

The Worst Day Ever?

by [Daddycums](#)

(mff, inc, oral)

"Today is going to be the worst day ever," I mumbled as I glanced over at the clock. I had stayed up late last night to finish my homework, and then forgotten to set the alarm. Surprisingly, I was only fifteen minutes late, but that was plenty. It meant my big sister Shelly would get to the shower before me.

You would think that a seventeen-year-old girl would have learned to be considerate of other people. I was a fourteen-year-old boy, and I knew that we both needed to use the shower in the morning. Whenever I got to the shower first, I made it quick so there would be plenty of hot water for her after me. But Shelly always stayed in until the water ran cold, whether I had showered first or not. Shelly loved anything to do with water, and once she was in the shower, no amount of pounding on the bathroom door or yelling at her would convince her to hurry up.

Just in case, I got out of bed, threw on my bathrobe, and opened my bedroom door. I was in luck; the bathroom was unoccupied. I hurried down the hall, but just when I thought I would reach it first after all, Shelly's bedroom door opened and she reached it two steps ahead of me.

"Hey!" I complained. "I was just about to take a shower."

"So was I," she said. "It's your own fault for getting up late."

"Don't use up all the hot water!" I said as she closed the bathroom door. She ignored me, of course.

Since I couldn't take a shower, I figured I would at least make use of the time and eat breakfast. I descended the stairs and entered the kitchen, where my mom was sitting at the breakfast table with a bowl of oatmeal in front of her.

I cringed as I saw that that oatmeal came from a big pot on the stove, implying that it wasn't just for her. I hate oatmeal.

If I thought I could get away with cold cereal, I was wrong. I grabbed a box out of the cupboard, but as soon as I set it down on the table, my mom snatched it away.

"If I'm going to go through all the trouble of making oatmeal, you're going to eat it, young man," she said.

"I don't like it."

"And I don't like it when you complain about my cooking. Looks like neither of us gets what we want this morning."

This was a fight I just couldn't win, so I scooped as little oatmeal as I thought I could get away with into my bowl and back down to suffer in silence.

After breakfast, I went back upstairs to see if Shelly was finished showering yet. The door was open, so I grabbed my clothes from my room and strode down the hall.

I was nearly there when some motion out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. Shelly's door was open a crack, and I happened to glance inside. There she was, in just her underwear, rummaging through the drawers in her dresser to find something to wear. She had a very nice body, I have to admit, her muscles toned from her dual athletic hobbies of volleyball and swimming. She had nicely developing tits, a flat stomach, and long legs. With her mostly uncovered like this, the tan lines from her swimsuit were clearly evident. Long, brunette hair over a very cute face completed the picture of an ideal teenage beauty.

I had only stopped for a moment, and in fact I wasn't even trying to look at her. Really I just wanted to get to the bathroom to take my shower. But in that moment, she looked up and saw me standing there.

"Stop spying on me, you pervert!" she exclaimed, then slammed the door in my face. "I'm telling Mom," I heard her say through the door.

Just great. I didn't care what Shelly thought; she was just a brat whose opinion meant absolutely nothing to me. But Mom would no doubt take her side. She always did.

"This is the worst day ever," I mumbled.

I took a cold shower because Shelly had used up all the hot water. Maybe if I *had* been spying on her, a cold shower would have been a good idea, but as it was, it was just annoying.

After finishing my shower and getting dressed, I returned downstairs, where I saw Mom glaring at me and Shelly standing just behind her with a gloating look on her face.

"Kevin, Shelly says you were spying on her when she was changing," Mom said.

"I wasn't spying. She was the one who left her bedroom door open where I could see her."

"Oh, so you're claiming that she wanted you to spy on her?" It was obvious that Mom had already made up her mind and nothing I said would change that.

"No!" I insisted.

"Don't lie to me, Kevin. For spying on your sister when she was changing, and for lying, you are grounded for a week."

"But Mom..."

"My decision is final. Now go finish getting ready for school."

"Fine," I said, then turned around to go back upstairs and retrieve my backpack with my school stuff.

When I entered my room, I stared in shock at the mess on the floor. My homework, that I had stayed up late to finish, lay shredded on the ground, victim to our dog who had a nasty habit of chewing on paper. She sat there in the middle of the pile looking up at me with what must have been a smirk.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" I screamed.

It was official. This was the worst day ever.

With Shelly mad at me, I figured she would be looking for ways to be mean to me, but I underestimated her. Ever since she got her driver's license last year, Mom let her take our second car to school, on the condition

that she let me ride with her. So I grabbed my backpack and hurried down the stairs and out the door, where Shelly was waiting for me in the car. As soon as she spotted me approaching, she put it in reverse, hurriedly pulled out of the driveway, then took off down the street.

When I dashed back inside to complain to Mom, she told me that Shelly was just blowing off steam and I needed to just let this one slide. In the mean time, the bus would be arriving down the street in about five minutes and I should hurry up or I might miss it.

