

# My Sister Forced Me into CFNM

When he's caught  
naked and  
masturbating  
in her room...



...one brother is  
going to learn  
just how mean  
his sister can be!

A tale of  
femdom,  
humiliation,  
blue balls,  
and very nude siblings,

by P.F. Dee

# My Sister Forced Me into CFNM

When he's caught  
naked and  
masturbating  
in her room...



...one brother is  
going to learn  
just how mean  
his sister can be!

A tale of  
femdom,  
humiliation,  
blue balls,  
and very nude siblings,

by P.F. Dee

# My Sister Forced Me into CFNM

When he's caught  
naked and  
masturbating  
in her room...



...one brother is  
going to learn  
just how mean  
his sister can be!

A tale of  
femdom,  
humiliation,  
blue balls,  
and very nude siblings,

by P.F. Dee



**Published by P.F. Dee at Smashwords**

**Copyright 2015 P.F. Dee**

Discover other hot Femdom titles by P.F. Dee at:  
<http://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/PFD>

This book contains mature sexual subject matter and should not be read by minors. All references and names are fictional, unintentional, or used in a parody fashion. Also, all characters in the book are over 18, as are all the models used for the pictures, who do not endorse anything about this book.

**Enjoy!**

## Chapter One

Ever since I learned how to masturbate, I'd loved being totally nude while doing it. And now as I was becoming a senior in high school, I started getting even more bold, staying nude for longer and longer times while my sister and mother were out of the house.

This was another typical Thursday night, Mom away at her book club and Gretchen safely at volleyball practice, so I'd have the whole place to myself until 9 o'clock at least. I got home from school, ate a hasty TV dinner and then showered. I wore a towel around my waist out of the bathroom, just to have a legitimate excuse in case I was caught now, but after double checking that I was truly alone and all the blinds in the house were drawn, I let the towel drop and walked out of my bedroom, totally naked.

Walking down our carpeted hallway without a stitch of clothing felt so naughty, so taboo! Just getting the courage to go downstairs took a moment, no matter how many times I had done it, no matter that I knew no one else was home. My stomach flipped, but I gave my half-hard dick a few slow pulls and my horniness overcame my nerves.

I started down the stairs.

All my clothes were upstairs, so far away! How many times had we sat in this living room as a family and watched TV? How many times had Gretchen's friends had sleepovers here, giggling and chatting in just their sleep-shirts and panties? And now I was totally nude on the same couch they had been sitting at!

The thought of Gretchen's hot friends all around me finally got my erection roaring. I stopped touching myself immediately; this was the best part- I wanted it to last! I went through my usual routine, flipping through the TV channels giving myself a few good, slow strokes whenever a hot girl came on. MTV was great for that, HBO was sometimes good as well, and I had a good ride watching a few starlets bounce around in their bras and panties in some romantic movie, always taking my hand away before I shot off.

To cool down I got up and wandered through the kitchen, enjoying the cold tile under my feet and my stiff erection bobbing in front of me as I opened the fridge and drank OJ right from the bottle, fully nude.

I dropped the cap while putting it back on, and as the plastic clicked around on the floor, I got that top-of-the-stairs feeling in my stomach again. Even though I knew no one else was home, I took a second to gather my courage, then bent over from the waist to pick it up, my fingers practically touching my toes.

*What if someone was behind me right now? God, that would be so humiliating!*

The thought almost made my dick explode, untouched, all over the kitchen floor.

Earlier in my nude adventures I had had problems with cumming too fast, just from the excitement of it, which is why I had implemented the stop-and-go stroking system. But I couldn't take the ache in my balls anymore, so I went upstairs, as I always did to end these nights.

First I wandered through my mother's room, looking at myself in her full-length mirror, doing the bend-over dare again (and almost shooting off again), then spraying one of her perfume bottles into the air and stepping through the mist. The light, unmistakably *feminine* scent got me so hard my dick actually hurt!

It was time for the final stop of the tour.

I opened the door to Gretchen's room carefully even though she was gone, because this was hallowed territory. It was messy, as are all rooms of teenage girls about to leave for college, but while being nude in my mother's room was exhilarating, being so in my sister's room was downright *erotic*. As I wandered through Gretchen's piles of cute discarded t-shirts, tight ripped jeans and sexy panties strewn around the floor, I only gave myself the most gentle of maintenance strokes.

I *couldn't* shoot off here- I would never be that reckless- but it felt *so good* to get close to the edge over and over again, knowing I was standing nude where my teenage sister had undoubtedly stood this morning, pulling on a bra and panties over a body that had gotten so undeniably hot in the last few years (not that I would ever tell her that!).

With the lights on as I walked around her room, I peeked out the blinds again- it was now dark outside- touching myself almost constantly. I went over to her vanity mirror, where she had pictures of friends from her volleyball team taped around the edges, and paused, since almost every one was worth stroking a while to.

Brooklyn Thatcher was a striker on Gretchen's volleyball team, a tall, blond goddess whose normally goofy demeanor changed to a killer instinct on the court. I had drooled over her long legs for years, but this picture was from Gretchen's eighteenth birthday party- I could see down Brooklyn's shirt as she presented the cake to my sister. I had stared at those tits so much I could draw that picture from memory.

There were other hot pictures, Gretchen and some friends dressed up to go to a formal dance, a goofy one someone had taken while Gretchen was trying on clothes in a changing room, but the absolute winner was a group picture of Gretchen's entire volleyball team. I don't know how the photographer had convinced all of those cute, athletic, teenage girls to pose in their shortest spandex shorts with their socks and shoes off and their legs posed, but I needed to buy that man a drink. *If Gretchen only knew how many times I had stared at those twenty smiling, barefooted girls with my dripping dick in my hand-*

"Hey Einstein, you know that if it's dark outside with lights on inside, people can see you through the blinds, right?"

I turned to see Gretchen at the entrance to her room in a tight pink top, black spandex pants, barefoot, smirking at me.

And I was totally nude in her room with my hard dick in my hand.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck!"

Gretchen just laughed as I practically tripped over my feet to make for the half-open doorway, but it only took a small sidestep for her to block me. I covered my crotch with both hands and tried to go around the other way, but she easily blocked my path again. Besides a drum-tight ass and a flat stomach, years of being the setter on her volleyball team had also given her great lateral quickness, ironically.

She laughed and effortlessly used two hands on my chest to push me back into her room, since I couldn't use my hands for anything other than covering my cock and balls. "Where do you think you're going, pervert?"

"Let me out!" I yelled, my face getting red as she blocked my path again. "Gretchen!"

"Hey, I didn't force you to come in here nudie boy," she laughed. "It's *you* who snuck in *here*, and now you're busted, Ronnie!"

I stopped trying to get past her- her hands touched my bare body every time she pushed me away from the door- and I had already been so close to

shooting off before- I couldn't risk having an accident! Not now- *not in front of her!*

But stepping back, my heart almost gave out as I saw that there was nothing I could do to keep my sister from looking over my body from head to toe.

"Imagine my surprise," she giggled, "when a blown fuse ends volleyball practice an hour early and I drive home to see the silhouette of some strange nude man in my room! And so I take a video from the street so the police can catch this pervert who was *jacking himself off all over my clothes.*"

"I wasn't-"

She laughed and held up her phone's screen at me. "Science tip genius- if it's darker outside than inside and you've got the lights on behind you, you have to pull the curtains too. Or else everyone outside can see *exactly* what pervy shit you're doing up here!"

I couldn't bring myself to look directly at the video playing on her phone, but it sure looked like a good video of me, silhouetted through her blinds! My spine ran cold. I had been playing my little nude games for months now- *what had the neighbors seen?!?!?*

"I can't *wait* to show this video to Mom," she giggled as I squirmed, nude and helpless before her. "And I'll show the girls from the team the *much clearer* one I took right from the hallway, before you noticed I was there, of you jacking off to their team picture over my mirror!"

"Gretchen, NO!"

*My life would be over!*

She giggled, looking me over again. "You know, I like this look on you, little brother. You should wear it around the house more often!"

"Gretchen, please!" I begged, still covering my dick. At least it had gone half soft with fear by now. I couldn't get past her, I couldn't erase that video, and I was *still* in front of her window, possibly silhouetted nude for the neighbors! *This was a nightmare!* "Let me go!"

My sister smiled and I felt about three inches tall. "Sorry, Ronnie- you're busted! By tomorrow morning, *everyone's* going to know about the pervy shit you get up to when I'm gone!"

I felt the walls closing in on me, making it hard to breathe. "What do you want?!"

"Not having to worry about my pervazoid brother skipping around my room nude whenever I leave the house, for one."

My face was fully red as I hunched over, trying to hide what couldn't be hidden. "It won't happen again! I promise!"

"Why not? This isn't the first time you've done this, is it?"

I blushed even harder and looked at my feet.

"Answer me, loser! Or I'm texting these videos to the whole volleyball team right now!" She held up her phone, her thumb held dangerously over the SEND button.

"No it's not the first time!"

She kept her finger hovering over the button that would end my social life forever. My dick was totally limp now. "And do you always pull your pud while you're walking around my room nude? Tell the truth!"

I swallowed, blushing everywhere. "U-usually."

*I was too embarrassed for words- this wasn't how this night was supposed to go!*

She stamped her bare foot on the floor. "Fucking PERVERT! Have you ever spurted your disgusting load in my room? Tell me!"

My knees were shaking. "NO! Never!"

"TELL THE TRUTH!" Her finger had half depressed the SEND button.

"I've never cum in here!" I yelled, tears forming at the corners of my eyes. "I always go back to my room to do that, I swear! Gretchen, I SWEAR! PLEASE don't do this to me- it'll kill me!"

My sister looked my sniveling, almost-crying nude form, then finally moved her thumb off that horrible button.

"You're fucking lucky you haven't. Or I would have fucking ended you, right here, Ronnie. I would have sent those videos to the police, Mom, the team, everyone!"

She lowered her phone and I finally started to breathe again.

"I'm sorry, Gretchen, I'm sorry!" I stammered. Due to embarrassment, my dick and balls had crawled so far back up into my body that it only took one hand to cover my entire package now. I used the other to wipe the tears from my eyes before they spilled down my cheeks. "It'll never happen again, I promise!"

