

Collected Erotic Stories

By : **kenneigh**

This short story collection of seven pieces of erotic fiction contains tales representative of my interest in adult literature, including science fiction and coming of age relationships. The stories bear my original pen names as indicated.

Published on
Booksie

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First Time for -- Everything

By Perry

The following story is true. I relate it now, 15 years later, as part of a personal ongoing effort to confront, with the hope of understanding and gaining meaning from, one of the most memorable incidents of my formative years. I was 12 when I received my first enema, and while I've had quite a number since then, my initiation into the hydro-anal arts was, to say the least, a truly an unforgettable experience.

I was at the time a foster child, having just been placed with my third surrogate mother in two years. Her name was Martha, a large 40-year-old divorcee, whose 5'9", 195-pound Rubenesque figure dwarfed mine. I was a spindly kid, about 5'3" and no more than 105 pounds. My blonde hair and light complexion, combined with my slight build, presented an appearance of frailty and fragility, which I loathed, but couldn't do much about at the time. My mom died when I was six, and my dad sort of disappeared soon after.

Martha's only child, her son Brad, was away at a camp for wayward youth, so it was just she and I in the Madeira Street row house in Baltimore. Anyway, within a couple of days after I'd settled in with Martha, who'd recently bid farewell to two other fosters kids, I became somewhat constipated. Looking back, it was probably due to the stress of moving to yet another foster home. But late one morning as I sat on the toilet trying to move my bowels, Martha called from outside the door.

"Perry, you've been in there a long time. Is anything wrong?"

Her voice startled me. I hadn't expected to be disturbed while trying to crap, and, startled, I straightened up on the throne.

"No, no, I'm fine."

"You sure?," she asked, her voice betraying her presence embarrassingly near the door.

"No, really," I softly replied, "I'm okay."

"You better not be playin' with yourself, Perry, you hear?"

"N-no," honest," I protested weakly. "I-I think I might be constipated, but it's all right. I'll be fine, really."

Obviously, this had been the wrong thing to say, because the door suddenly burst open and in rushed Martha.

"Constipated?" she exclaimed. "Let me see!"

With that, Martha jerked me up from the commode by my arm and stood me at attention, my shorts and little white jockey briefs bunched and clinging to my upper thighs. Only the hem of my blue T-shirt covered my little boy penis and scrotum, but not by much. Trembling, my face flushed with embarrassment, and the bathroom redolent with the few farts I'd cut, my humiliation before Martha was complete.

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She lifted my shirt, baring my privates and sending another blush radiating up through my face.

Much to my further chagrin, my penis began to harden and rise as Martha stared down at it. She raised my shirt higher, above my belly, nearly to my armpits.

"You little liar," she screamed, "you were playing with it, weren't you!"

With that, she grabbed my shirt and pulled me from the bathroom across the hall to her bedroom, where she half pushed and hoisted me, pants down, onto the sheet of the unmade bed.

Thrust onto my stomach, I instinctively tried to rise, but she grasped me below my armpits and turned me back over, my spare, pale ass cheeks quivering naked to her view.

Martha moved swiftly onto me, pinning me under her ample thighs as she straddled my trembling body.

I felt her crotch press into the backs of my thighs as the hem of her housedress rose up her broad hips.

Straddling me, she pulled my shirt up over my head, entangling my arms and smothering me. Then she began to spank my buttocks with her open palm â THWAK â THWAK - THWAK â !!!

"I'll teach you to lie, you little shit," she barked, as her assault brought forth my tears and shrieks.

Please, please," I gasped, "stop it, stop it!"

But her hand rained stinging slaps onto my behind, turning my smooth skin to a scarlet mass of welts. Under my shirt, I sobbed in uncontrollable gasps, sucking for air as her heaviness forced oxygen from my lungs.

As I felt myself losing consciousness, she finally ceased the spanking. She shifted her weight upon my lower back and began to thrust her pelvis against me, all the while stroking my back and sides and reaching under me to squeeze my nipples. As you might expect, this action took me by surprise, as I rocked to and fro under her undulations. I felt my little dick harden.

After a few minutes without enough breathing room, I could take no more, and, summoning all my ebbing strength, I turned my body in an effort to gain relief. Sensing my discomfort, Martha allowed me to roll onto my back beneath her.

I pulled my off over my head, and inhaling deeply, I managed to finally recover my senses.

Tears streaming down my reddened cheeks, I blubbered, "Please don't hit me again. I swear, Martha, I wasn't playing with myself."

She still straddled me, her dress up to her crotch, and her heavy thighs and belly heaving.

"Well," she rasped, "that little peter of yours looked pretty stiff to me, and I know boys your age jack off all the time. I know mine did."

She either didn't notice â or didn't care â that my penis was stick hard beneath her pantied pussy, a result of her vigorous thrusting action.

"You said you were constipated, Perry. How long has it been since you moved your bowels?"

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Oh, I don't know, maybe a couple of days but I'll be okay," I offered.

Martha slowly rose from off my aching body and knelt beside the bed. Her eyes seemed to widen as she surveyed my nakedness, which I hastily tried to cover. She placed her hand over mine as I began to hike up my briefs, and with her other hand, she gently played her fingers over my belly, navel, then slowly down to my nearly hairless crotch, as my cock now stood straight before her.

"I know what you need, Perry," she said knowingly. Just a minute."

Smoothing her dress down over her thighs, she got up and went into the hall to the linen closet, returning with some type of pinkish hose and a rubbery sack that looked to me like a hot water bottle.

I had heard about enemas, but had never had one or seen the equipment. But upon seeing the stuff she carried back into the bedroom, I guessed that I was soon to experience this esoteric procedure. Placing the hose on the night stand, Martha walked to the bathroom with the bag and opened the medicine closet (I guessed) and ran some water then returned with the bag and a plastic bottle filled with appeared to be soapy water.