I half wished I would. Wouldn't it be great if the bus passed me by and Mom couldn't drive me to school because she had to get ready for work, so I could just skip the whole day all because Shelly needed to "blow off steam." I wouldn't even mind re-doing my homework.

Alas, it was not to be. I arrived at the bus stop just in time for the bus to pick me up. There were three other kids in front of me, so I was the last one on. Unfortunately, they picked all the best seats and I ended up having to sit next to Smelly Kelly, a geeky girl who was not only ugly, but stunk like she hadn't bathed since fourth grade.

Normally the trip to school didn't take very long, but because of my close proximity to Kelly, it felt far longer than it really was. For the first time in years, I found myself actually wanting to arrive at school. As soon as the bus stopped, I couldn't wait to get out into some fresh air. Finally I emerged into daylight and took several deep breaths to purge the malodorous vapors from my nostrils and lungs. Then I walked inside the school building, relief giving way to dread as I realized that I had seven periods of torture to look forward to on what was turning out to be the worst day ever.

Things started going downhill immediately. I usually looked forward to first period. Tammy Gray sat next to me, which was usually enough to brighten up even the worst day. She was a cute blonde that enjoyed my company, and as far as I knew, she had no boyfriend. For weeks I had been working up the courage to ask her to go steady with me, but with the way my luck had been going today, I figured it was best to put it off for at least another day.

Maybe she had other ideas, though, because halfway through class, she glanced over at me and gave me a wink. Then she reached out her hand toward me, and I could see there was a folded piece of paper in it. I quickly reached over and took it from her, but unfortunately, we weren't as discreet as I had hoped.

"What's that, Kevin?" asked Mrs. Chase. I immediately glanced up and saw the teacher staring right at me. I had always liked her; she had a great sense of humor and always made the lessons fun. But I was about to find out what it felt like to be on the wrong side of her sense of humor.

"Is that a note?" she continued with a grin on her face. "From Tammy?"

I glanced over at my would-be girlfriend, who was staring at the floor with her face growing red.

"Kevin, would you kindly bring that note up to me?" asked Mrs. Chase.

What could I do? I had been caught red-handed. So I stood up and made my way forward with the rest of the class snickering at me. Grudgingly I handed the note to Mrs. Chase, who sent me back to my seat, then opened the note and scanned it over.

At least she didn't read it aloud, although perhaps it would have been better if she had. Instead, she smiled as she read it to herself.

"Well now, isn't that sweet?" she commented, her eyes running over the note. "Tammy, I never knew you felt

that way about Kevin. Ooh, that's some pretty mushy stuff there. Very juicy. Very nice. Very eloquent, too. You should turn this into a poem and hand it in for extra credit in your English class. Or maybe I'll hand it in for you. The whole school should know just how great a writer you are."

Mrs. Chase could really ham it up, as she was demonstrating right now. Tammy and I were both mortified. The rest of the class, of course, laughed aloud at us the whole time until the teacher finally folded the note back up and placed it in her desk.

It should come as no surprise that Tammy didn't talk to me at all after class. Deliberately avoiding my gaze, she hurried out the door before I could say two words to her. So much for my chance of going out with her.

"This is the worst day ever," I mumbled to myself as I walked to my next class.

I actually survived second period without any misfortunes, unless you count sitting in a boring classroom worrying about the upcoming math class where the teacher expected me to hand in the homework that I had spent way too long on last night only to have it be torn to shreds the next morning. I only half paid attention to the lecture, my mind instead trying to come up with some kind of excuse for the missing homework that didn't sound completely contrived.

For the first time in my life, I didn't want the bell to ring to end class. But it did, and I grudgingly rose from my desk to go on to the dreaded third period. I arrived and sat down at my desk, hunching down in my seat and trying to look as inconspicuous as possible.

I had hoped Mrs. Terrence would forget about the homework she had assigned us last night, but not only did she remember, but she also walked up and down the aisles collecting it from each student. When she reached my desk and I had nothing to give her, she stood over me with a stern look on her face.

"The dog ate my homework," I said, and the class erupted into laughter. Honestly, I couldn't blame them. Even I wouldn't have believed me.

"Well then," Mrs. Terrence said, "I'll give you another day to finish it."

"Really?" I asked, surprised at her generosity. She had never been the most lenient teacher at the school.

"Yes. And since you completed your homework and do not have it ready to turn in through no fault of your own, you'll have no problem coming up to the front of the class to demonstrate that you understand the material."

I groaned. I should have known I wouldn't have gotten out of it so easily. So for the next ten minutes she had me working out math problems on the board. It wouldn't have been so bad, but the problems she chose seemed to be only vaguely related to the ones I had done last night. Clearly Mrs. Terrence didn't agree, because she continued to glare at me sternly as if it was obvious I hadn't done my homework in the first place.