"Damn right it won't," she laughed, doing something on her phone. "Your days of jacking off in this house are over."

I wiped my other eye, not sure I had heard her correctly. "Wha- what?"

"No jacking off, for you Ronnie, ever again," she said, looking at me. "The wall between our rooms isn't *that* thick- I can hear your bed squeaking

when you do your nasty thing, like every night. And I know what you're doing when you take those long showers on the weekends and come out with that stupid grin on your face. I know you're thinking about my friends, or me, or touching my panties in the laundry, or being a disgusting pervert, *and I hate it.*”

Gretchen smiled. “So if I ever suspect you've touched yourself again inside this house, these videos are going public, instantly.”

She showed me something on her phone again, something about a cloud storage site linked to all her social media accounts and some video sites- it was too much for me to read all at once, but I knew it was bad.

“But... but... Gretchen... I can't stop doing *that*... forever!”

“That's what all boys say,” she laughed, pulling her phone back and hitting some more buttons. “But they told us in health class that's not true. Priests and monks go years without masturbating. Your balls will ache, and maybe I want your stupid boy parts to ache a little as punishment for being such a perv. But it won't kill you. And we leave for college in six months anyway.”

I tried to picture it- going half a year without masturbating! My current longest streak was three days, and I had been sick at the time!

*I could still do it in the showers at the gym, or when she wasn't home-*

“Got it, Ronnie?” she barked. “No more jacking off at home!” she wagged her phone at me. “Or else!”

I swallowed. “Yeah, I got it! Are we done now?”

“Almost,” my sister giggled, then nodded at my crotch. “Move your hands.”

*“What?!”*

When I didn't move, she added, “Do it now, or I'm going to send that group text...”

After an agonizing mental battle, I finally moved my hands away, to stand in front of my sister, red-faced and bare.

“Awww, he's so cute and little!” she laughed, then held up her phone again.

*Click.*

“Hey!” I yelled, holding my hands in front of my crotch again.

“Move those hands or else!”

I blushed and uncovered myself again and she spun around me, taking pictures of my nude ass, my limp penis and my blazing red face.

"You're so good at this! You should be a nude model!" she laughed, clicking away. As she took a few more shots of my crotch, Gretchen smiled. "That doesn't look very *big* little brother! Or very hard!" she said, breaking into giggles. "Doesn't being nude in my room turn you on?"

My face was burning. "I usually do it in private!"

"Yeah, not anymore," she replied, then looked up at me with that superior-than-thou smile again. "So let's see... I've got a video of you jacking off through my blinds. And I've got a close up of you doing the same in my room, looking at my team pictures, before you even knew I was here. And now I've got nude pictures you obviously posed for, right in my room with-" she chuckled, looking at the last shots, "-the cutest little curled up baby penis that all the girls in school would love to see, don't I?"

My heart sank with each sentence she said. "Yes."

"So it's safe to say I've got all the evidence I need to bury you ten times over, right on this little phone, don't I?"

I felt the walls closing in on me again. "Yes!"

"Good," she laughed, finally stepping away from the doorway. "So as of now, all this sneaking around shit is over. If you want to be naked at home so badly, you're going to do it with me around, so I can laugh at your stupid nude ass like you deserve. From now on you're going to be totally naked around me anytime Mom isn't home."

I'm sure my jaw hit the floor. "But-"

She laughed and tucked her phone into the waistband of her tight spandex pants, right next to the two tight buns I had shot off of many hot loads thinking about. "That's right nudie boy- you're going to be showing me EVERYTHING you've got, EVERY time we're home alone, at least until we go off to college. Maybe even beyond. Or I will fucking nail your ass to the wall with these pictures!"

I gulped. But even in total defeat, my dick started growing a little.

Gretchen looked down, scoffed in disgust, then pushed me out into the hallway.

"Ugh- pervert! NEVER come in here again! Go to your room! And stay naked inside there until morning! You put on so much as a sock before eight o'clock tomorrow and I'm texting everything!"

My heart felt like it was pumping ice, but through it all, my dick kept growing.

She looked down at my quickly growing erection again. "And don't even *think* about touching yourself tonight!"

And then my sister shut her door in my face.

\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

Of course I *thought* about touching myself.

Not the first night, because my stomach was still a rolling ball of butterflies, imagining what Gretchen could now do to my life if she got pissed at me or her phone got hacked or she just had a bad day on her period or something. I pictured walking down my school halls, imagining all the popular girls starting to laugh as they saw me coming, looking at their phones and giggling... and my dick shrived into a tiny nervous worm as I went to sleep early, totally nude per my sister's instructions.

But as Friday morning turned into Friday night turned into Saturday morning, I got some distance from the event (and a chance to wear many, many layers of clothes around Gretchen and at home), and I started to rethink things.

*She couldn't be serious, could she? No masturbation again, ever?*

And the other thing, she REALLY couldn't be serious about that!

By Saturday morning, my painful morning hard-ons were killing me- I hadn't gotten to finish on Thursday after all! But Gretchen seemed to have forgotten about her threats, being a perfect little angel at every meal and each time we talked, not mentioning anything to me about what had happened Thursday night, not even in passing.

Saturday night, in bed, I slipped a hand down my sweatpants to give my steel hard cock a few strokes... then stopped as soon as I heard my bed springs creak.

*Our bedrooms touched each other and the walls were only a few inches thick- could she really hear me?*

I remembered all the pictures Gretchen had of me and decided not to risk it.

Sunday morning was even harder, my morning wood taunting me as I took a hot shower, but I could only get in a few soapy strokes before my worries overtook me.

*What if she was waiting outside the bathroom door, timing how long I was taking?*

*No that's stupid!*

*But what if...*

My desperate hard-on fought a battle with my fear of those pictures getting out.

Monday night Gretchen would be out at volleyball practice again; I resolved to wait until then, just to be safe. Mom would be home, but I could shut my door and cum as many times in my room as I wanted and Gretchen would never know!

I let go of my still-hard cock, shut off the shower and toweled off. I had to wait for my erection to soften to fit into my tight undies, then threw on a shirt and sweatpants, waited a little more for my bulge to not be noticeable, then went down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Gretchen was at the table, barefoot in running shorts that showed off her shapely legs and bra-less under an old t-shirt, eating cereal while scanning Facebook on her phone. She didn't even look up at me when I entered. I breathed a silent prayer of relief and crossed the cool tile to get my own bowl when she spoke, without looking up.

"Why are you still wearing clothes?"

I almost dropped the bowl. "What?"

"Mom goes to hot yoga every Sunday morning for two hours, you know that." She finally looked up at me, a smile on her face. "So get naked for me, perv."

"I- I didn't think we were still doing that! It's been like three days!"

"We haven't been alone at home together since then."

*Oh shit. She was right.*

"Gretchen, come on now-"

"You know, I'm already logged on to Facebook," she sighed, going back to her phone. I could see her actually start to type in her message box. "Hey Brooklyn and Josie, you won't guess what I found my disgusting brother doing in my room last Thurs-"

"Fine, stop! Stop!" I begged as the blur of her fingers got faster and faster.

She froze, looking up expectantly at me, her fingers still on the phone's keyboard. "Well?"

Here came that the top-of-the-stairs feeling in my stomach again, except this time it was real- there WAS someone who was going to see me naked this time- and it was going to be my sister!

I almost couldn't do it, my hands were shaking, but I took off my shirt and laid it on the counter, starting to blush. "You know, this is really fucked

up,” I said. “To make me strip for you like this!”

“It's really fucked up to come home to find you jacking off in my room too,” she said. “Now lose those sweatpants before I change my mind on how we're going to handle this.”

My heart was racing, but I did, sliding my sweatpants to the floor.

“Awwww, tighty whiteys,” she giggled, as my face burned. “So classy!” She made a downwards motion with her finger. “Lose those too. In fact, throw them away, they're ugly!”

I exhaled, blushed even harder, then slid my underwear to the floor to stand before Gretchen, nude again.

“I said throw them away!”

Blushing, I bent over to get them-

*Click.*

“Nice butthole, Ronnie.”

I turned in shock, holding my bare butt closed. *Oh god- it was just like the bottle cap- she had seen everything! I had bent over without thinking, right in front of her!*

My face started turning bright red as she laughed, looking at the picture she had just taken.

But my cock started getting harder.

She giggled at my distress and pointed at the rest of my clothes. “Give me the rest.”

Holding my butt closed, I carefully handed her my remaining clothes and she immediately started going up the stairs.

Towards my room.

“Hey!” I cried, following her, hands over my hardening dick. Her strong legs took her to my room first, she tossed in what I had been wearing, and before I could stop her, pushed in the lock on the my bedroom door and pulled it closed from the outside.

“Gretchen!” I cried, my hands going from covering my crotch to pulling on the knob of my now shut, totally locked door.

Mom kept a skeleton key somewhere around the house that opened all the interior doors, but now I'd have to root through all the kitchen drawers to find it, naked with my sister watching! *But what if Mom left the key in the tool shed out back? Then I'd have no way to get it without being seen!*

Gretchen was standing off to my side, a satisfied smile on her face.

“So how does it feel?”

I was too busy trying to remember where the key was kept to give a real answer. "What?!"

"ALL your clothes are behind this door," she laughed, tapping the solid wood. "And our winter coats are put away too. Unless you want to leave the house wearing my cute little pink wind breaker- you are nude and trapped until I say otherwise!" She laughed again. "So? How does it feel?"

"Horrible!" I cried, covering myself.

"Humiliating?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Scary?"

"Yes!" I cried, pulling on the door again.

"Good," she laughed. "I *want* you to feel like a little baby lost in the woods when you're naked- maybe then it won't make your perverted dick hard as much!" She looked down at my growing stiffy and sighed. "Too much to ask for, I see."

She looked at her watch. "When does Mom usually get back from yoga? Noon?"

I covered myself again. I was shaking, but only getting more erect. "Eleven!"

Gretchen laughed. "Don't try to sandbag. Let's say noon. That means you're naked and outside your room until 11:59 today."

"Gretchen! No!"

She turned away and walked down the stairs, as if it were any other Sunday. "Now, go shave off that peach fuzz you call pubic hair," she said waving her hand at the bathroom as she passed it. "I want you as exposed as possible for me."

