh my,” I gasped as his fingers made their way over my nipples. I felt them getting harder beneath his smooth finger tips and he seemed to like that. The harder they got, the harder he kissed me.

Pulling away from my nipples, I moaned. I was not ready for him to stop. I wanted more of whatever he was doing. He seemed to have other things in mind, as he reached down and began to pull at my shirt. Soon it was lying beside us on the floor. He then pulled himself off of me and pulled his own shirt off and placed it with my own.

“Henry,” I said looking over his stomach. It was one of those stomach you would see on models, almost as if it was airbrushed onto him. It was almost amazing enough to make me lose my train of thought, but I regained them. “I am really scared.”

“Do you not want to do this.” He asked me with a sad worried look on his face. “I do not want to force you into something that you do not want to do. I am so sorry Abby, I should have known better.”

Henry looked me over one time and then reached down to grab his shirt. He folded it back the right way and began to put it back on before I reached out and stopped him. I grabbed his shirt from his hands and placed it back down onto the floor. I then began to pull at his pajama bottoms. He lifted himself up to help me get them off and to my surprise, he was not wearing anything beneath.

I looked over his cock, only a few inches away from me and my heart began to race. I was not sure if I was ready for this. I did not know how to estimate what size he was, but I knew that it was bigger than anything I imagined having inside of me. It almost made me want to stop, but I wanted to keep going so much more.

He moved back over to me and pulled at my pajama pants as well. Bringing them to the pile of clothes laying beside us. All that was left were my panties, and they were soaking wet, so much that I knew he noticed it.

He smiled down at me and slipped his fingers into the sides of my panties, slowly pulling them off of my body. He left them hang from his fingertips for a moment, before tossing them to the pile of clothing to the side.

I laid there, looking up at him. I was not sure what I was supposed to do. This was new to me and no one had really told me my part in all of this. I figured that he had been through this a few times before and he would walk me through all of the important parts.

Laying back down on top of me, he began to kiss me again. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and pulled him tight against me. His tongue pressed itself into my mouth and our tongue circled one another's.

Pressing down against me, he moved his hand down between us and spread my legs slowly apart. This allowed for his body to slide between them perfectly. I shook slightly beneath him, my nerves standing on end. I knew what was about to happen. Was I ready for it? Was I ready to lose my virginity to my brother?

I gasped for air as I felt his cock push up against me. He used his hand to press it against my clit,

which sent a wave of electricity through my body. I had never felt anything like that, it almost knocked all of the air out of my body. For a minute, I was completely lost as to what was going on. That did not last long though, and I soon wanted more. I spread my legs apart a little more, as if begging him to not stop.

He held his cock firmly and rubbed it up and down the length of my pussy. I could feel him moving the the juices all around, making his cock wet and my pussy wetter. I was ready for him to fuck me but he was not giving it to me just yet.

“Please,” I begged out loud. “Please.”

Henry looked down into my eyes and smiled a devilish smile at me, and moved to position himself with my pussy. I pushed up lightly, trying to pull him in but he pulled back. He was not letting me get ahead of myself and I was glad for that. He seemed to care what we were doing, and that is why he was the best choice for this.

I gave up trying to pull him into me, just as he thrust himself all the way into my. My body shook and I let out a scream, which he muffled with his mouth with a kiss. Once it was all the way in, he stopped moving and just laid there on top of me.

“Are you okay Abby,” he asked me in a very concerned voice. I was not sure how to answer him. I was in pain and it was not what I had expected. I almost was not sure I wanted to keep going, but I knew this part was coming. I always knew that it was supposed to hurt. I just had no idea that it was going to hurt as bad as it did.

“I am fine,” I said in a broken voice. “I just think we should lay here for a moment. Can we just lay here for a few moments?”

“We can lay here for as long as you like Abby,” he said to me with a smile as he leaned down and kissed me. “I want this to go how you want it to go.”

I nodded at him and laid there for a few moments. I then began to move my hips against him and then pull away slightly. I was trying to get used to the feel of him in me and it was working. Soon the pain was gone and I was starting to really enjoy myself. I looked up at him and nodded, letting him know that I was ready again.

Henry began to slowly thrust in and out of me. He took his time and he was gentle. Grinding against me in small even thrusts. Our breathing got heavier with every thrust that he made. Soon he was going faster and thrusting into me harder.

I spread my legs a little more and brought them up around his hips. I pulled him into me with my legs and he began to thrust deeper, not pulling out as much as he was before. He pulled a little and quickly thrust back into me.

My moans began to get louder with every thrust and he kissed me again to keep me quiet. There were so many people here that we could get caught at any moment and we needed to be as quiet as possible. Though his mouth against mine only muffled my moans so much. I did not care however, I wanted to moan and scream. The louder I moaned, the louder I screamed, the better it felt and I could tell that he enjoyed it as well.

Soon we stopped caring if anyone heard us. We were moaning with one another and our bodies were slapping against each other. My pussy began to tighten around his cock and I knew that I was cumming. I held onto his back with my fingers, digging my nails in just a bit.

“Fuck,” I screamed as I thrust myself against him as hard as I could. “I am cumming.”

My body began to shake and I felt myself contracting around his cock. I held on tight as he continued to fuck me, making my orgasm last longer than I would have expected it to. Soon he was thrusting very shallow and deep and I felt his body tighten up against me.

“I am cumming too Abby,” he moaned loudly and thrust one more time deep inside of me and then held himself there. He moaned loudly and I brought myself up to kiss him as he came deep inside of me.

Once he was finished, he collapsed down on top of me. Our breathing was heavy and it was all that you could hear. Soon we were joined with the sound of our hearts beating a million miles a minute.

“Thank you,” I said completely out of breath as he moved off of me and laid down beside me.

“Don’t you ever thank me for that,” he said as he wrapped his arms around me and I moved my head to lay against his shoulder. He then leaned forward and kissed me once again. “Ever.”

“I love you Henry,” I said to him, looking deep into his eyes. “I will never forget this moment.”

I nuzzled my head into his chest and wrapped my arms around him and smiled as I fell asleep.

I had completely forgotten that it was cold.