After ten minutes she finally let me sit down, but continued to glare at me throughout the rest of the class, as if to accuse me of wasting her time. I wanted to tell her, *It wasn't my fault. You were the one who made me go up to the board.* But I knew that would just get me in more trouble.

Somehow I survived the next half hour, though I still don't know how I managed. It was a relief to get out of there, especially since I now had a couple of hours without having to sit in a classroom with the walls closing in on me and teachers out to get me and students laugh behind my back. I had P.E. and then lunch, which should give me a good break before having to survive three more classes until I could finally go home and

hide out in my bedroom where bad luck couldn't reach me.

P.E. was a disaster. I had been looking forward to a game of dodge ball like Mr. Rivers had promised yesterday, but for some inexplicable reason he changed his mind and decided we should play softball instead, my least favorite sport. Everyone knew I didn't like it, so when they were picking teams, I was picked last. Even Clarence Bruckman, the biggest nerd in the school, was picked ahead of me.

I struck out both times at bat, not that I had expected to do any better. That was humiliating enough, but when our team was in the outfield, things got really bad. I picked left field because it was the least likely place for anyone to hit the ball. At least I wouldn't do too much damage there. Or so I thought.

Most of the game went fine. Our team went up three points early and maintained that lead right up until the last few minutes of the game. Then the other team hit three line drives in a row that loaded the bases. With the final minute winding down, they could only win the game with a home run.

Of course, who do you think they hit the ball to? Yours truly. I made a diving catch for it, which in hindsight probably wasn't smart with the way my luck had been going lately. Naturally the ball slipped right through my mitt, which surprised no one. But I also ended up skinning my knee. The runners on the other team circled the bases and scored four points with the last runner coming in just before the buzzer sounded to send us to the showers.

If popularity were a thermometer, I had just dropped from a sunny spring afternoon to a cold winter's day. No one looked at me as we filed dejectedly toward the locker room. No one but Mr. Rivers, that is. He took one look at the blood oozing from my knee and insisted on having me escorted to the nurse's office.

At least the nurse was nice to me, the first person all day to show even an ounce of sympathy. She wrapped my knee in a bandage, then sent me on my way. Unfortunately, she also said I couldn't get the bandage wet, so I wasn't allowed to take a shower. I had to hurry back to the locker room and change back into my street clothes without showering, which of course didn't go over so well with everyone I came into contact with for the rest of the day. I hadn't exerted myself too much during P.E., but it was at least enough to work up a sweat, especially since it was a hot day. A liberal dose of deodorant helped to minimize the stink, but for the rest of the day, I could tell that it didn't go unnoticed by my classmates. Even Smelly Kelly avoided me as I passed her in the hall.

Of course I was ten minutes late for lunch, which meant a long wait at the end of the line. Tammy Gray was only three spots ahead of me in the line, but she refused to even acknowledge my presence. If I could just talk to her, I was sure I could help her laugh off what had happened in first period, but it looked like the chance of that happening was slightly lower than winning the lottery. Five times in a row.

The line seemed to move extra slow today, although that could have just been my perception filtered through my pessimistic outlook. After an eternity, I finally picked up my food and looked for a spot to sit down. Unfortunately, just then I fell victim to Scott Maddox, the school bully who had been on my softball team during P.E. and apparently hadn't taken too kindly to my screwup that cost us the game. As he brushed past me, he tapped my tray hard, causing it to tilt. Everything on it fell to the floor, causing a loud racket that made everyone look toward me. Unfortunately, his attack had been so sneaky that he was already five yards away before anyone spotted the source of the commotion, and I was left standing there looking like a fool. Of course, everyone cheered and applauded at my misfortune and once more today I was the laughingstock of the school.

After helping to clean up the mess, I had to use an extra lunch ticket to avoid starving. By this time, I only had a few minutes left to eat, so I hurriedly wolfed down my lunch to avoid being late for Mr. Birch's fifth-period history class. The teacher was a very unforgiving man, and didn't take kindly to students coming in late.

I didn't expect to survive the class unscathed, and I wasn't disappointed. The first bad sign was that the air conditioner in the room was broken, putting the temperature at a muggy eighty degrees. That normally wouldn't have been so bad, but the combination of my gloomy mood, lack of sleep, full stomach, warm day, and Mr. Birch's monotonous voice had the effect of making me very drowsy. As his voice droned on, I felt my eyelids growing heavy, my head beginning to droop, and the world around me going fuzzy.

Next thing I knew, I was being tapped on the shoulder by my friend who sat next to me. I immediately opened my eyes, staring up at Mr. Birch, who stood over me with a scowl on his face.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hooper?" he asked. "Are you so familiar with the material that you think you can nap through my lecture? Let's find out, shall we? Tell me, in what year was the Battle of Trafalgar fought during World War Two?"