My jaw dropped again. "But... but I've spent two years growing it!"

"Good to know," she giggled. "But I want you to remember that, compared to me, you're still an immature little boy! Now go, or else the entire volleyball team will see those pictures!" I heard her laughing as she went downstairs. "And no jacking off while you do it!"

\*\*\*

Fifteen minutes later I came down the stairs, my face red but my cock and balls shaved clean.

"There we go!" Gretchen laughed, putting down the TV remote and picking up her phone to point it at me as I came into the living room. "Don't you feel better now, all clean shaven?"

I realized with horror that, the way she held her phone, she wasn't taking pictures now.

She was filming.

"Gretchen!" I gasped, covering my crotch with a pillow.

"Pillows down," she laughed. "Show all the viewers what you just spent fifteen minutes upstairs doing!"

I started blushing furiously, shaking my head. "Gretchen, please!"

"Come on, Ronnie." Her voice for the camera was sweet and playful, but behind the phone, the look she gave me was a clear threat. "You came down here for a reason."

My heart pounding so hard I could hear the blood in my ears, I let the pillow fall to the loveseat.

"Oh my! Look at that clean, hairless little cock and balls you've got!" she laughed. "Maybe someday you'll hit puberty like a real man! Show me the back now..."

I did, making her laugh more.

"That's smooth too! Did you have to shave that too?"

"No!" I cried, blushing.

"Show me the front again. Jump for me. Let's see those stupid bits flop around."

Having no choice, I did, all while the camera filmed. And oh god, I couldn't help it, the humiliation of it all, the look on her face, seeing the outline of her nipples under her thin shirt- I started to get hard again!

"Go Ronnie, go!" she laughed. "Now jump like a cheerleader and say 'I love being naked!' nice and loud!"

For a moment, I couldn't even find my voice. But then Gretchen just cleared her throat once, in warning.

I made a small hop and squeaked something out. "I love being naked."

"That's not how cheerleaders cheer!" she laughed. "They're LOUD! They SMILE! And they're HAPPY! Now go!"

Knees shaking, I jumped up, smiling with my arms extended like I had seen our high-school cheerleaders do. "I love being naked!" I was half hard now.

Gretchen made the sign to keep rolling, then prompted: "I love being nude..."

I jumped for her again, blushing at how it made my slowly hardening dick flop in the most humiliating way possible. "I love being nude!"

"Now turn, waggle your ass and say: 'Bare-ass Ronnie is the happiest Ronnie, because Ronnie's not a PRUDE!'"

My face burning in shame, I did.

"No- waggle your ass like you mean it!" Gretchen corrected, and suddenly I felt a hard slap, right on my nude butt!

"OW!"

"I'll do the other one if you don't put some PEP into this routine," she laughed, watching me rub my stinging ass. "Do the whole thing again! And use a cheerleader voice!"

She made me repeat the routine three times, until it was 'cheerful' enough for her.

"I LOVE BEING NAKED! I LOVE BEING NUDE! BARE-ASS RONNIE IS THE HAPPIEST RONNIE, BECAUSE RONNIE'S NOT A PRUDE!"

I was panting by the end of it. And rock hard.

"Well no one can say you didn't enjoy that," she laughed, zooming in on my stiff cock, then panning up to my face. "Can they, Ronnie?"

I looked away, wiping away a tear. "I don't know!"

I had only agreed to strip for her because she had two embarrassing videos of me, but now she had even more! That's not what was supposed to happen!

"Now then," she laughed, putting her phone away and crossing her shapely legs on the coffee table. "What do you normally do during these little nude playtimes of yours?"

I resented the way she said that, but having just done a nude cheer routine for her was making me feel very submissive. I just hung my head and answered. "I dunno. Watch TV."

"What do you normally watch?" she laughed, un-muting the TV. "Skin-a-max?"

"No!" I protested, sitting on the loveseat, as far away from the couch and her as possible. "Just normal stuff!"

"Sure you do," she giggled. Gretchen turned to one of her young adult dramas, something about vampires eating drug dealers or something. "This

will do I guess."

She settled in to watch, and so I had to sit there, totally naked and exposed in front of my sister, who was still dressed!

I didn't want to stay hard, I just wanted my erection to wilt, but my balls were fuller than they had ever been since I discovered the joys of touching myself. And looking at Gretchen's mostly bare volleyball legs didn't help, or her cute bare feet and toes. Or the cute female lead on the TV show who spent most of her time running around in tight pants and a low-cut shirt-

"Someone's got a crush on TV star!" Gretchen laughed as my erection twitched.

I covered my crotch. "No I don't!"

"No covering up, or you'll still be naked when Mom gets home," she laughed, and I dropped my hands immediately, my heart pounding. She turned back to the screen, giggling as my erection twitched in the air. I wanted nothing more than to try to hide my dick behind the high arms of the love seat until she got bored with this dumb game and-

"I'm thirsty, nudie boy. Get me a Coke."

I groaned, but had to run right between her and the TV, my erection bobbing in front of me as she giggled.

When I returned a moment later she didn't even move to take the can.

"No, idiot, Diet Coke."

I sighed and went back to the kitchen again, my half-hard cock still bobbing in front of me.

"And a glass with ice cubes, duh," she said, the second I was back in her sight.

I ground my teeth and made a third nude run to the kitchen. I hated the dismissive way she said it- like she was ordering some butler around! My anger started wilting my dick and kept it that way.

But for the rest of the show, Gretchen would randomly give me orders to fetch things, smirking as they meant I couldn't hide my nudity behind the armrests of the loveseat.

"Chips."

"No, doofus, the salty ones!"

"And a bowl, obvi!"

Luckily, I went soft from the humiliation of having my sister order me around like a nude slave. When the show ended, she turned the TV off and giggled at my limp cock.

“What's wrong? You don't like being nude at home? Is this not your biggest fantasy?”

I hugged my knees to my chest. “No!”

She laughed at my red, blushing face. “Fine. So what else do you usually do when you're all alone, nude and horny?”

I blushed, trying not to look at the stairs leading upstairs. “Nothing!”

“Nothing? You weren't watching TV when I caught you in my room! Do you go into Mom's room when you're like this?”

I felt my face reddening. I almost couldn't answer. “Sometimes.”

She bounced off the couch. “Let's go then!”

\*\*\*

I got that falling feeling in my stomach again as my sister pushed me into our mother's room, me totally nude and her clothed.

“So what do you do in here?” she asked. “Go through Mom's special drawer?”

“Ew- no!”

Mom had never told us what she kept in that bottom drawer on her nightstand, but on one of my nude wanderings through her room, I had discovered it. And being an adult, I had been mature enough never to go in there again. Now Gretchen was going to break that boundary, it seemed.

She opened our mother's special drawer, then reached right inside and pulled out a long, black, rubber dildo.

“Wow,” Gretchen giggled, measuring the girth of the black sex toy with her hands. “Good job, Mom!”

“Put that back!” I said, looking away. I didn't want to think about that-*thing*- being inside our house. Or our mother!

“Why? It's good to know that Mom's still a sexually active woman,” Gretchen laughed, walking over to me, the dong flopping. “She's still hot, you know- you should see how the men in the gym look at her in her yoga pants.” I tried not to think of that image as Gretchen pushed the waving cock at me. “Touch it, Ronnie.”

“No!”

She slapped my chest with the surprisingly hard fake cock. “Touch it! Or do you want Brooklyn Thatcher to know that you touch yourself looking at pictures of her?”

She laughed as I grabbed the dildo right away, blushing. "Oh, you've got a little thing for Brooklyn, huh? Maybe I'll show her the little cheer you just did for me."

"Gretchen! NO!"

She just smiled and took a step back, raising her damned phone again. "Hold it on your hip, next to yours."

I knew it was so wrong, but touching my mother's life-like dildo, the blood started pumping into my erection again.

Gretchen giggled as my cock stiffened and snapped a shot. "Oooh! You like showing off your little bitty cock next to a real sized one?"

I blushed more. "No!"

But my dick just got harder.

"Liar," she laughed, taking another picture. "Hold it right besides yours. Now stroke it."

Face burning red, I used my left hand to hold the base of the massive cock next to mine and used my right to stroke up and down its length, as my own hard dick twitched, untouched.

She grinned behind her camera. "It's bigger than yours, isn't it?"

I swallowed. God- it did feel real- there were veins and everything! "Yes."

"How much bigger?"

I couldn't look at her. "I don't know!"

"Guess."

I swallowed. "A few inches?"

"It's *twice* as big as yours Ronnie," Gretchen giggled, still filming. "How does it feel, knowing our Mom is in here every night wrapped around a big black cock that's *twice* as big as yours?"

I didn't know how it felt. Not in words, anyway! All I knew is that my dick was hard as steel, my face was burning red, and I was about half a second away from cumming.

"I don't know!"

I stopped stroking the fake cock, as if that would help.

Gretchen giggled, snapping a few more pictures of my aching erection. "Sure you don't. Now kiss it and put it away."

My face turned red. "Come on! Gretchen-"

"You're supposed to be enjoying this! Now I've got to edit this part out!" she scolded me. "Now pretend I'm not here, kiss that dick and put it away,

or the next video I'm going to film is you on Mom's bed, sucking that black dick off like you were its Prom date!”

Oh god- I was doing this to get OUT from under the blackmail Gretchen had on me, but every turn seemed to get me deeper under her power!

Cheeks burning, my throat dry, I brought my mother's dildo up to my lips and gave the fat head a quick kiss before putting it away.

And Gretchen took a picture of that, too.

\*\*\*

“Where do you usually go next?” Gretchen asked as I came out of our Mother's room, cringing at the thought of what I had just done.

“I don't know!” I cried out, my face burning but my dick rock hard.

“There's not that many places in the house left,” she laughed, looking at all the new pictures and videos on her phone. “Do you usually go outside? Skip through our backyard with your little pecker bouncing in the sun?”

“NO!”

*God, if she forced me to do that-*

“Then there's only my room left,” she said. “Come on.”

I followed as she led the way. She opened the door to her room and her familiar, girly scents hit my nose as we both stepped inside her room, but she turned and gave me a shocked look as soon as I crossed the threshold.