By then, I had pulled up my briefs and pants, but she immediately and very firmly wrenched them down again to me knees, then tuned me onto my belly.

"We're going to take care of that problem, Perry boy," she intoned, as she lightly ran the tips of fingers across my lower back and down to my ass crack. "Yes-s-s, Perry, honey, Martha's going to make you feel real, real good."

Gripped by fear, but afraid to incur her wrath again, I weakly protested.

"Martha I really feel okay I really I"

But I sensed that I better not try to get up or escape.

"Shush," she hissed, and promptly parted my sore buttocks, gently rubbing them.

"Martha's sorry she spanked little Perry so hard but Martha didn't realize you couldn't poo-poo. Now a nice, warm enema will make you feel just fine I just fine."

One, or was it two, fingers found my anus and, after (I swear) she wet them in her mouth, they gently entered my puckered little hole, carefully moistening and stretching my sphincter.

"Perry, honey," she cooed, this won't hurt a bit I promise. In fact, it just might feel real good, honey. I just have to prepare your little butt for this I"

As her fingers slowly massaged and explored my anus, I felt my penis stir again beneath me. Her ministrations were dreamily working my private area to a warm and titillating state that felt increasingly inexplicably -- good.

Martha again went into the bathroom, this time returning with a small jar of Vaseline. I felt her finger guide the gob of viscous jelly into and my anus spreading it around my rectal wall. As she did this, I felt her finger touch something inside me that caused me to clamp shut my anus as electric-like shocks coursed throughout my behind and up my balls and penis. Martha did this every few seconds, and I bucked and thrust up and down as she knowingly stimulated what I later learned was my prostate, now in its formative stage.

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"Oh-oh-oh, Martha" I groaned, as she continued to tantalize me.

Suddenly, she stopped and rose from the mattress. From on my belly, I turned to catch sight of her orange print dress as she swiftly pulled it up and off, flinging it on the floor. Clad in only her underwear, I saw the perspiration glisten on the folds of Martha's flabby belly. Her huge pale orange panties were almost soaked, and I felt my penis harden as I spied her big nipples peaking above her bra cups that strained to contain her humongous tits. I'd never seen quite that much of a woman in her underwear.

"Christ, it's hot, isn't it, Perry?"

She sat back down and resumed her "preparations," gently massaging and kneading my soft buttocks.

"Auh â Perry, your little behind is still red â let me â let me â!" And Martha lowered her face to my butt and started licking my tender flesh, her warm tongue soothing my tortured skin â and re-igniting the fire in my small cock, which stirred anew, as she continued to work her finger in my anal canal. I felt and arousal unlike any I'd ever had, including when I masturbated in bed under the covers â or even on those occasions when that sticky stuff was in my shorts when I woke up.

I found myself pumping my groin against the mattress, rising and falling in a slow, undulating motion, as Martha licked and fingered my behind. I began to feel â weak â like something was about to happen â

But soon (all too soon?) she stopped and turned me onto my side facing away.

"Now, honey," she said comfortingly, "I'm going to put this little hose in your butt â to flush you out and help your bowels to move. It won't hurt, I promise, but you'll feel a little fluid in your belly, and that's when you need to get up and go to the toilet. I'll help, you, okay?"

On my side and unable to see what she was doing, I felt afraid, despite her calm bedside manner. I'd never had an enema, but one foster kid had told me that they were awful â and sometimes if you couldn't hold the water, you could shit all over the place!

"It's not gonna hurt, is it?" I asked cautiously.

"No, it won't, and you'll feel really better when we get that pop out of you."

I heard her pour liquid and snap something, and next thing I knew she was parting my buttocks again, running a finger to the opening of my ass.

"Oh â oh â oh!" I felt the tip of the hose as it touched my anus. Then she was guiding it, very slowly, into my rectum.

"This isn't so bad, is it, honey?" she purred. "It's almost in â just a little bit more."

I felt it go further and further in me, and I tightened my bottom as it slid into my lower belly.

"SMACK!"

"Don't tighten up, Perry," Martha admonished, as she slapped, then caressed, my buttocks and coaxed the tube all the way in me.

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"There, okay," she said, "itâ€™s in and weâ€™re ready!"

"It feels funny," I said, "like your fingerâ€™s still in there."

"No, itâ€™s just the hose tip â€™ll next weâ€™ll squirt the fluid in you. Donâ€™t move."

To my surprise, she got up again â€™ and I swear â€™ she unhooked and removed her bra and stripped down her panties, then sat back down behind me â€™ naked! I thought â€™ What?â€™

"Okay, Iâ€™m gonna release some water now, Perry, and you tell me if I need to stop."

I heard her click something then felt the cool fluid flow into my rectum and rapidly begin to fill my tummy. Then cramps!

"Stop! Please turn it off!" The pain was unexpected.

"Okay, Perry, just for a second."

She stroked my side and ran her fingertips over my buttock as I twisted my torso to gain some relief from the water within me. Her fingers trailed down my front â€™ to my penis. Her caress touched my glans and my little organ swelled to her feathery touch. I briefly forgot my discomfort as Marthaâ€™s fingers lightly roved over and down my hardening cock.

My tight scrotum was next teased, as my penis rose to attention. I could sense a smile on Marthaâ€™s face and I pushed my stiff cock to her cupped hand. In retrospect, I realize that I was then on the brink of my first hetero orgasm, a sensation heightened by the enema implement imbedded up my butt hole.

Just then she released more fluid, and my abdominals tightened against the cramping which surged throughout my bowels. Pain!

"Oh-oh â€™lugh â€™lugh â€™lugh! I canâ€™t â€™l take any more! Please!"

I couldnâ€™t keep my sphincter muscles closed and a gusher of fluid spurted from my anus and ran down onto the mattress, soaking the sheet beneath me. I felt extreme embarrassment as I sensed I was about to shit â€™ on the bed â€™ in front of Martha!