I stared at him with a blank expression on my face.

"No?" he asked. "Fine. What was the name given to General Grant's invasion of Poland?"

Blank expression again.

"What was the Allies' response to the sinking of the Hindenburg by German U-boats?"

Yet another blank expression.

"I see," said Mr. Birch. Then he turned to the rest of the class. "My job is to teach you history," he said. "And you will learn it one way or another. You can either learn it in class, or outside of class. Kevin has demonstrated that some of you are having a hard time learning in class, so we will go with the alternate plan today. Your homework assignment for tonight is to write a one thousand word essay on why the resolution to World War One was a contributing factor in the cause of World War Two."

The air suddenly filled with groans and protests, and if popularity were a thermometer, I had just dropped from a cold winter's day to January on the polar ice cap.

It didn't help that after class, the smart ass Mark Jurgens turned to me and said, "Mr. Birch was just messing with you. None of those events from his questions actually happened."

I just rolled my eyes. It figured. "This is the worst day ever," I said.

Sixth period came and went without mishap, but between sixth and seventh period, I discovered that my locker had been broken into, and all my possessions scattered down the hall. Naturally I suspected Scott Maddox, but I had no proof. So I had to go hunt down my affects all over the floor with nobody to blame. Some of them I never did find.

The misfortune at my locker made me late for seventh period. It was the third time this semester, which meant detention. I tried to explain to Mr. Crooks what had happened, but he would hear none of it. So it looked like my bad luck was starting to spill out into other days; I would have to stay after school for an hour tomorrow.

At least this was my last class of the day. I wanted nothing more than to just go home and disappear from the world for the rest of the day. When the last bell rang, I hurried out the door to escape this living hell.

As I expected, when I went out to the parking lot to get a ride home with Shelly, the car wasn't there. She had taken off without me again. That meant another dreadful ride home on the bus.

At least I didn't have to sit next to Smelly Kelly this time. In fact, I made it home without once receiving a spitball or getting a wedgie or having my wallet stolen or being struck by lightning or getting in a car accident and having my body thrown out the window and ending up paralyzed from the neck down for the rest of my life. The way my luck had been going today, I wouldn't be surprised by any of those. I left the bus, half expecting to see smoke rising from the remains of what used to be my house. But the house still stood, not a spark or a wisp of smoke in sight.

I entered the front door, dropped my backpack on the floor, and kicked off my shoes. On most days I would fix myself a snack in the kitchen, but today I just wanted to go lock myself in my room and not emerge until tomorrow, which had to be better than today. Mom would probably insist I come down for supper, but she wouldn't be home from work for a couple more hours. I could use that time to wallow in self-pity.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I heard some strange sounds coming from Shelly's room. It sounded like she was working out; I knew she had some weights in there because she liked to keep herself in top physical condition for both the volleyball team and the swim team at the high school. But her grunts were a little higher pitched than usual. Curious, I crept down the hall and peeked through the crack in the door. I don't know why she never seemed to quite close the door; maybe she enjoyed catching me spying on her just so that she could get me into trouble.

What I saw shocked me. Her friend Jenny Boyce was there with her. Both girls lay on the bed, both in their underwear. To my utter amazement, Jenny had her hand down the front of Shelly's panties!

The sight was almost mind-blowing. I had always had a bit of a crush on Jenny; she was one of Shelly's teammates on the volleyball team, a gorgeous blonde with a nice body and a bit of a feisty attitude. I had seen her in a bikini at the public pool a few times, which really didn't cover any more than her undies did now, but somehow, seeing her mostly undressed on the bed was even more thrilling, especially with what she was doing to my sister.

I stood there staring at them; it almost would have been worth it to get caught, just to preserve that sight for as long as possible.

It wasn't long enough, however. Jenny just happened to look up a few seconds later and spotted me in the doorway. "Oh, hi Kevin," she greeted with a smile.

"Kevin!" Shelly screamed, then immediately jumped up off the bed and rushed at me. As Jenny laughed, Shelly threw open the door, raised her hand, and slapped me as hard as she could on the face.

It stung. But the worst sting came from the sound of Jenny still laughing. Laughing at me. I stood there in shock for a couple of seconds, until I felt tears starting to well up in my eyes.

No! I can't start crying now! Not in front of Jenny!

Unfortunately, I wasn't very convincing. So to hide my shame, I turned and fled down the hall to my bedroom, slamming the door behind me and collapsing on the bed. The frustration and humiliation of the whole day hit me all at once, and I couldn't hold back the tears. I sobbed into my pillow for what felt like a hundred years. A thousand, even. But the tears just wouldn't stop flowing.

I heard a knock at the door. "Go away!" I said. Instead, the door opened and Jenny stepped in.

I wanted to die! The last person I wanted to see me crying was my sister's best friend. Now she would think I was a crybaby.