“What the FUCK do you think you're doing?”

I jumped. “You told me to-”

She started yelling at the top of her lungs. “Are you allowed to EVER be in my room? WHAT DID I SAY THURSDAY?”

Some people say New Zealand warrior chants are the most intimidating in the world. Other say Native Americans battle cries have that honor. Those people must never have heard the yell of an indignant American teen-aged girl. My head was spinning, my ears ringing.

“But-”

She shoved me back out into the hallway, against the wall.

“STAY OUT OF MY ROOM YOU NAKED PERV! NEVER GO IN MY ROOM AGAIN OR I WILL DESTROY YOU!” she cried, right before the spanks started landing on my bare ass.

She was slapping my bare ass with all the strength in her athletic body. I wanted to run, but I was facing the wall, trapped between her and it. And I

knew I could never run fast enough to outrace the pictures she had of me on her phone.

“You are NEVER allowed in my room again, not even if the house is on fucking fire and I'm trapped INSIDE!” she yelled, her hand landing on my stinging ass harder than I thought possible. “Even if I'm burning to death, the last thing I'll do if I see you step one toe into my room is send your videos to my friends as my phone is melting into a puddle- DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?”

“YES!” I wailed, just wanting the pain in my ass to end.

“UNDERSTAND?”

Now I was hopping from foot to foot.

“YES! I promise! I'll never go in your room again!”

She laid twenty or thirty more hard spanks on me after that, until I was a wailing, crying mess. When the blows finally stopped, I turned around, to see that Gretchen was taking video of me again.

“Now, Ronnie...” she said, breathing slightly hard as she steadied the camera to catch all of me. “Do you have something to apologize for?”

“I'm.... I'm sorry for ever going in your room,” I blubbered, wiping my eyes and nose. Just one hard unexpected spanking was all it had taken for me to cry like a baby on camera! *What was wrong with me?*

“Going into my room how?”

“Naked!” I sniffed, wiping my nose again.

“And...?”

I couldn't think straight- I rubbed my stinging ass with both hands, even knowing how childish it made me look, and that it exposed my soft, shaved, cock and balls to her camera. “And I'm sorry for....”

“...for touching yourself...”

“For touching myself!” I said, my face burning red.

“And you promise never to do that again?”

Did she mean her room, or masturbating? But I couldn't face another spanking now!

“I promise never to do it again!”

She giggled, still filming me. “I don't know Ronnie... I've heard little boys love masturbating a lot... I don't think you can stop without some woman's help. Now, you've got a choice... do you want Mom's help, or the help of Brooklyn and the volleyball team, or *my* help?”

“Your help! Please, Gretchen!”

*The other options were too mortifying to think about!*

She took another step back to get everything in the frame correctly.

“Then ask me nicely. From the beginning. So that if I ever need to show this to someone, they'll know it was your idea. No covering up, and show me that nicely spanked ass when you're done.”

My world was crashing down, bit by bit. But I couldn't see what other choice I had.

I wiped my face again and then, nude, blushing, and with a red ass, nicely asked my sister to help me stop jacking off.

“Ronnie, let me get this straight,” she said, in her 'skeptical' voice. “You're asking me, your sister, to take *any* measures to break you of your dirty masturbating habit, up to and including spanking your ass red like it is right now?”

My lungs wouldn't work. Like, they literally wouldn't work, but somehow I squeaked out an answer through my humiliation.

“Yes!”

She laughed. “Okay Ronnie, whatever you want.”

I heard the camera turn off and Gretchen patted my still-tender ass as she went into her room.

“The skeleton key is in the shelf above the refrigerator. Stay in your room naked until Mom calls us out for dinner. And don't you dare touch your cock or today's video are going to be the viral hits of Spring. We'll play nudie games again in a few days.”

She closed the door to her room as fear gripped me again.

\*\*\*

I lay face down on my bed with blue balls and a red, stinging ass, wiping my tears away.

*How did it come to this?*

*She couldn't really expect me to never masturbate again, could she?*

*And was she really going to spank me again?*

The thought of being nude, over my sister's lap for a spanking like a misbehaving boy- I was getting hard again!

That wasn't right- she was my sister! It must have been something else, like the days of built up sperm in my balls. That was it! I couldn't get turned on at the idea of being spanked- by Gretchen!

I had to stop her before she tried. But what if Gretchen going to make me do even MORE humiliating things for her? And film them? What if they got out?

I had to tell our mother- Mom would have to say something if I told her that Gretchen was making me do things on video that could ruin the rest of my life!

Then I remembered the videos Gretchen had of me playing with my Mother's dildo, stroking it, kissing it, all with my cock hard for all to see. And now I felt more trapped than ever.

\*\*\*

## Chapter Three

The school week started off normally, except for the painful morning wood that I had to take a cold shower each morning to get rid of.

Gretchen didn't act any different around the house when our mother was around, except for asking me to do small things that weren't TOO out of the ordinary.

“Hey Ronnie, can you take my books upstairs, I've got to get to the mall.”

“Hey Ronnie, could you get me another soda- I'm feeling lazy tonight.”

“Hey Ronnie, can we change the channel to what I want to watch- my show's about to come on.”

Her little smirks as I gave in to her requests, quickly and in public, told me she knew exactly what she was doing. My stomach was in knots every day, waiting for our mother to ask why I was being so meek or for Gretchen to somehow spill the beans herself, but neither happened and everything else went on as usual.

On Thursday, Gretchen even went to volleyball practice and I went home as normal. I was eating a microwave dinner, watching TV- *fully dressed*- when the front door opened and Gretchen came walking in. Three hours early.

“Why aren't you nude for me already?” she laughed, as she kicked off her tennis shoes and dumped her bag in the foyer.

I stood up, off balance. “Why aren't you at practice?!”

“Can't you see I've got a really bad stomach bug?” she giggled, making a face and holding her belly, then recovering in record time and flopping onto the couch, right where I had been previously sitting. “Birthday suit, now, or I'm texting Brooklyn the video of you asking for my help stopping your masturbation habit. Then get me some chips and a diet coke.”

She already had her phone out!

She giggled as I stripped in record time, leaving my slowly hardening cock exposed between us.

“But... but... how long are we going to do this?” I begged, standing there nude.

“How long did you do your pervy naked shit in my room?”

My blush was my only response.

“That's what I thought,” she laughed, then looked down at my stiffening cock. “See? You like our brother-sister time more than you're letting on. Now, get me some snacks unless you want everyone on Facebook to see you licking Mom's dil.”

She laughed as I blushed and ran into the kitchen.

I heard her go up and then down the steps as I was getting her chips- in a bowl this time- and her diet soda- in a glass with lots of ice- on a tray to bring to her, but at the moment I couldn't care what she was doing.

I was nude, with a hard-on, serving my laughing sister again! This had to be the worst sibling rivalry ever!

My clothes were gone and Gretchen was just settling into the couch again as I hurried into the living room, careful not to spill the contents of the tray.

“Good slave,” she giggled, setting her bare feet on the coffee table and taking the glass. “Stand right there and don't move. I'll have you fully trained soon.”

I blushed at the many future sessions that implied. Then I started blushing for a very different reason, as I felt the warm afternoon sun on my ass and heard the sounds of children playing outside.

“Gretchen!” I gasped. “I... I wasn't planning to be naked today so... the blinds are still up behind me!” I tried to turn, but she chose that exact moment to set her drink on the tray again, forcing me to face forward. “The whole street can see my naked behind!”

“Awww, that is a shame,” she said, not looking away from the TV as she reached for the chips on the tray, her questing fingers just inches from my hard, bobbing cock. “My stupid brother learned how blinds work just a little bit too late.”

I was squirming, shifting my feet. “Gretchen! Please! Anyone could see me!”

Like a hyper-sensitive blind person, I could hear sounds of what I thought were people walking by on the sidewalk outside our massive picture window. Any of them might see me standing there nude!

She giggled at my obvious distress, then looked out the window, then finally spoke.

“Okay, sit down before you spill my drink already. Just close the blinds first.”

My relief turned to panic at her last words, and my sister laughed as I set down the tray, then carefully snuck up on the picture window from the side, pressed against the wall, before darting out, snatching the blinds shut, then leaping into the loveseat, sinking low behind the armrest.

“There we go,” she laughed, flipping the TV channel as I shivered from the adrenaline rush. “Now you're safe, huh Ronnie? And we'll just have a nice, quiet TV night together.”

I grumbled and covered my crotch with my hands as my sister laughed at my nudity. But she was right, now that the blinds were closed, at least any humiliation she dumped on me would stay between us.

There was a knock at the front door and then it opened before I could react.

“Hey Gretchen? Are you home-”

It was Brooklyn Thatcher. Brooklyn, the hottest girl on my sister's volleyball team. Brooklyn, the tall, blond striker whose long tan legs and full bouncing breasts had featured in so many of my fantasies. Brooklyn, whose Facebook pictures I couldn't look at without getting hard.

And I was sitting in my living room nude, with my hands over my dick.

I jumped up and ran upstairs, covering my crotch.

I ran down the hall and tried my room- locked! Gretchen must have locked it while I was in the kitchen! Next I tried my mother's bedroom- locked too! Gretchen's room was unlocked but I didn't dare go in there, so the only place left was the bathroom.

I ran inside and looked for a towel to cover myself up- but instead of the usual stack of wide bath towels, there was only one little handcloth, next to a post-it note with a smiley face on it, drawn in feminine script.

*Gretchen had thought of everything!*

I grabbed the hand towel and held it over my dick and balls anyway- something was better than nothing- and shivered as I heard the heard the girls laughing downstairs.

“Come on back Ronnie!” Gretchen called. “You can't stay locked in the bathroom all night!”

The hell I couldn't.

“If you don't, I'll just use the skeleton key to unlock the door and then Brooklyn and I will both laugh at your little penis in there!”

I guess I couldn't.

My cock was getting softer by the second from abject terror, and after Gretchen called for me again, more insistently this time, I held the towel over it- it just covered my front bits, if I didn't move too much- and stepped out of the bathroom.

This walk down the steps was a thousand times worse than the butterflies I felt when I was at home alone. *Brooklyn couldn't see me- not like this!*

I cringed as I saw that I wasn't dreaming; right next to my sister on the couch sat the hottest girl in school, in a cute T-shirt that hugged her firm tits and left a little of her belly button bare, and short khaki shorts that made her legs look two miles long.