"Okay, honey, just a sec," Martha whispered, then slowly but expertly she eased the hose from me â€™ as I bit my lip and tightened my tummy against the tide about to burst from my belly. I felt nauseous and weak.

"Come on, Perry," she urged, as she gripped me under my armpits and dragged me from the drenched bed toward the hallway. "Donâ€™t let it go yet!"

Despite her urging, Iâ€™m afraid I let go just before we reached the toilet, and the fluid, followed by a spate of semi-hard turds flowed from my ass. I got onto the commode, but most of my crap had been expelled on the floor.

"Oh, God, oh, God," I moaned, "itâ€™s so bad, itâ€™s so-o-o bad!" The stench Iâ€™d created combined with my awkward crouch on the toilet completed my humiliation before the nude Martha, who bent over to caress and comfort me as the last of my poop plopped into the bowl. The cramps eased and I slowly regained some of my composure.

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Martha stood me up, flushed the toilet, and began vigorously wiping my body with a towel. Next, she wet a cloth and cleansed my butt of the brown stuff that had splattered everywhere. Finally, she used another wet cloth to finish cleaning my belly, butt and crotch, taking care to wipe my penis clean. My hard-on began to make a comeback.

"Okay, honey," letâs go a sit down for a minute," Martha cajoled, as she led me to the living room.

We sat on the stained Naugahyde sofa and she removed my socks, shorts and soaked jockey briefs. Then she casually began to stroke and massage my body â chest, nipples, belly button, and my re-awakened groin.

"Lay back a little, honey," she rasped huskily, and she helped me down on my back, she on the edge of the big couch. "Let Martha help you â!"

Strangely, my embarrassment had left me, and I closed my eyes as Martha resumed her handy-work.

It felt good, her fingers on my body, and my hands inexplicably reached for her huge breasts, fingering and fondling her large, swollen nipples.

"O-o-o, Perry, honey â thatâs so-o-o good â donât â donât stop."

When I felt her moist lips, then mouth, touch and engulf my hard four-inch cock, I moaned and pulled on her big, soft tits, raising up on my elbows to flick her nipples with my tongue. But she gently pushed me back down and began to slowly suck on my penis, slithering her tongue down the underside, as, simultaneously, she found my exposed anus with her educated finger.

"Agh-agh-agh !â. oh-oh-oh! â Martha â Martha â!"

Words canât, to this day, describe the incredible exhilaration I felt as my virgin fluid spurted into Marthaâs mouth. She sucked and swallowed my meager load and licked my entire penis and testicles as afterward, I believe â I briefly passed out.

But Martha wasnât through with me yet. When Iâd recovered my equilibrium, she tenderly directed my face to her hairy triangle, and, to my surprise, I lowered my lips to her pungent pussy, and lightly licked and sucked her labia until she bucked and jerked in a powerful orgasm.

Well, to conclude my story, after that initial bonding experience, Martha and I formed a close, almost mother-son relationship. In fact she adopted me a year later and we remained together until I graduated high school and joined the Navy. But during my teen years, Iâm not embarrassed to say, we were very close -- friends â and, yes, lovers, too â and enemas remained an integral part of our lifestyle. Sadly, she died during my Navy tour of a massive heart attack. Iâm 27 now, single, still turned on by enemas, which I receive on a regular basis from my friend Ginger. And our sessions with the hose and bottle always fondly rekindle in me the pleasures of that long ago episode with Martha, when, in one day, I was introduced to the manifold pleasures of sex, spankings, and last, but far from least â the wonders of the enema. Thank you for your patience.

<http://website.informer.com/visit?domain=enemarotica.com>

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http://www.asstr.org/~cactus/collection/seduce_bro.htm

â Seducing Little Brotherâ

My brother was 13 when I first fucked him. Me, I was 15 and horny as hell. Heavy into romance novels and those steamy sex scenes. Trouble was, I guess, looking back 12 years, I was not exactly what guys were looking for in my high school. I mean, 150 pounds on a 5'5" body was a bit chunky (although one guy told me I had nice boobs), a bit bookish, and my complexion needed some work, too. So I didn't get the party invites or the overnight "dates."

Anyway -- and the only reason I tell this story is because although what I did was morally questionable - things worked out OK in the end for both me and my brother.

Well, at the time, being a virgin without a boyfriend, the only thing I could do to satisfy my hormonal urges was to finger pop myself. From the time I was 12, I could bring on an orgasm almost at will. But I *needed* the real thing and so I just knew I'd soon have to get laid to keep from going absolutely *crazy!*

I also knew that my brother had a little collection of sex magazines, and I figured he might somehow be receptive to a hit from me, assuming he was horny also. Also, in recent months before the "encounter" I'm relating, he and I had exchanged hints and remarks about sexuality that encouraged me to take an aggressor's role in this highly important matter.

So, one night I crept into Billy's bedroom down the hallway after his and my mom's lights were off. I knelt on the floor until I heard him breathing softly, asleep. I had on a cotton-polyester nightshirt and panties which I knew I could shuck in seconds when (and if) things heated up.

It was June, so my brother slept in just his jockey shorts with the top sheet half covering his body. He was on his side facing away from me as I *s-l-o-w-l-y* eased onto his bed behind him and laid real still for about five minutes.

Look, I knew Billy was moving deep into puberty - he was in a growth spurt that had taken him to about 5'8" - and, as a matter of fact, a few months earlier I'd watched him jack off in the bathroom when the door was slightly ajar and he didn't know I was in the house. I sneaked up and peered in.

He was on the toilet, naked, slouched back against the tank, with his hard teenage dick in his hand, slowly working the head up and down, his eyes fixed on his cock, oblivious to my presence.