Instead of leaving, or laughing at me, or teasing me, she instead came over and sat down on the bed next to me.

"Having a bad day?" she asked in a surprisingly sympathetic tone.

"This is the worst day ever," I told her, the tears finally stopping. I sat up, grateful that finally someone was neither laughing at nor yelling at nor scolding me.

"Well, maybe I can cheer you up," she said with a friendly smile.

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe you just need a hug."

Suddenly things didn't seem so bad after all. The day can't be all that bad when the girl of your dreams offers to hug you.

She didn't give me a chance to respond, but immediately threw her arms around me and drew me in to a tight embrace. Jenny turned out to be every bit as pleasant to hug as I had imagined. She was nice and warm, and soft in all the right places. She even caressed my back as she hugged me. It was a wonderful feeling, but completely unexpected. Jenny had never been this nice to me before, and I couldn't help but wonder if she had ulterior motives. Maybe this was all leading up to some kind of practical joke.

After over a full minute, she drew back and looked me in the eyes. "Feeling better?" she asked.

"A little," I admitted.

Jenny grinned. "But not all the way? Well, if a friendly hug won't do the job, how about a friendly kiss?"

I gaped at her, shocked that she would even suggest such a thing. Was I actually going to get kissed by the object of my fantasies?

She leaned in and planted a quick peck on my lips. Then she pulled back and smiled at me again. "Better?" she asked.

"Um... sort of..."

"Wow, it must have been a *really* bad day," she said. "Looks like I'm going to have to put in some overtime on this one." Before I knew it, she had leaned in and was kissing me again. But this time, she didn't stop. Her lips continued to press against mine, and I realized that this was more than just "a friendly kiss."

She took her time, and I wasn't about to break that kiss, so I waited it out, loving every second of it. But eventually she did break away, to my disappointment.

"How's that?" she asked. "Now don't you feel so much better?"

"Yeah," I replied, which was the most coherent thought running through my mind at the moment.

"Good. Because I need you to do something for me. Actually, I need you *not* to do something for me."

"What's that?"

"Don't tell your parents that you caught your sister and me kissing. Promise?"

"Well..."

"Oh, you're going to be stubborn about it?" she asked, but with a teasing smile on her face. "I suppose you need some more convincing."

I nodded, grinning.

"You know, what Shelly and I do is private," she said. "It's supposed to be a secret. So I guess the only way I can be sure you won't tell our secret is if you and I have a secret of our own."

I had no idea what she was talking about, but it certainly sounded exciting.

"Now let's see... what kind of secret can we share?" she asked. "Kissing isn't good enough. You won't get in trouble with your parents if they found out we kissed. And as for your friends, I'm sure you'll be bragging about it to them tomorrow." She looked me straight in the eyes. "Any suggestions?"

Of course I had a suggestion!

"Um..." I said. "It would have to be as serious as what you were doing with Shelly."

"Kevin!" she exclaimed, with an exaggerated shocked look on her face. "Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting? Maybe your sister was right. You are quite the pervert." Then her expression changed back to a smile. "But if that's what it takes to buy your silence, I guess I have no choice." Then she grabbed my shirt and lifted it over my head.

I sat there in shock, staring at Jenny and wondering what was going on. Her sudden attentions toward me were suspicious, especially with the day I had been having. I imagined all kinds of scenarios. This was a bad dream. Or she was playing a practical joke on me. Maybe there was a camera hidden somewhere.

"Before we do anything," she said, "I think you need to go clean up a bit. Don't take this the wrong way, but you kind of stink."

"Yeah, they didn't let me shower after P.E. because I hurt my knee and they didn't want the bandage getting wet."

"Oh, you poor thing. Can you get it wet now?"

"I'm sure it's fine."

"Good. How about we go take a shower?"

"We?" I asked, even more shocked. "You mean... together?"

"If you insist," she said with a grin.

Actually, I hadn't insisted; she was the one who had made the suggestion. But I wasn't about to pass up the opportunity to jump in the shower with this gorgeous girl. The water running down our bodies might even hide my drooling.

We left my bedroom and crept down the hall to the bathroom. As we passed Shelly's door, I glanced at it

with a touch of worry. What would happen if Shelly discovered us?

Sensing my unease, Jenny said, "Don't worry about your sister. Whenever I take care of her like I did, she's so exhausted that she falls right asleep. She'll be out cold for at least half an hour."

I still wasn't sure, but the thought of getting naughty with Jenny was well worth the chance of getting caught by Shelly.

Once in the bathroom, Jenny closed the door and started stripping off her clothes. I was still wary this might be some kind of practical joke, right up until she slipped off her bra and exposed her tits to me.

I have to admit that I stared. It was the first pair of naked tits I could remember seeing, at least in person (porn didn't count). Seeing Jenny in a bikini, or even in her underwear, was nothing compared to this!