Like Gretchen, she had kicked off her shoes and socks and had her cute bare feet crossed on our coffee table, like this was just a normal Thursday hang-out with her friend.

"It's okay Ronnie, I won't scream," my dream girl giggled, looking me over as I timidly emerged from the stairs. "Gretchen already told me you were experimenting with being... some kind of nudist or something?"

"See what I mean?" Gretchen laughed. "He wants to make this big life change, but he's still so shy!"

Brooklyn made a cute face that she never did when raining down kill after kill on her volleyball opponents. "Who ever heard of a shy nudist?"

"I know right?" Gretchen threw me a wicked smile. "Drop the towel, Ronnie."

I shook my head, gripping the hand towel like it was a life preserver in the ocean.

She sighed. "Hey Gretch, did you know that I synced this DVR up to the computer in my room? I can like, play any video I've got stored on my hard drive without even getting up from the couch-"

"Okay okay!" I cried, as my sister reached for the TV remote. Not even believing my hands as they did it, I pulled my last modesty away from me and dropped the hand towel to the floor.

And I watched my high school crush flick her eyes down to my exposed, hairless penis.

In the videos I sometimes jacked off to, whenever the male actor whipped his dick out the girl actor would practically bug her eyes out and unconsciously lick her lips, her lust already building. 'Oh my god, it's so big!' she would gasp, already salivating. 'Please let me suck it!'

Brooklyn looked at mine like it was a little dog rolling over to show her its belly.

“Cute,” she giggled. And I blushed even harder.

“Like... like Gretchen said,” I stammered to our guest, my face red, “I'm just... a little shy.”

“That's why I asked you over Brook,” Gretchen laughed, her enjoyment of my shame making her face glow. “To help Ronnie get over his dumb fear of his body.”

“Sure, I don't mind,” Brooklyn giggled, then reached for the bowl of chips as if I wasn't standing there, buck naked. “With all the laps coach was going to make us run at practice today, I felt like coming down with a stomach bug anyway.”

Gretchen slid the bowl her way, while giving me a significant look over her friend's shoulder.

“I know, right? Maybe by next week, the whole *team* will have a stomach bug.”

My knees almost gave out.

“Sit down, Ronnie,” Brooklyn giggled at me. “You look like you're going to topple.”

She patted the couch next to her, but I took the loveseat again, pulling up my knees and hugging the high armrest to hide my privates from their gaze, somewhat.

I sat, and after a few giggles, the girls started actually talking about non-nude things as they watched Gretchen's favorite vampire show on TV. Mostly it laughing about skipping practice, or teen girl school gossip, so I wasn't involved. The only indication that I was sitting there totally nude, three feet from them, was the occasional smirk or giggle as one of them looked my way.

Not having anything else to do and not being able to stop myself, I let my eyes sweep down Brooklyn's long, bare legs.

They looked like a professional volleyball star's: tanned, shaved, and with those small valleys between the muscles that only really athletic females get, incredibly sexy little curves separating her thighs from her quads and her calves from her shins. I had dreamed of those legs, especially when she wore skirts to school.

Gretchen always said Brooklyn thought of herself as an athlete with no time for a social life, but Brooklyn's toenails were painted bright eye-

catching red, as if she was actively looking for a boyfriend.

One of the hottest girls in school was barefoot on my couch, and I was sitting totally, helplessly nude next to her.

My cock started to stiffen.

Gretchen must have known, just from the blush on my face. She smiled at me, but talked to her friend. "You thirsty Brook?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Ronnie, get her a soda please."

My stomach clenched. My cock was half hard and getting harder!

"Maybe later," I gulped.

"Right now, nudie boy! Or else-"

I heard both girls break into laughs as I sprang from my seat and raced to the kitchen.

"Oh my god!" Brooklyn squealed as I ran by. "He's getting a boner!"

"It must be you," Gretchen chuckled as I came back into the room with the drink, my face red. "He *never* does that when he's naked around me."

Due to the layout of tables and couches, I had to walk right in front of Brooklyn to hand her the drink, unable to hide my growing erection.

"Well, I take it as a compliment," she giggled, bowing her head like a royal lady, and I just wanted to die right there. Her hand touched mine as she took the glass and my cock started surging to full mast even faster. I quickly dove back into my loveseat, pulling my knees up and hoping the topic of conversation would pass, as before. But it didn't.

"So what do you think of Ronnie's dick?" Gretchen asked, sipping her drink. "Hard, I mean." She giggled as I stared daggers across the room at her. "You don't think it's a little... small?"

Brooklyn smiled, glancing at me. "Well, everyone's built just how God intended them to be."

But Gretchen wouldn't let up. "But he's definitely on the small side, right? Seeing it hard for the first time just now, it looked... I don't know, a little less than average, right?"

Brooklyn giggled, wrapping her lips around her straw. "Well, I've hardly done a *statistical* sample, Gretch."

I saw the look in Gretchen's eyes; she was going for the coup de grace. "Ronnie, why don't you run upstairs and get your toy so Gretchen can compare? You know, the black, veiny one?"

I shook my head as time crawled to a stop.

*She couldn't be serious!*

“No... no way!”

“It's in the shower, just where you left it,” my sister giggled. “Go on.”

I shook my head again, not leaving my seat.

“Hurry up Ronnie, or I'll give you another spanking, this time in front of Brook!”

I raced upstairs as I heard my dream girl laughing behind me. “You *spank* him?”

“Oh yeah,” I heard Gretchen say as I entered the bathroom. “It's the best way to keep naughty brothers in line. He even asked me himself! Let me show you...”

I frantically searched the bathroom for our mother's black dildo- I had to get downstairs before she showed Brooklyn that video! There it was- cleaned and in the shower just like Gretchen had said. When had she put it there? Oh god, it looked even bigger than last time! I couldn't go downstairs with *that!*

But the video-

Feeling like I was stepping off a bridge, I grabbed the silicone cock and ran downstairs. Thank god- Gretchen hadn't shown her anything- my sister was still scrolling through videos on her phone. She giggled and looked up at me. “What took you so long?”

This time, Brooklyn did gasp as I revealed the cock. “Jesus, Ronnie!” She laughed and covered her mouth. “You *shower* with that thing?!”

I was blushing horribly. “No!”

“But Gretchen just said it was in the shower. Where you left it?”

“No- it's- I don't know!” I cried, blushing, nude and holding a big fake cock with one hand, my other covering my much smaller, hard, dick.

“Tell the *truth*, Ronnie,” Gretchen said, and then shut up, leaving me to twist in the wind. Brooklyn was looking at me expectantly. I wanted to die!

“I...um... I don't know! I just like touching it sometimes!”

Brooklyn was laughing, holding her stomach. “Oh my god!”

Gretchen smiled at me, while my life was falling apart. “The big guy keeps Ronnie occupied, so he doesn't touch his little guy and keeps his promise not to masturbate.”

Brooklyn suddenly looked up, intrigued. “You made a promise not to masturbate?” she laughed.

My chest was tight, as was the skin on my dick. But Gretchen nodded at me, and somehow I managed to speak.

“Yeah. It's a childish habit so... I want to stop.” I shrugged even as my face was red. “You know.”

“Wow- I wish more boys at school were like you!” Brooklyn said. “All they do is take pictures of my butt while I'm bending over during volleyball games, then run home and touch themselves- it's sick!”

Of course I took my camera phone to all the girls' volleyball games- I hoped Brook never looked at some of the folders on my hard drive!

She looked up at me. “So... how long has it been?”

I swallowed, blushing a little more. “Um, ten days.”

“Wow,” she giggled, but now there was something different in her eyes. “That's actually kinda... hot Ronnie. You're all pent up, like a knight pining for his lady or something.”

I swallowed again. Did my abstinence... turn her on? If so, all this humiliation might have been worth it to-

“Back to the task at hand,” Gretchen said, cutting across my hopes. “Hold Black Beauty next to your cock, Ronnie. So Brooklyn can compare.” I blushed, then held the base of the fake cock next to my real, erect one. I DID look small compared to it!

“There's your sample size, Brook,” Gretchen laughed. “Would you rather have the little one on the right, or the REAL sized one on the left?”

Brooklyn was smiling, looking side to side from the two as if she was choosing cereal in a supermarket. “Hmmm.... well, I DO like how hard Ronnie's little guy is getting for us- hooray for ten days of blue balls, I guess...”

My knees started trembling as she reached her long, feminine fingers out towards my crotch, reaching for my dick-

“...but after dating Todd, I'm going to have to go with this one,” she laughed, her fingers closing around the fake cock. She stroked it, circled her fingers around its girth as I held it right next to my desperate, untouched boner, blushing in humiliation.

“Oh yeah, definitely this one,” she laughed, speeding up her hand-job on the fake cock. “It's got the thickness girls like me need!” She laughed, looking up at my red face. “Sorry, Ronnie! But I'm sure there are other girls in school, who wouldn't mind, um, smaller packages? Maybe the Asian girls?”

I groaned in humiliation as Brooklyn kept pulling, squeezing and tugging on our mother's dildo which I was holding against my hip. Just the feeling of her pulling my hips in a rhythmic fashion... sitting with her face right at cock level... I could feel my balls getting ready to-

She turned to my sister. "So wait... what does he do with this cock in the shower again? To keep him from masturbating?"

I saw the look in Gretchen's eyes as she reached for her phone. "Here, I'll show you-"

"Gretchen! NO!"

But before I could drop the dildo and grab her phone, the picture of me kissing our mother's dildo appeared on her screen for Brooklyn to see.

"Oh my god! Ronnie!" the tall blond laughed, spinning from Gretchen to me with a hand over her mouth.

I dropped the cock, the heavy plastic *thudding* against our coffee table, as I dove into the loveseat, covering my face and breaking into tears.

"I didn't want to! Gretchen made me! It was only one time!"

I felt her hand on my back, and even though it gave me shivers, I couldn't look at her. Now I'd be the laughing stock of the school!

"No, Ronnie, honey..." she was giggling. "It's okay. That's actually... really sexy."