In about two minutes, this clear fluid - what I learned was precum - began to seep from his tiny pee hole and his eyes began to roll back in his head. His hand was working faster now and his flat belly was taut, but undulating with each stroke. I watched his jaws clench and suddenly he let out a low groan as his creamy sperm spurted from his penis onto his chest and his fingers. Was I excited! I'd never seen semen, or a male orgasm!

Ah-ah-ah-ag-gh!" he wheezed as he continued to pump until the last of his sticky cum dripped from his dick. I got so hot watching him shoot his milk that I started to finger my pussy through my cutoffs. But I slipped down the hall when he began to get off the pot to wipe off the cum with tissue.

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So, anyway, though I knew he was a virgin, he was capable of coming, and I calculated that he was ready, and hopefully willing, to get laid, or soon would be.

In the bed next to him that night I waited until he seemed sound asleep, then I started to make my move.

I slipped the sheet down off his torso to reveal his white jockeys. Testing to see if he was in fact sleeping, I gently traced my finger tips from his shoulder down his back and back up. No reaction to that. Next, I slipped my fingers into his waistband and slithered my middle finger down to his ass crack. I knew at this point that I was treading into an area that could potentially bring untold hell upon myself and Billy, not to mention my mom, a single mother doing her best to raise us without our dad. But my cunt had started to release its lubrication and couldn't -- and wouldn't - stop. I was hot!

I inched my finger down Billy's crack until I felt the pucker of his anus. I rubbed it ever so gently then sniffed my finger. It smelled faintly of shit, but surprisingly, that set me off even more, stirring my cunt juices so strongly that I licked my finger and retraced it to his asshole. His breaths continued just short of a snore.

With my free hand I pulled my shirt up over my breasts to my armpits, exposing my fast-hardening nipples. Giving each one a squeeze, I shivered with expectation as I lowered myself on the mattress until my face was at Billy's waist. Feeling my clitoris engorge I withdrew my finger from Billy's anal region and inserted it in my pussy, teasing my clit in a clockwise massage. As my breathing and heart rate increased, I listened for any sign that Billy might awaken. But no. Good!

The room was bathed in a soft light through the window from the porch light below and a nearby street lamp so I had a decent view of my brother's "boy" body. A little baby fat, but not a bad build. Certainly fuckable. I tingled at the prospect of the exploration that awaited me.

I hooked both hands into his waistband and slowly pulled his underpants down, stopping when they were halfway off his ass. I wanted to play with myself *s-o-o* badly - I wanted to come! His ass was almost perfect -- smooth, pale apple cheeks, lightly muscled.

I slid inched down a bit more behind him and thrust my tongue into the upper valley of his crack. I stopped momentarily, listening for continued signs of sleep. Then I licked lightly down his cleft until my tongue touched his anus. God! I couldn't believe what I was doing! But I couldn't stop!

I pulled his briefs down over his smooth rounded cheeks until his waistband was just beneath his buttocks (still no reaction from him). I kissed his bottom in gentle nips and again licked his asshole, inhaling his boy smell and tasting his anal musk. Now I had to get him to the point where, somehow, I could get laid, or otherwise get my cookies off.

But - and I believe it was fate - he stopped his low breathing and became very still and quiet. I withdrew my tongue from his crack, and waited. He resumed sleeplike breaths, but I sensed he was not slumbering as before. I waited.

In about a minute he slowly rolled onto his back, his semi-hard penis laying atop his belly, his briefs lowered to his scrotum. I suppressed a gasp as his body was splayed to my view, but I managed not to stir from my position at his mid-waist.

Now, I waited for maybe five minutes, as he mumbled some disjointed words and fidgeted, moving his hand reflexively down to his penis, which he encircled with his fingers. He was stirring!

For me, it had to be now! I removed my panties and tossed them and my nightshirt onto the floor. Then I

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started to lick his left ribcage and over to his belly, circling his navel with my tongue and inserting it into his little bellybutton. He heaved a low moan, I paused, then traced my tongue parallel to his arm down his belly to his wispy thatch of pubic hair (like me, he's a brunette). I nuzzled his hair there, all the while listening for his breathing and monitoring his movements. Could he be awake?

As I pushed my nose into his upper groin, I nudged his hand from his penis, slowly closing my fingers on his hardening cock. Slowly pulling his organ up, down, I reached underneath myself to finger my dripping cunt and gently tweak my clit. He moaned again, but remained on his back as I continued to massage his glans and shaft. Precum soon emerged from his pee hole and glistened in a lazy rivulet down his stiff organ, dripping into his public hair.

Furtively, I moved over him, and, fixing my eyes on his closed lids, I lowered my face to his cock. Moistening my lips and drawing a half mouthful of saliva, I covered the head of his penis with my lips, sliding them over his dick head and down his shaft, wetting the underside of his penis with my spittle. I was blowing my little brother! And finger fucking myself at the same time!

I licked his cock up and down, puckering my lips as I took his glans into my mouth and slipping the tip of my tongue in his pee hole. I sucked Billy this way for maybe a half-minute, tasting the sweet-salty skin of his swollen dick as I neared orgasm.

Billy's body began to stir with my sucking action, his abs tightening and his thighs and arms pressing into the mattress. Suddenly, I sensed maybe he was not asleep! (Maybe he'd never been.) But, he just moaned, sighed and seemed to groove with the rhythm of the blow job.

I continued sucking him and moved a free hand down to his hairless balls. If he was awake, I was determined to give him a good taste of my sisterly affection. I gently kneaded his tight little testicles, each one, then I thrust a finger into his sweaty ass crack. As I sucked him and played with his anus, I pulled on my clit to accelerate my self-stimulation. I felt the sweet euphoria wafting over and through my breasts, belly, pussy and asshole. I was going to come!