"Aren't you getting in the shower with me?" she asked, and I realized that I had stopped removing my clothes. I nodded, and she then stepped out of her panties, giving me a wonderful view of her gorgeous pussy, covered in blond hair matching that on top of her head.

I finished undressing, a little self-conscious about being naked in front of her, and a *lot* self-conscious about the state of my cock, which was eager to get out of my pants. But when I dropped my drawers and stood in front of Jenny, she just glanced down at it and smiled. It took just a moment to unwrap my knee, which by now no longer needed to be covered.

We stepped into the tub, and she turned on the water. Once it warmed up, she pulled the lever to turn on the shower, and a moment later the air was filled with hot water spraying all over us.

Jenny stood under it for a minute, letting it run all over her glistening skin and giving me quite an eyeful of her luscious young body. I couldn't tear my gaze away, not that I was really trying. If there was a heaven, I was in it right now.

"Get over here," she said with a smile, then grabbed my hand and pulled me under the water with her. She wrapped her arms around me, squeezing her body up against mine. Then she gave me another deep, extended, open-mouthed kiss.

I was vaguely aware of a momentary pain on my knee as the hot water touched the sensitive flesh, but mostly my mind just shut off and I fell into a daze, hardly aware of what was happening. I had heard a joke that when a man was aroused, all the blood keeping his cock erect came directly from his brain, so it was impossible for him to be horny and smart at the same time. I can say with the utmost confidence that it's true. All I could think about was Jenny's beautiful face and body, and the exquisite feeling of both right next to mine.

Eventually she stepped back, grabbing the liquid soap and squeezing some into her hand. I figured she planned to wash my back, so I started to turn around. Instead, she grabbed me and faced me right toward her. Then she ran her soaped-up hands all over my torso. To my disappointment, she stopped at my waist. I had really hoped she would go lower. Then I perked right back up when she handed the soap to me.

I took it and lathered up my own hands, then waited to see if she planned to turn around. She didn't. I must have had a really stupid grin on my face as I reached out for her chest. She didn't stop me as I placed them squarely on her tits. As I rubbed and squeezed them, she sighed. "That feels really nice," she said.

"It sure does," I replied.

She didn't seem to mind that I never got around to washing the rest of her, and I was having far too much fun myself to move my hands anywhere else. As far as I was concerned, we could just stand here like this for the rest of our lives.

Unfortunately, we only stood there like that for another two minutes. As I said, my brain had pretty much shut down, so I was hardly aware of the motion out of the corner of my eye. Suddenly, the shower curtain flew open. I had a momentary fright as I imagined a knife-wielding maniac bearing down on us. (What can I say? I like to watch horror movies) Then my rational mind returned, and I saw that it was much worse. My sister stood there in front of us, a shocked and angry look on her face. Frankly, I would have preferred the maniac.

Did I mention that this was the worst day ever?

"What the hell is going on here?" she demanded. I stared at her, suddenly very conscious of the fact that I was in the shower with her best friend. With a stupid grin on my face. With a stupid grin on my face and my hands on her best friend's tits. With a stupid grin on my face, my hands on her best friend's tits, and my dick so hard you could hang your coat on it. The correct course of action would have been to remove my hands and grab a towel. In fact, in that situation even a bout of panic would be a reasonable course of action. Freezing up and doing nothing was *not* a reasonable course of action. Guess which one I did!

Then Shelly's eyes lowered. I could feel them on me as they ran down my body. I wanted to scream and run away. I wanted to crawl under a rock and die. But I just couldn't will my body to move, even when my sister's eyes reached my crotch and locked there, going wide.

"Oh my," she breathed.

Considering my state of total petrification, Jenny thankfully managed to regain her composure.

"Like what you see?" she asked Shelly.

Shelly's face went red, but she didn't lift her eyes. Now I realized that she was feeling exactly the same way I had felt upon seeing Jenny strip off her clothes. And pretty much the entire time ever since then, I might as well admit.

"You know," said Jenny, "there's room enough in here for three of us."

That did it. Shelly managed to tear her gaze away from my crotch and stared at her friend. "You're not serious!" she exclaimed.

"Kevin caught us in the act, so I'm trying to convince him not to tell on us. But I'm not the only one who would be in trouble if he tells."

"He's blackmailing you?"

"Exactly. And I figure there's nothing I can do about it, so I might as well enjoy it."

Shelly's face broke out into a grin. "And I take it the 'blackmail' was your idea?"

Jenny laughed. "Of course it was. And let me tell you, it's very fun. Why don't you join us?"

Shelly stared at her for a second, then her eyes turned to mine. "You'd better not tell *anyone* about this," she insisted. "Or I'll make life miserable for you. Trust me, you do *not* want to get on my bad side."

I just continued to stare at her, not really hearing the words. Was she actually going to take Jenny up on her offer? Was my own sister going to get in the shower with us?