I looked up through my sniffles. "What?"

"Well, if I was naked in the shower with the other girls on the volleyball team, and we all just started making out and kissing each other's bodies, you'd find that hot, right?"

I was almost cumming just from the thought of it! I wiped a tear away. "Yeah, I guess."

"Well that's the same way I feel about seeing you kiss this big beautiful dick," she laughed, holding Gretchen's phone so we could both see the humiliating picture. "Can you lick it again? For me?"

"I didn't lick it!" I cried, as Gretchen just laughed behind Brook. "I just... kissed it once! Gretchen made me!"

"You've never licked this beautiful thing?" she said, picking the huge cock up from the table. "I know I couldn't shower with it for three minutes before I'd have to put it in my mouth..."

And my amazement, Brooklyn did just that in front of me, popping the head inside her lips, running her tongue over the slit. "Mmmm.... it's so lifelike! Here, you try."

“Oh, I've got to get this on video!” Gretchen laughed, jumping off the couch to pick up her phone, then getting in filming position.

Watching her point the camera at Brooklyn and I, I lost my nerve. “No, I can't!”

“Don't worry about her,” the tall girl laughed, scooting forward in her seat. Our legs were touching now, making my cock ache and drip. “Do it for me.” She was holding the cock so that the wet tip just brushed my lips.

Watching the glee in Gretchen's face, I backed away, blushing. “Brook, come on...”

With her left hand she kept holding the huge cock right in front of my mouth. With her right, Brooklyn ran her hand up my bare thigh and cradled my balls. I almost passed out.

“Ten days?” she giggled, rolling and caressing my tight nuts. “You've got ten days of need built up in here?”

“Yes!” I groaned, squirming and panting under her touch. No girl had ever touched me there before!

“Wanna reset the counter?” she laughed, moving her fingers higher and starting to stroke me.

The feeling was electric, lightning bolts ripping from my dick all throughout my body.

“Oh god!”

“Come on, Ronnie,” Brooklyn said, still gently stroking me. “I wanna see you lick it!”

“Yeah Ronnie!” Gretchen laughed, filming everything. “Lick it!”

It was a dream and a nightmare all at once. I couldn't think straight. I was blushing, looking at Gretchen's camera. “I can't!”

“Sure you can. Just like this,” Brooklyn said, then gave the shaft a long, slow, sensuous lick from bottom to top that had me almost shooting off in her hand. She put the cockhead touching my lips again and started stroking faster. “Come on Ronnie, for me?”

Her hand disappeared from my cock and I panicked, jumping forward with my tongue out. The girls cheered as I licked the shaft just as Brooklyn had done, feeling every vein on my tongue.

“There you go!” Brooklyn laughed, starting to stroke me again.

I moaned and closed my eyes. She made her strokes longer.

“Now suck on the tip...”

And on my next moan, she just pushed the head of the black dildo past my lips without asking, and I let her, just to keep her hand in action.

“Now take a little bit more,” Brooklyn giggled, pushing the head a few inches into me as she kept stroking. She giggled at my sister. “Wow, this is so hot.”

Brooklyn fucked my mouth with the cock at the same speed she was stroking me, then pulled it out, the head popping past my lips. The first three inches were wet with my saliva. “Do you want to keep going, Ronnie?”

Her fingers were playing a symphony on my dripping cock, rubbing from root to tip and rolling at the top.

“Yes,” I panted, thrusting my hips to help.

She giggled. “So you like this then?”

I knew Gretchen was filming, but I was so close, I couldn't care! “God yes!”

The cock was back in my mouth, deeper this time. And her hand was faster. I tried to warn her, but it was hard to talk with a huge cock in my mouth. “Brook! I'm-”

She laughed as I exploded like a gunshot in her hand, pulling her hand away after the first few spurts.

I moaned and shot ten days of cum onto my chest, stomach and thighs as the hottest girl I knew slid a big black dildo in and out of my mouth. When I stopped cumming, she pulled the half-hard cock from mouth. It was dripping wet.

She giggled and fanned herself. “That was hot, Ronnie! I might want to do that again!”

“And look at the video I got!” Gretchen laughed. When she hit the playback, I almost died.

“*Do you want to keep going, Ronnie?*” recorded Brooklyn asked me.

“*Yes!*”

But the shot was only from my shoulders up- the camera couldn't see her hand stroking me!

“*So you like this then?*”

“*God yes!*”

If the camera couldn't see the handjob- it was like I was getting turned on just from the sucking!

And then I came. Gretchen only panned down after Brooklyn had pulled her hand back. It looked like I had come without my dick being touched at all, just from sucking cock!

“It's perfect!” Gretchen was laughing, as I grasped the full horror of this new video. “Perfect!”

\*\*\*

The girls laughed as I ran to the bathroom to clean my sticky mess off me, then they used me as a nude butler the rest of the night, making me fetch drinks, snacks, even run to change the channel or the volume on the TV all the time even though Gretchen held the remote.

I started off soft after the orgasm, but first Gretchen and then Brooklyn started giving me swats on my bare ass as I passed, and within an hour I was blushing and sporting solid wood again, which brought a few giggles and comments.

And then at the end of the night, Brooklyn gave me a big hug as she left.

“That was really fun, Ronnie,” she giggled, letting the crotch of her shorts grind up against my hard cock. She whispered in my ear. “I'll watch you suck a big cock anytime.”

I was blushing furiously as she picked up her bookbag. “See you around Gretchen!” she said, then skipped out the door.

Gretchen closed it, then turned to my red-faced, hard dicked self.

“So?” my sister laughed. “Did you enjoy that?”

There was no point in denying it after what she had seen, and could still see, with my hard cock. “Yeah,” I gulped.

She nodded, then picked up one of her tennis shoes and started yelling. “Well you're not supposed to! This is supposed to be a punishment! Bend over the couch, now!”

Her sudden switch of tone shook me off balance. “What?”

“Over the couch loser! NOW!”

When I didn't move she grabbed my by the ear and pulled.

“What? Why?!” I cried, as she put me over the arm of the loveseat where I had cum. “What did I do?!”

“You spurted your disgusting boy goo in this house, after I had explicitly told you NOT TO!” she yelled, then slapped my bare ass with her shoe, hard.

“OW!” I tried to get up but she held me down adding more spanks. “STOP! Gretchen! I didn't masturbate! It wasn't my fault!”

“But you came anyway!” she yelled, still spanking my ass. It was really starting to hurt! My erection was quickly becoming a distant memory. “I told you- no boy orgasms in this house- any more!” she said, between spanks. “EVER!”

I was kicking my legs. With my feet off the floor as I bent over the back of the loveseat, I didn't have any leverage! And it was really starting to hurt!

“Please! STOP!”

“Not until- SMACK- You regret cumming- SMACK- in my house!- SMACK SMACK SMACK”

“I regret it!” I wailed. “I'm sorry!”

But she didn't stop spanking until I was *really* sorry.

After I had stopped fighting her and was freely, fully, crying, with a bright red ass, only then did Gretchen throw her sneaker down.

“Now go to your room and stay naked in there until morning! And I hope that teaches you what happens to boys that cum in this house!”

\*\*\*

I hadn't just cum- I had cum at the hands of the beautiful Brooklyn Thatcher, while she had slid a big fake cock in and out of my mouth. Remembering how her surprisingly talented fingers had felt on my erection kept me hard every night for the next week, even as remembering I had sucked a fake cock in front of her humiliated me in equal measure.

But the humiliation made my pulse race as fast as the arousal, as if one could feed the other...

*And oh god, now Gretchen had an even better video to blackmail me with...*

She didn't say anything about it at breakfast the next morning, because our mother was around. But I did notice her giggle quietly when I had a little trouble sitting down.

“Something wrong dear?” Mom asked as I gingerly lowered into the hard wooden kitchen chair.

“No!” I cried, quickly sitting down even though that just made my butt sting more.

“Okay,” she said, confused by my hard response. “But you'd tell me if anything was wrong, right?”

“Of course,” I grunted, leaning over to get more cereal. “Everything's fine!”

“Okay dear.”

And across the table, I saw my sister grin.

\*\*\*



Drifting through sleep, Ronnie's dreams took a strange turn.

"Who- who are you?!" he cried.

The woman's voice carried a slight Russian accent. "I am your new owner. I just bought you from your old owner, your sister."

"You can't do that!" In his dream, as so often in life, Ronnie was totally naked. But he was also on his knees, his wrists and ankles tied behind him, making him totally unable to get away!

"I can do whatever I want," the girl laughed. "I am only daughter of Russian oil billionaire."

"What do you want from me?!"

She smiled. "I am collector of men. Nude men, to serve at my dacha. Normally, I buy studs for my pleasure, as you can see from behind me." She looked down at his crotch, then smirked. "But you, I buy for laughs. Your eager little penis will provide much amusement for my guests."



Ronnie looked down and, to his humiliation, his penis was rock hard. But it looked smaller than he remembered- barely bigger than his finger! He tried his bonds again, to no avail. "No! Let me go!"

The woman, bored, turned to her guards. "Take him, boys. Put him in the smallest chastity cage we have. When my friends tease him at the party tonight, I want him to cry." He was almost crying already!

The woman tossed her hair and walked away. "None of my slaves will wear clothes again. But you will be the only one to never cum again. Watching you spend your life begging for your next orgasm will amuse me."

Ronnie was begging now, pulling at his bonds as the girl's nude slaves easily picked him up. But he felt his dick trembling, throbbing-

And he woke up, cumming. A wet dream! he realized. It wasn't a good cum, he couldn't stroke in time, but the evidence was all over his chest, sheets, and blankets. Ronnie started crying, this time for real, because he knew Gretchen would punish him anyway.

## Chapter Four

Now Gretchen got even more bold.

She started slipping into my room when our mother was still home, quietly ordering me to strip, then making me stay that way for hours- all while our mother watched TV downstairs!

She loved how I would blush beet red, sitting nude at my desk, trying to do my homework with her in the room, and she laughed every time my dick got hard and soft and hard again outside of my control, just from having her lying on my bed, reading a magazine. I wasn't able to hide ANYTHING from her anymore- not even what I was thinking about!

She even started doing things that would affect my life outside of our arrangement.