All at once, *Billy* began to come, shooting his creamy virgin fluid into my mouth just as I felt my own powerful orgasmic convulsions reverberate through my loins. He shot load after load past my lips as I tried I vain to swallow his gushers. But his overflow streamed from my mouth and dripped onto his belly. Still, incredibly, his eyes remained closed --- even as I gasped and bucked in the ecstasy of my own orgasm.

I flung the sheet off and slid his shorts all the way down and off his legs, and, as my pussy throbbed, I rose and mounted Billy's still stiff penis, easing onto him without regard to his state of consciousness. I sat on his cock until it filled my cunt and moved up and down on him, feeling his organ penetrate deep into my vagina, re-stimulating my sensitized clitoris.

I gave myself over to animal lust, working his cock in and out of my dripping pussy as I licked and sucked Billy's erect nipples and lightly bit his neck and shoulders.

I came again, this time in multiple waves of undulation, riding Billy's dick until my pulsations subsided into a blissful refraction. I collapsed onto my brother's yielding body, his penis still inside me. Only then did I fully realize that we had completed sexual intercourse - incest - and that my little brother Billy had been awake most of the time and had obviously enjoyed my ministrations!

He looked at me with a wide-eyed smirk.

"You little bastard," I whispered sharply as I lifted off him and rolled to the side. "You-you were awake,

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weren't you, you little shit?"

"Hey, Jen, take it easy," he cautioned. "For Christ sake, I woke up when you first pulled my drivvies down. Look . . . you enjoyed it . . . I enjoyed it. We have our needs . . . and nobody else has to know."

"I can't believe you let me think you were asleep, Billy," I scolded, but I was still feeling a warm fuzzy haze and really felt no desire to feign displeasure.

"Hey, come here you little 'ho," he shrieked suddenly, as he quickly pulled me onto my belly, parted my plump butt cheeks and mounted me doggie style. "If we're gonna do it, let's do it all!"

Billy thrust his semi-hard dick into my slippery cunt, pushing it in as far as his five-incher would go.

I gasped, both at his aggressiveness and the incredible sensation of feeling from my rear his re-hardened membrane pushing into my pussy. We fucked vigorously like two longtime lovers, and, as we did the first time, we came almost simultaneously. We fell asleep in an embrace, and in the morning I coaxed him to lick my wet pussy to another orgasm.

Throughout our teens, my brother and I continued our "experimentations," with gratifying results. We're in our twenties now, college grads with professional careers. And we're still together, in a nice condo. And as I said, things worked out good for us. Our life together is terrific - and very discreet.

I can't recommend our lifestyle to everyone, but for us, well, we're like brother and sister.

-end-

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"Cross Dresser's Crossup"

By James Fenimore

Hi! The following account is true, and I hope it serves as a reminder that being both gay and a cross dresser can be dangerous. But this combination also offers titillating thrills, on the edge, as they say.

I'm 25 now, but six years ago, after seven years of being a closet cross dresser, I came out and went public. Pretty cocktail dresses, sexy undies, makeup - the whole nine yards. Now, I must tell you that

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I am, I'm told, a neat package. Five-three, 107, strawberry blonde, a little curvy, with a to-die-for lightly freckled, smooth, taut behind! My boyfriend of two years, Tim, says I'm pretty as a navel ring, which I don't have, but I'm giving it some thought.

Well, when we were in our senior year in high school in Baltimore, Tim and I were invited to a dance, a rave party. It was a big deal. It was held at the Jism Club, a big renovated warehouse near the waterfront, and the headliners were three of the biggest name rock bands in town. An invite was a prized ticket to status and, a lot of us felt, to the portals of adulthood.

Of course, the afternoon before the Saturday night event, I had my hair done up in a sweep, and did myself up in a saucy crème knee-length flared dress, with garter belt and nylons, plus the spikiest heels I could tolerate. With my come hither pretty face shadowed and tinted just right, I had my hands full (literally) keeping Tim out of my pants and off my little cut and shaved 4" cock before we departed his efficiency for the nine o'clock caper.

The club was huge - cavernous - but it rocked from the opening gong, and needless to say, the chemicals were varied, and very available. Tim and I sat with another gay couple, and I must say, I turned quite a few heads as the hall swelled and reverberated with the throb and rock of non-stop music. The dance floor was packed at all times. My kind of atmosphere.

Around eleven, after three pink squirrels), I had to pee for the first time (so I slowly made my way across the vast floor to the corner of the building marked 'Restrooms.'

Well, here is where my memory sometimes fails me, but I recall walking down a somewhat dark corridor, following the wall arrows that pointed to 'Men' and 'Women,' when three guys dressed in Latin-cut suits approached me from the opposite end of the hallway.

"Hey," one of 'em says to me, "you got any stash, sweetheart?" I walked swiftly forward, making no eye contact, hoping that I'd see someone else - anybody -- real soon! But it appeared I was alone with these guys.

"Hey, cunt," the short one barked, "we think you might have some stuff! Or don't you believe in sharing?"

"I don't know what you mean," I whispered, feeling moisture collecting under my pits.

Suddenly, the three of them grabbed my arms and, with a hand over my mouth, dragged me down an even darker side corridor to a locked door. The short one, who appeared to be 'in charge,' pulled out a pocket light and stuck a key in the lock. I feared then that my pee break

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would come sooner than planned, and not in the Women's room!

One of the guys, a big hugger, about six-two with muscles bulging under his coat, flicked on a light, revealing a furnished lounge or reception room, with a sofa and chairs, lamps, tables, a pool table, TV -- like a private place for relaxing and kicking back.

They pushed me in to the center of the room.

"Look, pussy," the short one snarled, "we watched your table and we saw the action. We know you have some coke and maybe some E and you better give 'em up!"

Trembling now, I straightened up to my full 5'3" and looked him in the eye. "I said I don't have any drugs! Now you better let me out of here or I'll-" (Here, I realized I was in no position to make demands, so I shut up.)

"Well," said the third guy, a slim, dark fellow with a thin moustache and goatee, "I think we're gonna have to find out, aren't we, honey?"