As I watched in astonishment, Shelly started unbuttoning her blouse. She was really doing it! I couldn't keep my eyes off her as she disrobed in front of me, finally discarding the last of her clothes. There was something so very wrong about all of this, yet so very right at the same time. I would never admit this to her, of course, but I thought she had a gorgeous body. Her tan lines added just the right touch.

Shelly stepped into the shower with us, and Jenny immediately grabbed her hand and pulled her under the water. I watched in rapt attention as the two girls pressed their bodies together and kissed each other passionately. As the two girls kissed, Jenny reached out with her hand and made contact with my thigh. She explored for a second until she found my cock, which she grasped tightly and began pumping up and down.

This was almost too much for me. The sight of the girls in front of me and the feel of Jenny's hand soon had me approaching a climax. Unfortunately, she stopped just short, removing her hand and stepping away from my sister. For a moment I thought she was teasing me, bringing me up to the top but not over the edge. It was a cruel thing to do, but the way my luck had been going today, it wouldn't surprise me. But she grinned at me and said, "We'll get back to that later."

"You know," said Shelly, "that's kind of mean of you to get him excited like that and not giving him relief." I couldn't believe it. My sister was defending me now?

"Like I said, we'll get back to it later. And when he finds out how, I don't think he'll complain too much about the interruption. In the mean time, I have other plans for him. What do you think, should we teach your brother how to please a girl?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," Jenny replied with a grin.

"You're even more a pervert than Kevin is," Shelly told her. "You know what? You go ahead and do what you want. I'll just watch."

"You hear that, Kevin?" asked Jenny. "Your sister likes to watch."

"I didn't mean it like that!" Shelly exclaimed.

Jenny just ignored her, keeping her attention on me. "Let's give her a good show, shall we?"

I just nodded, not knowing what I was getting myself into but more than happy to go along with anything she suggested.

"Get down on your knees," she told me.

"Huh?"

"If you want to learn how to drive a woman wild, you're going to have to get down on your knees."

"Oh. Okay," I said, still completely oblivious. I knelt down in front of her, using the one-knee method to avoid putting pressure on my injury. This put my head right at the level of her crotch. I stared at her pussy in wonder; I had never been this close to one before.

"Now lick it," said Jenny.

"What?" I asked, astonished. "You really want me to lick you there?"

"Why not? Shelly does it all the time, and she loves it."

"You didn't have to tell him that!" Shelly exclaimed.

"It's true, isn't it? Well, what are you waiting for, Kevin?"

"Um... I don't know..."

"Tell you what. If you do it to me, I'll do it to you."

With that kind of motivation, I immediately leaned forward, stuck out my tongue, and tasted my first pussy ever.

I don't know what I was expecting, but the flavor turned out to be fairly neutral. It was a touch bitter, but not to the point of being unpleasant. I was more than happy to do this for her if I would receive the same thing in exchange.

She spread her lips, exposing the little ridge at the top ending in a tiny little button. I remembered from sex ed class that this was supposed to be particularly sensitive on a girl's body, so I ran my tongue over it.

I was right, because Shelly immediately squealed with delight. "Oh, wow!" she said. "You're a fast learner, Kevin. I didn't even have to show you what to do."

I continued to tongue her for several minutes, realizing that although this had seemed a little gross at first, the reaction I was getting from her was actually really enjoyable. And now that I was used to the taste, the feel of her clit on my tongue was surprisingly pleasant.

Eventually I heard her moans rising in pitch, and I realized that I was about to give a girl an orgasm for the very first time in my life. She grabbed the back of my head and mashed my face against her crotch until her body shook with pleasure. I just continued to lick her until she came down from that erotic high. Then she released my head and apologized for losing control like that.

I was about to get back up when Jenny turned to Shelly and said, "Looks like you want some of this too."

I glanced over at my sister, whom I had forgotten briefly. She had her hand between her legs and was rubbing herself there.

"No way!" she said, but from the tone of her voice, I could tell her heart wasn't really in it.

"Oh, come on. This is a great opportunity. You know you sometimes get horny when I'm not around to take care of you. If you're got a willing tongue right under the same roof, why not make use of it?"

Shelly looked down at me with doubt on her face. I wasn't sure I liked the idea anymore than she did. On the other hand, a pussy was a pussy, and truth be told, I had really enjoyed going down on Jenny. Sister or not, I would probably enjoy it nearly as much with Shelly.

"Okay, fine," she said. "Kevin, get over here and do to me what you did to Jenny."

I didn't like the way she bossed me around like that, and I was tempted to tell her to go to hell. But if I ended things right now, I might not get my reward, so I ignored her tone and positioned myself right in front of my sister.