“Okay, Mom's gone shopping,” she laughed, barging into my room the next night. As usual, I was blushing as I tried to finish my math homework fully naked. Gretchen went right to my dresser, opened the top drawer, and pointed to my stack of clean underwear.

“Remember when I made you throw away your ugly tighty-whiteys the first time I stripped you?”

I nodded with a gulp.

“Well now you're going to throw away the rest.”

“But that's like, half my underwear! Mom is going to notice!”

“Tell her you don't like them. They're dumb anyway- boys your age shouldn't wear them.” She took the scissors off my desk. “Cut them up and throw them away.”

“Mom only does laundry every two weeks- I won't have enough pairs to wear!”

When I didn't move, Gretchen took the scissors to one of my other pairs of underwear- one of the good ones- shredding it. “Hurry or I'll make you cut them ALL.”

I jumped up and grabbed the scissors from her hand. “Gretchen- please!”

She just smiled. “Would you rather go to school commando for the rest of the year, or have everyone see the video of you doing that adorable nude cheer?”

She laughed as I blushed and started doing as she asked.

When I was done, I was down to only seven serviceable pairs of underwear to last me the fourteen days between when our mother did laundry.

Gretchen had a good laugh every weekend when I had to spend some of my free time washing my remaining underwear to avoid having to go naked under my pants at school the next week.

\*\*\*

Now, every time Gretchen stripped me at home when our mother was out for the night, she forced me do that humiliating “Nudity is Fun” cheer to start things off.

“Oh shit!” she gasped one night, realizing. “I didn't have you do that cheer for Brook! We'll have to make you do it twice next time she's over.”

“Oh god, no!” I begged, my face getting red.

“She's seen your little dick spurt while you were sucking a big fake cock, and you're embarrassed by having her watch you do a cute little nude cheer?” Gretchen chuckled, shaking her head. “Sometimes I don't understand boys.”

She settled back on the couch to watch me. “Do it again. And louder-like you really mean it!”

\*\*\*

On Friday night when Mom announced she was going out for drinks with her friends, Gretchen was on the phone to Brooklyn before our mother's car reached the end of the driveway. And a half hour later, as soon her tall blond friend walked in our door, Gretchen snapped her fingers. My face on fire, I started bouncing and singing as I had been instructed.

**“I LOVE BEING NAKED! I LOVE BEING NUDE! BARE-ASS  
RONNIE IS THE HAPPIEST RONNIE, BECAUSE RONNIE'S NOT A  
PRUDE!”**

Of course Gretchen had made me myself get hard before Brooklyn had shown up, and I cringed as my hard cock bounced right in Brook's face as I did the cheer, loudly and enthusiastically.

“Good to know,” was all my dream girl said, covering her mouth as she giggled. And then I was their nude butler for the night again.

Brook really wanted to see me suck mom's dildo again, and Gretchen ordered me to get it, over my protests. This time I was laying on my back on the coffee table, my knees near my head like 'a good slutty girl', and I was forced to use my own two hands to move the cock in and out of my mouth, like I was giving it a blow job, while Brooklyn's fingers teased my cock and balls. She was *really* good, and I was moaning, back arching, about to shoot- when she pulled her fingers away.

“What?” I pleaded, pulling the dripping dick from my mouth. “Please! Don't stop!”

“How many days had you denied yourself last time?” Brooklyn asked, leisurely touching my knee.

I gulped, on the edge of orgasm before these two clothed girls, my dick dripping. I just wanted to be touched again! “Ten!”

“And how many days have you waited this time?”

I gulped. Last week I had managed one rushed wank in the boys' showers, scared out of my mind that someone was going to walk in behind me. But I had to do it- Gretchen was never going to let me cum at home! “Five?”

Brooklyn giggled, weighing my tight balls with her fingers. “Well, it hardly seems right to reward you for doing less than last time. Maybe next week.”

Both girls laughed as my disappointment must have shown on my face like a neon sign. Brooklyn leaned back onto the couch, crossing her long, toned legs, then nodding at the dildo in my hand.

“But you can still keep sucking that cock for a while, if you wish.”

I was blushing and starting to sit up when Gretchen pushed me right back down to the table, pulling out her phone again.

“Oh, he wishes!”

\*\*\*

I ended the night hard with aching balls, and even more humiliating videos in my devious sister's hands. This time she had been able to film my entire body, and it had been obvious that my cock was hard and untouched while I had been licking!

Brooklyn gave me a big hug as she left, clamping my erection between her strong thighs as she did. “Fun as always, Ronnie,” she giggled, feeling

my denied dick throb between her legs. “And *please* be a good boy and don't masturbate until we see each other again, okay? I really want to make you cum again, but I want it to be an even bigger explosion than last time!”

All the while, she was rocking her hips back and forth, so her smooth bare thighs fucked my cock under the crotch of her tiny shorts. I moaned and almost came a second before she laughed and let me go, then skipped out the door. “Bye Gretch!”

“Bye Brook,” my sister laughed, but as soon as she closed the door she turned to me, her face strict. “Go to your room and bend over your bed.”

“Wha-”

“NOW!”

I scurried to do as she asked, running to my room and bending over with my ass exposed, shivering at what I could have done wrong.

“But I didn't cum this time!” I cried over my shoulder as I saw her walk into my room, carrying one of her sneakers again.

“You did five days ago!” she yelled. “How did you do it? Where?”

She laid three huge swats on my bare ass with the sole of her sneaker, making me yelp and buck against the mattress. In my small bedroom, each spank sounded like a gunshot.

“In the showers at school!” I wailed, as she laid three more hard swats against my defenseless ass.

“Did you enjoy it?” she demanded, spanking me once, again.

I cried out in pain. “Not really! I didn't have time!”

The spanks stopped, and I heard her giggle. “Good.” And then three more hard spanks fell on my burning ass again. “Did anyone see you?!”

“NO!” I cried, and the spanks stopped.

“Too bad,” she giggled. “I'd love for you to get caught jacking that stupid dick by a teacher, have everyone in school know just what a pervert you are!”

She thought for a moment, and I dared hope that my lesson had been learned.

And then an avalanche of fast swats started falling on my butt without pause.

“You were going to touch that stupid cock of yours tonight, weren't you?”

“No!”

“You were going to think dirty thoughts about my best friend Brook?”

“NO!”

“Liar!” she laughed, the fast spansks starting getting harder.

“Please! Gretchen!”

The blows started falling so fast and consistently I couldn't talk.

“I guess this is just a *maintenance* spanking then!” she laughed. “To remind you what happens to dirty boys that play with themselves!”

“NO! PLEASE!”

My ass was on fire now!

“I'm only going to spank you until your stupid boner goes away,” she said, then gave me three more really hard ones, putting all her weight into them. She laughed as I yelled and squirmed. “So really, Ronnie, it's up to *you* when this spanking stops.”

That night I went to sleep crying, with a very bright, very painful, red ass and heavy blue balls.

But I didn't dare think about touching myself that night, or the next.

\*\*\*

My nudity cheer became a regular thing whenever Brooklyn came over to see Gretchen.

But the tall blond didn't mention it at school, except for one time when she and her volleyball friends sauntered by my lunch table and she stopped, to hand me a flyer.

“The volleyball team is putting together a spirit squad to cheer at our games,” she said, smiling at me. “Know anyone who's got a lot of *spirit*, Ronnie?”

I blushed, looking down at the flyer. It was a paper announcing Spring cheerleader tryouts! Her friends, and mine, laughed at my blushing face as she strutted away, although thankfully not for the real reasons.

\*\*\*

Gretchen started taking more of my wardrobe, making me cut up one of my shirts or pants every night she stripped me.

“Gretchen please!” I begged, almost in tears as I cut up my last pair of sweatpants under her direction. “I've barely got any clothes left! Mom is going to notice!”

“You've got enough to get you through a school week,” she giggled, counting my shirts. “If you're crafty.”

“Gretchen-”

“Just for that,” she said, dumping another pile of my clothes on the bed, “Cut up all your pairs of socks but one. Maybe that will teach you to stop whining!”

She laughed as, having no way to get those damning videos out of her hands, I did.

\*\*\*

That Saturday morning, I woke up nude, as Gretchen now demanded I sleep (and I didn't have anymore sweatpants to use anyway), and opened my closet to find... nothing.

The memory was hazy- Gretchen had swept into my room like a hurricane last night- but yes, my last school clothes, she had taken them to the laundry room after stripping me before she went out with her friends Friday night! I searched for shirts in my dresser and found none, no socks of course, and all I had in my room was... a pair of old threadbare boxers I had forgotten were under my bed.

I started to sweat, calculating.

This was Saturday, not Sunday- Mom usually hung around the house all day on Saturdays! Maybe I could race nude into the bathroom to pee, but after that-

“Ronnie! Gretchen!” our mother called from the kitchen. “I made waffles! Come get them!”

I heard the squeal of glee as Gretchen's light footsteps raced down the hallway outside my room.

“Waffles! Mom, my favorite!”

There was the clank and clatter of dishware from downstairs, as I paced my room, still trying to decide- *I couldn't go downstairs in just my boxers! I had barely taken my shirt off in front of my Mother in years!*

“Ronnie!” she called again. “Come on, the eggs are getting cold!”

If I didn't come down, she would come up. And see my bare closet. And my bare ass.

I grit my teeth, slipped into the threadbare pair of boxers that felt like they were see-through, then slowly made my way down the stairs, my pulse pounding.

Stepping into the kitchen bare chested was a jolt, and even my mother stopped flipping waffles to look at my slightly blushing face and barely clothed body.

“Oh, Ronnie. Are you... okay?” she asked.

“Sure- fine Mom!” I stammered, sitting down to get some table between my crotch and her gaze as quickly as possible. *If I got hard now I was done!*

She looked my bare chest and legs over again. “Are you hot? Do you have a fever?”

“No Mom, I'm fine!” I said, as she walked over to put the back of her hand onto my forehead. “Let's just eat!”

“Ronnie, be nice!” Gretchen giggled, pouring syrup onto her waffles while wearing a shirt, thick sweatpants and full socks, just as I wished I could.

Our mother didn't see the daggers I shot her across the table.