With that, the big one moved quickly behind me, and before I could react, he grasped me under my armpits and held me before the other two thugs. The short one then produced a small roll of duct tape, ripped off a swath and plastered it over my mouth.

The moustache guy then grabbed the hem of my tight dress and jerked it in one swoop up my torso and over my head, entangling my arms and smothering me. This action, of course, bared not only my garter belt and nylons, but my matching tiny pale blue Olga bra -- which covered much more tit

"Well, let's do a little search, shall we?" I heard the short one say, as I began to feel nauseous under the material of my pulled up dress. A set of fingers pulled up my bra, revealing two taut nipples - and not much else! I felt goose pimples rise as the cool room air licked my exposed flesh.

The fingers slapped and pinched my nipples, hard. "E-eeee-um-ummmmmmm," I gurgled (or something like that), as the tape muffled any meaningful sound from me. I struggled to keep from gagging, while fighting for breath under the tent of my dress.

"Kind of small, you think?" said one of them, as the fingers rubbed and tweaked my nipples.

"Look at this," the small one, I think, said. And the next thing I knew, my lacy garter belt was ripped away from my slim waist. I felt the wisps of the belt being pulled down my thighs, dragging my nylons along, down to my knees.

"These things," one of 'em remarked, "were big back in the thirties

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and forties, I think."

As the big guy held me upright, my dress still covering my head, I felt a wave of embarrassment sweep over me as my bared nipples and smooth belly swayed in his tight grip. I could sense each of them eyeing my petite body, no doubt with lust -- and growing hard-ons!

Next, naturally, my ultra-brief pale blue Olga panties were slid down to join my garter belt and stockings. And, naturally, at this point, things got really frisky.

"Gee-Zuss-Ass-Christ!" one of them exclaimed. "Look at this!"
I felt a finger poke my cock.

I sensed my slender penis hardening, pre-cum coursing up my shaft to my bare glans.

"Why you fuckin' little bastard! God-damn you!"

Cool fingers began to caress my shaved, tight little scrotum and cock, then -- SLAP! - SLAP! - SLAP! -SLAP! -SLAP!

Before I passed out, a sharp, searing, unbearable pain shot up through my genitals to my lower abdomen. Seconds later I came to, and as pain engulfed my balls and asshole, I vomited under my gag, dribbling the smelly fluid from the corners of my mouth.

At this point, my holder dragged my dress completely off over my head. Now virtually naked before the goons, a sense of futility, vulnerability and fear shook me to my bones. They hoisted me off the floor and removed my spikes, then ripped off the garter belt and my shredded stockings. My diaphanous little panties followed, of course.

"Well," the short guy said, "let's do a search, and maybe administer a little punishment along the way!"

He slapped my nipples again, as the big one dragged me to the sofa and hoisted me face-up onto the cushions. Then, they searched me. The thin one pulled my now half-hard cock aside to examine my balls, which he lightly squeezed before lifting them to bare my perineum and anus, which he began probing, deeply, with his index finger. "Ouch," whoa, did It hurt!

"Wait," said the big fellow, and he flipped me onto my belly, simultaneously parting my thighs to expose my pert little rosebud between my taut buttocks. Immediately, with two of them holding my arms and lower legs, the short guy started slapping my hairless naked bottom with his open palm.

"M-m-m-mmmmmmmmm," I groaned, as his hand stung and smacked my hairless white behind ...

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SPANK-SPANK-SPANK-SPANK-SPANK--SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK!

"Christ, she's - he's - turnin' purple!" the skinny one observed. "His ass is purple!"

And it sure felt so, as I struggled in vain against my violators. Unfortunately, being pinned down on the soft cushions created a seductive friction against my penis and hard balls, sustaining and increasing my erection, as the slaps rained upon my quivering scarlet buttocks. I could hardly believe it, but through the pain I felt the sweet milk of semen welling within my vas deferens.

("NO!" I thought, "don't let me come ... not now!")

But come I did (!), with a sudden burst -- and as my cream surged from my compressed cock onto the sofa and onto my belly -- I emitted from my gag an unmistakable groan of ... of ... ecstasy.

"Om-m-m-ah -ah- ugh-gh-ghhhhhhhhhh ..."
"Sh- he's - comin," the big one observed. He's comin!"

The spanker stopped his furious punishment, and, to my utter humiliation, they watched as my body shook in the uncontrollable final spasms of orgasm. The big one turned me over on my side, facing them, to give them a better view of my throbbing dick as it spurting two, three more loads onto my belly and public area, my cum dripping and rivuleting onto the cushion.

Meanwhile, my behind was burning from the savage spanking (I later found it was beet-red and welted; for almost a week later, sitting was almost impossible).

But my tormentors didn't pause for long. I was pushed back on my belly in a prone position on the sofa, and after my anus was rimmed and penetrated by the short guy's ... tongue ... he pulled down his pants and briefs, then mounted and entered me with a single, violent thrust!

"A-eeeeeeeeeeee!" My muffled screams didn't matter, as he humped, pumped and bounced on and into me with increasing force. I bled. But, also, I soon came -- again! I shouldn't say it, but during this ordeal, I imagined it was Tim on me, spiking my prostate and giving my rectum the intense but pleasurable pain that only his tutored seven-incher can render.

By now, the sofa cushion was soaked and sticky with my cum, so I was lifted briefly to allow them to turn the cushions over. Then the other two fucked me over the next hour or so, until, mercifully, I passed out again.

I don't recall who did it or when I was "rescued," but Tim said he got the club owners to search for me when I hadn't returned for nearly an

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hour. I was semiconscious when they burst in the door, and found me, naked on the cum-soaked sofa, with my clothes strewn about -- and, to my embarrassment -- having "A lot of 'splainin' to do!"