For some reason I was expecting the taste to be horrible. After all, this was my sister; the whole idea of licking her like that was supposed to be disgusting. But to my surprise, she tasted even better than Jenny did. Part of it was because she had less hair down there; she probably kept it trimmed because she spent so much time in a swimsuit. But she was also a little sweeter than Jenny too. It was hard to describe the difference.

Since I had discovered what made Jenny feel good, I decided to employ the same technique on Shelly. It must have worked, because the instant I brushed my tongue against her clit, she gasped.

"See what I mean?" asked Jenny. "Admit it. It feels good to have your brother go down on you."

"Okay, I admit it. Looks like you're good for something after all, Kevin."

My mouth was occupied, so I didn't respond. Normally I didn't care what Shelly thought of me, but considering how much I was enjoying myself, I was glad that I could make her feel this good. I was certainly no expert, but learning how to please a woman was probably a valuable skill for a horny teenage boy.

It took me longer to get Shelly off than Jenny, maybe because Jenny had already done the same thing to her not too long ago. But I stubbornly continued my tongue's assault on her pussy, determined to keep going until I brought her to a climax too. Jenny helped too, by moving up against Shelly's body and massaging her tits. Between the two of us, we soon had Shelly shuddering in an intense orgasm.

I had done it. I had given my big sister the ultimate pleasure. There was something exhilarating about knowing that I had that kind of power over her body. If I could do it to my sister, I could do it to any girl. Maybe I could convince Tammy Gray to let me practice on her.

As Shelly leaned back against the wall to steady herself, Jenny helped me to my feet. "Good job, kiddo," she said. "I think you've earned your reward." I grinned as she knelt down in front of me. Glancing over at Shelly, I noticed her staring in fascination at what was about to transpire between my legs. It was hard to believe that she actually wanted to see her little brother receiving a blowjob, but the excitement on her face was clear.

Since I was already wet from the shower, Jenny wasted no time. She opened her mouth and sucked me in. To a horny virgin like me, it was the most exquisite feeling in the whole world. She had done this before, I could tell, because she knew just how to give me the maximum pleasure. She not only sucked, but used her tongue to tease the underside of my cock inside her mouth. I could hear myself groaning as she sucked my cock. With one of her hands, she played with my balls, adding another wonderful feeling to the combination of sensations that were already nearly overloaded.

I had been aroused for so long that I knew I wouldn't last. Soon I felt the pressure building up, and I knew I was nearly at the point of no return.

Suddenly, Jenny removed her mouth, and I groaned in frustration. Once more, I worried that she might be doing this deliberately to frustrate me.

"I just realized," she said, "I'm not the only one that owes you a favor."

I knew exactly who she meant. I glanced over at Shelly, seeing her eyes go wide. "Oh my god, you don't really expect me to..."

"Be nice, Shelly," said Jenny. "Your brother was so sweet to help you out. I think it's only fair."

She hesitated for a moment, then knelt down. "Yeah, it's only fair," she conceded. "Kevin, you'd better not cum in my mouth or I'll rip your balls off!"

"Don't worry," said Jenny. "I'm more than happy to take the load. In fact, I insist on it."

Then Shelly, my big sister that I didn't really get along with, wrapped her lips around my dick and began to suck. It was such a perverse thought, knowing that just this morning we had bickered and we would probably do the same thing again tomorrow, because we were siblings and that was just the way things were. Yet here she was, giving me the same pleasure I had just given her. Of course, my rational mind had all but shut off at this point; I might regret this later, but for now I just wanted the pleasure to continue.

The interruption earlier had cooled me off a little, so it took a few minutes for me to warm back up again. Shelly was obviously not as experienced at this as Jenny was, but since I had never received oral sex before, I really had nothing to complain about. Soon she had me groaning just like I had been before, and once more I could feel the imminent approach of my orgasm.

I considered not telling her and actually releasing into her mouth. She deserved it for the way she had treated me today. But two things kept me from doing it. First, although I doubted she would actually rip my balls off, she could do plenty of things to my balls that I wouldn't enjoy, especially because they were currently in such easy reach. And second, if I showed her she could trust me, maybe, just maybe, I could convince her to do this to me again some time.

"You'd better stop now," I warned her, and she immediately let me slip out of her mouth. In an instant, Jenny took her place, sucking me in deeply. She sped up the action, bobbing up and down on the shaft rapidly as if trying to coax the cum out of me. It worked, because ten seconds after she started, I tensed up and let it fly. She squealed around my cock enthusiastically as I spurted over and over again into her mouth. She swallowed every drop I gave her until I finally relaxed and my cock started going soft.

I was feeling rather weak at the moment, so both girls rose to their feet and wrapped their arms around me for support. I stood there in the shower, exhausted but very happy. Shelly and Jenny cuddled up next to me, simultaneously planting a kiss on my cheeks. I grabbed them and held them tightly to me, loving the feel of their bodies and marveling at the extraordinary events that had led up to this wonderful experience. This was the best day ever!

THE END

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