They haven't caught the guys, they say, but I have little doubt that the club people know who they are. Needless to say, I won't be going back there. Tim and I have decided that I will confine wearing my pretty outfits to our favorite gay haunts.

And, to my amazement, I frequently have him give me, in our at-home love making, sessions of the same pleasure-pain trips that I experienced at the Jism Club in East Baltimore

-----end -----

• My Tale Of Rape By Jismquiff

Following is an account of my "rape" by an uncle and cousin some years ago. I tell it now because I know that male rape is by no means uncommon. It is also by no means frequently reported. -- J

I've been a cross-dresser since my early teens and as a guy I've often caught a lot of torment and taunting. Probably my worst episode was when I was 15 and stayed with my Uncle Jed and cousin Billy when my Mom was away for a weekend. I had begged her not to stick me with my uncle and cousin, though I couldn't bring myself to tell her it was because they teased me about my so-called 'effeminate personality.'

I was always small, about 115 pounds at the time, light brown hair and eyes, petite, and, yeah, I was, and still am, gay. I was also an anal virgin, although I had urgent and persistent dreams about having sex with a male.

Anyway, Mom dropped me off at their house Friday night and soon after she left the two of them started in on me.

"Well, little Timmy," Uncle Jed lisped mockingly, "your eyeliner and lip gloss look mighty pretty this evening!"

I tried to ignore this and other comments that followed, but after a while I got fed up with his teasing and yelled, "Go to hell, will you? Leave me alone!"

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"Look you little faggot," he bellowed, "you're not gonna talk to your uncle that way! I'm goin' to teach you a lesson, you little shit!"

He moved toward me in a threatening manner, and I turned to run but he caught me by the back of my pullover sweater. "What you need, queerboy, is a dick up your ass, and I'm just the one to give it to you, right Billy!"

"Yo, Dad," said my dim-witted 18-year-old cousin.

Uncle Jed tightened his grip on my pullover but as I jerked away the sweater was dragged up to my armpits, revealing my petite beige Bali bra.

"Jesus, will ya look at this!" Uncle shrieked. "Looks like we DO have a girl here!"

He pulled up the cups of the lacy bra to reveal my erect nipples, which he flicked with his finger.

"Owwww!" I winced, as he smirked.

"Nice titties, sweetie!"

Billy stood there laughing. It was embarrassing enough to be bared like that by my uncle, but having my cousin watch was really disheartening.

Uncle Jed -- a big, burly guy, about 6 feet tall and maybe 230 pounds -- dragged me by my pullover across the living room and sat on the sofa, pulling me in one swoop across his lap, face up, whereupon he proceeded to strip the sweater off over my head. Then he snapped the button and unzipped my jeans, exposing my matching sheer bikini panties.

â Wow, Dad," Billy said, "he's got women's underpants on!"

"Yeah, but not for long," and Uncle Jed stripped my jeans to my ankles, pulled off my loafers, then yanked the jeans off.

By now I was developing a hard-on and my slender four-inch cut penis was peeking above the lowered waistband of my panties.

"This little 'gal' likes to wear panties!" Uncle Jed said to Billy. "So what do you say we help 'her' out?"

He then stripped my panties off -- but instead of casting them on the floor with my jeans, he stretched them over my head, with the crotch stretched right over my face. My slim hairless body (of course, I kept my public region shaved) was now bare to their view.

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With my panties covering my view, Uncle Jed turned me over on my belly and began to pet and caress my tight, curvy little behind. He massaged me with one hand and with the other he parted my saucy buttocks and dragged his fingers over my exposed anus. I felt my cock tighten underneath me.

Over my uncle's lap, my penis was nestled between his trousered thighs, and as Uncle Jed inserted a thick finger into my butt-hole, the steady friction on my hard dick brought me to the brink of orgasm. Sensing this, Uncle Jed continued to knead and caress my buttocks while moving his inserted finger in and out of my puckered rosebud.

Soon I was bucking and gyrating across his lap as I felt the sweet milk rise in my sack. Then I began pre-cuming!

Suddenly, uncontrollably, I shot a gusher in his lap! Three, four, five quick thrusts forced my virgin fluid from my well-teased dick.

Seeing my creamy semen soaking his pants and dripping on the rug seemed to excite Uncle Jed, and he jabbed a second finger into my behind. He found my prostate, then proceeded to tease and titillate my swollen organ.

Sobbing and gasping in the wake of my orgasm and somewhat embarrassed in my predicament over his knee, I begged my uncle to stop, but despite my pleas he continued to work my anus, until he sensed my prick was again swelling beneath me. (I can't deny that, in a perverted way, I despite my plight, I experienced undeniable surges of pleasure.)

Next, turning me over, he nodded approvingly toward my tortured penis, before unceremoniously pushing me off him onto the floor.

Well, my humiliation was complete. Butt-naked except my pushed-up brassiere and my panties half covering my face and me inhaling my own crotch odor from the moist bikini!

All while my penis released droplets of my spent orgasm - and with my jerk cousin staring wide-eyed at my bare balls and cock.

"Well, Billy, I think little Timmy-boy, er, -girl, is ready for what fairies like him really want. Grab his arms and hold 'im down."

As Billy, who was almost as large as his dad, grasped my wrists above my head, Uncle Jed slowly took down his pants and his size extra-large jockeys. Unfortunately for me, his reputation for being hygienically-challenged was confirmed as his gross body reeked of days-old sweat and grime.

His thick brown uncut dick was about 8 inches long, and by now engorging.

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He knelt at my feet and, grasping my ankles, jerked my legs above my shoulders, as Billy maintained a grip on my wrists.

Using his shoulders to force my legs upward, Uncle Jed coated his fingers with saliva and poked them into my exposed anus, lubricating my sphincter area for what I knew was going to be a painful ordeal.

"No, no, c'mon, Uncle Jed, please no!" I whimpered.

"You try to squirm from me and I'll beat your ass you little pussy," he snarled.

With that he thrust his huge peter into the opening of my slickened anus.

"Unh-ugh-ugh-ugh," I groaned as the pain seared my rectum.

He jammed his thick dick in-out, in-out several times, until it was fully impaled.

I must have fainted then, because when I became conscious shortly afterward, he was withdrawing his slimy cock from my sore heinie.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh, Owwwwwww!" I squealed, as I felt streamers of his jism follow his cock out of me.

"Well, I guess that'll do for now, fag boy," Uncle Jed growled, as he drew himself up. "How was it, Timmy? Did 'ya cum, huh?"

Billy released my wrists, and I instinctively rolled into a kind of fetal position on the floor, moaning softly as tears washed my cheeks. I touched my raw anal region as Uncle Jed's yellow=white sperm drived over my nude bottom. There was blood on my fingers and my own juice was drying on my thin pubic hair and on my smooth belly. I felt utterly ravished.

Well, to make a long story short, before I was allowed to clean up, Uncle Jed made me suck Billy off - and swallow his semen-and because I threw up, I was forced to suck Billy again!

Next day, both of them raped me and forced me to suck them off repeatedly. Uncle Jed said that if I told my mom or anyone about what happened, he'd waylay me and beat me silly.

The only saving feature of that weekend for me was that, Saturday evening, after Uncle Jed had passed out drunk, Billy, who'd also been guzzling brew, pulled me into his bedroom and, after undressing both of us, masturbated me and finished by sucking me off! And despite my soreness and my loathing, him, it felt sooooo good!

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To this day, I can never not enjoy a blowjob, no matter who's got my cock in his-or her-mouth!

Needless to say, when Mom picked me up I was more than ready to leave Uncle Jed and Billy. And luckily I was able to avoid those monsters until I left for college.

===== end =====

ewsgroups.derkeiler.com/Archive/Talk/talk.rape/2005-08/msg00040.html

BALLIN' BIGFOOT

By Kyle Schwitters

The three of them had her surrounded, trapped before
the big sequoia trunk.

"Nush-ee, nush-ee." The large one seemed to be speaking,
its hairy right arm extended as if pointing to her.

"Nush-ee," the dark tan one repeated as it stealthily
approached the cringing young woman. As sweat trickled
under her shorts into her crotch, Beth felt the rough tree
bark through her thin white cotton blouse.

The smallest one was screeching, but remained several
yards away, wary of the slim white female with the strange

body coverings.

The big one rushed her and grasped both her arms in a vice-like grip. It pulled her to its shaggy bosom in a fierce embrace, her face pressed into a filthy mat of fetid fur.

"Oh, shit," Beth murmured, as her glasses fell off, rendering her surroundings a hazy fuzz.

From behind, she felt paws - or were they hands - grasping her hips below where her blouse had pulled out from her sweat-soaked tan khaki shorts. Finger-like nails (claws?) raked her bare skin as the two beasts tugged at her perspiring, pinioned body.

"Nush-ee, nush-ee," the light-haired one cried again, pulling on Beth, even as the large one tugged Beth forward, her nostrils mashed into the stifling stench of its muscled chest. She felt herself losing ... losing ... losing ...

... she regained consciousness draped high over the giant's broad shoulder, her body secured by a mitten of fur firm upon her khaki-covered bottom. The two companions strode closely behind, the tan one furtively pawing at Beth's back and sides as she was trundled off to ... God only knew.

As her body jostled athwart the giant's shoulder, Beth recalled events leading up to this ... predicament...

... a shortcut, that's what she'd hoped to gain when she left Salmon for Warm Lake. The Idaho towns were 85 miles apart as the crow flies, but the Route 75 - Dogwood Road drive, more than 145 miles - always seemed to take forever. So, against her cousin Bobbi's advice, Beth had aimed her Blazer at the National Forest east-west Middle Trail, having noted its twists and turns on her map.

"Don't do it Beth," Bobbi had warned. "It's already 2 o'clock and you'll have a hard time making it before dusk."

"Hey, Bobbi," she'd replied, "I know this is your territory, but I can follow a map, and I say I can do it in less than two hours. Don't worry. I'll phone you when I reach Warm Lake," she assured her favorite cousin, and she departed for her sister's place, west, near the Salmon River.

But she misread the map after all, and lost control of the Blazer on a downhill, left the dirt road, sideswiped a small pine and crashed into a fallen log. She managed to

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restart the vehicle, but it stalled going up the slope and she wasn't able to get the motor to turn over again. She was hiking to what the map showed was an exit trail when `they' emerged from a thicket.

A jogger, trim and fit, Beth ran up the trail and through the brush, dodging tree trunks for about a quarter mile before the big one cut her off and, terrified, she found herself surrounded by the three of them, although the smallest kept its distance.

"Sasquatch! But no," Beth thought, "that's Vancouver - up north! There's no Bigfoot here!"

But what else could they be? They fit the descriptions she'd heard from friends back in Seattle and the literature also seemed to confirm them as sasquatch, American apes. s. The biggest one was at least seven and-a-half feet tall, maybe 450 pounds. It bore the general mass of an ape, with thick, brown, matted hair, but it had an amazingly human-like face, not the Neanderthalish low brow and sloping forehead that "sighters" reported. No, these creatures had rather smooth tan faces framed by short dark or light brown hair, with dark eyes and eyelashes, and defined chins and cheekbones. And their brows, mouths, lips and teeth seemed capable of expressing - and articulating - a range of human-

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like emotions. (Were they using language?)

... she was carried, like a duffel bag, for what seemed like miles, deep into the forest. The sun got dimmer as they moved into dense foliage. Beth's temples ached as the blood pounded in her drooping head, the creature's arm bearing her 110 pounds as easily as a small child.

On down an incline they trudged, through poplar, oak and sequoia.

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