But she also didn't mention my near total lack of clothing again, even as I could feel every breeze on my bare back as we ate, and every shift of my soft penis against the thin boxers as I begged myself to not get hard. She and Gretchen talked about other things, and only when we were nearly done eating did she say, “Oh, and Ronnie, that new zombie movie you kids wanted to see came out yesterday, didn't it? Do you want to go check it out today?”

“What?” I gulped. “You don't like that stuff!”

Our mother shrugged. “Well, I feel like I haven't been home much lately. I barely know what you kids have been getting up to these last few weeks.”

Gretchen stifled a snort as my face started blushing again.

“And I know you and Gretchen are going away to college soon, so I just wanted to spend some time with you!” she finished. “What do you say?”

Across the table, Gretchen was grinning widely.

Because she knew the math I was doing. The boxers were the last piece of clean clothing I had. Going down to the laundry room to get something dirty would be noticed by our mother. And if I didn't do some laundry now- I would be totally naked by tomorrow, Gretchen would never let me do laundry while she and Brooklyn were here to tease me, so if I didn't do some now, I might be nude for school on Monday!

I coughed. “I don't know Mom. Why don't you and Gretchen go without me? I'll just hang around here.”

She looked confused. “Are you sure?”

“Sure!” I gulped, just wanting this to end. “Go ahead without me!”  
Our mother looked my almost nude form over again, then shook her head. “Okay, whatever you say.”

\*\*\*

## Chapter Five

Even though I had been able to do laundry while they were gone, I didn't wear any clothes after I got up on Sunday morning- if I used up an outfit today, I might not have enough clothes for school on Friday!

Our mother announced she was leaving for a session of yoga followed by shopping, and Gretchen pulled my out of my room when Brooklyn arrived, both girls giggling as I erected while serving them drinks in the nude again.

“Ugh, it's such a sunny day out,” Gretchen said, looking past me to the window as she picked her iced tea from my tray. “I wish we could go and tan!”

Brooklyn giggled as she grabbed her drink too. “I've got my suit in my car.”

“Yeah, but we've got to watch nudie boy or he'll just be inside all day, jacking it while looking at us in bikinis.”

I blushed as Brooklyn looked at me, took a sip of her cold drink. “We could bring him. Ronnie's skin could use some color.”

Gretchen smiled as my knees started to tremble. “Yeah! I guess we could!”

And five minutes later, the girls were dragging me outside, buck naked.

“No! Gretchen, please! It's the middle of the day!” I begged, digging my heels into the living room carpet. Each bikini-clad girl had one of my arms, and between their 4 strong, volleyball-toned legs, I was being inevitably dragged towards the patio door to the back yard.

“Come on Ronnie, it'll be fun,” Brooklyn giggled. “I'll let you put sunscreen on me, anywhere my suit doesn't cover...”

In normal situations, that would have been my wildest fantasy; her little two-piece clung to her like saran wrap. It was just a tiny triangle between her legs, a thin thong between her firm buttocks, and barely covered half her breasts. But they were still clothes.

“But I can't be naked outside!” I hissed, as we reached the patio door. Gretchen just laughed and opened it with the hand she wasn't dragging me with.

“Can't? That's a word that doesn't apply to *you* any more, nudie boy.”

The door swung open. It was the middle of a Sunday. The sun was bright, and I could hear the sounds of neighbors on either side of our

privacy fence mowing their lawns or playing with their dogs.

“Gretchen! No!”

She gave me her wolf smile again. “I’m not asking, Ronnie.”

Both girls set their feet and heaved, and I was flung outside, naked as the day I was born. They followed a few moments later, giggling, holding towels and sunscreen as I panicked, trying to cover myself from all directions in the bright sun.

Gretchen and Brooklyn dragged me to the sunny, exposed, center of our backyard and pushed me face down onto the towel Brooklyn had just laid down.

Each girl took a place beside me on their own towel as I squirmed, with my heart about to explode, trying to hug the grass as tightly as possible as if that would keep me more hidden.

“Ahhhh,” my sister laughed, putting on her sunglasses then stretching. “A nice, relaxing hour of tanning.”

*An hour!*

“Gretchen! They’ll see my butt!” I hissed, covering my exposed rear with shaking hands.

“Not from ground level,” she said, pointing at the six-foot privacy fence that covered three-fourths of our backyard.

“But the neighbors have second story houses!”

“And what is Mr. Fisher next doors going to tell our Mom?” she laughed. “Oh, by the way Mrs. Deveraux, I was upstairs, spying on your sexy daughter and her hot friend laying in the sun in teeny tiny bikinis, and I also happened to notice that your son was buck naked too?”

“They won’t even tell their wives,” Brooklyn laughed, applying lotion to make her toned arms shine. “Both your neighbors are married, Gretch?”

“Totally,” my sister laughed. “I’ve laid out here practically nude and seen those married losers shutting their blinds so they wouldn’t be tempted! Men these days!” She laughed again. “They’re so pussy whipped!”

“Totally,” Brooklyn giggled from my other side, and she undid the strings of her top and laid on her towel, face down. I saw her butt wiggle a little as she got more comfortable.

“Mmmmm, Ronnie?” she purred. “Lotion my back?”

Oh god, an opportunity like this- it was once in a lifetime. But it meant I’d have to get up!

Blood rushing in my ears, I waited another ten seconds, then got to my knees and grabbed bottle of the suntan lotion.

Oh fuck- her top was totally off! Brooklyn Thatcher was topless, her bare tits pressed into the very lawn I mowed all summer!

And her bottoms- my shy cock started hardening, instantly. She had pulled her thong into barely more than a string in the back- the round globes of her ass were almost totally exposed to me!

“Anywhere the suit isn't,” Brooklyn giggled, relaxing further.

My hands were absolutely shaking as I dropped them into the middle of her back, smoothing them over her shoulder blades. She gave an appreciative moan and I kept going.

My erection got harder as I approached her waist, and she and Gretchen talked about nothing of importance. I paused, putting more lotion on my trembling hands. *Could she be serious?* I leaned forward and started massaging her bare ass before my nerves made me chicken out.

There were just as perfect as I had dreamed! Rock hard, but covered in smooth skin- I was holding Brooklyn's ass! I rubbed up and down the hallowed curves, and in the cleft in between her cheeks- it was so hot- I slid one finger deeper inside-

“I think that's far enough, Casanova,” Brooklyn giggled, tensing her rock-hard ass muscles to squeeze together and prevent my hand from going any further between her cheeks, as I blushed. “Why don't you do my legs next?”

I blushed and stammered something, moving down her body with a red face and obvious erection, as the girls laughed.

“He's going to drip on you soon,” Gretchen warned, but Brooklyn didn't move.

“It's all lotion,” the taller girl giggled, then licked her lips while looking back at me. “It's all... *lubrication.*”

Oh god, I almost came right then.

“Slut,” Gretchen laughed.

“I'm not the one with a nudist brother,” Brooklyn shot back. “Keep going, Ronnie.”

I nodded, red-faced and dripping onto her, as I applied sunscreen to her hamstrings, calves and feet.

“See Ronnie, you DO like being outside nude,” Gretchen laughed. “Now smile!”

I turned in shock to see her snap a picture of me kneeling nude, my aching dick as hard as it could be, next to some anonymous girl's legs, clearly in front of our own house.

“Perfect!” she laughed. “Brook, I didn't get anything past your butt. The only one recognizable in the picture is Ronnie!”

“Good,” the blond girl purred, as I rubbed her feet. “I wouldn't want people to think I'm some perverted flasher!”

She raised her foot to tap my hard cock just once, with her sole, almost making me cum. “That's enough, Ronnie. Now go lay down and enjoy the sun.”

“Face up,” Gretchen added with a giggle.

Having no choice, I did.

The girls propped on their elbows, Brooklyn casually covering just her nipples with her forearm as if that was the most natural thing in the world to do, while I lay on my back between them, nude and sweating. Both of them giggled as my cock throbbed, bobbed and dripped as they talked, obviously dying for even one or two quick strokes I couldn't give it with them around. After fifteen minutes of such embarrassment, Brook sat up taller.

“How many days has it been since you've cum this time?” she asked, tying her top back on and squirting lotion onto one of her palms.

“Fifteen!” I wailed, hoping she would show mercy. I gasped as I felt her strong fingers grasp and lift my balls, weighing them.

“Hmmm, that is longer than last time,” she giggled. “Does it hurt?”

“Yes!”

“Serves him right,” Gretchen laughed from my other side. “Now let's see if we can go for *fifty*, not fifteen!”

“Oh, have a little mercy, Gretchen,” Brooklyn laughed, as I shivered. And then she started to stroke my shaft. “He is just a helpless boy after all.”

Her fingers moving up and down my cock were the most wonderful thing I had ever felt. I almost didn't care that I was outside, exposed to the world!

“Does little Ronnie want a little relief?” she asked. “Are you going to shoot a big messy fountain for me? Bigger than last time?”

“I wish you wouldn't make him cum, Brook,” Gretchen said, frowning. “He doesn't deserve it.”

“I'll make it fun for everyone,” she promised, then started stroking faster.

As I got close to exploding, she stopped.

And put more slippery lotion on her fingers. Then started stroking me again.

And stopped.

And then did it again.

She kept this up until I was literally begging her for mercy.

“See?” she asked Gretchen. “I used to do this to my last boyfriend. When I finally let him cum, he would break down and cry. Might be fun to see Ronnie do that, no?”

“It has its merits,” my sister laughed, her camera pointed at my face. “Oh god Ronnie, you should see the faces you're making!”

I blushed furiously red, knowing my whimpers, mews and gasps would probably be replayed by Gretchen for me every week for the foreseeable future. But I couldn't care about that- I was so close to an amazing orgasm!

“Ready, Ronnie?” Brook giggled, weighing my balls again. “You're gonna cum for me, naked and outside, loud enough to make *all* the neighbors peek over the fence to see what's happening?”

Both girls laughed as my face turned even darker red.

She was right, after all this build-up, and fifteen days of blue balls, I was barely in control of my voice anymore. I probably would scream!

But I HAD to have relief, even if the neighbors noticed.

I closed my eyes, and nodded, ready for the ultimate humiliation.

Brooklyn stroked faster... and then stopped.

“But something's missing...” she giggled, teasing and stroking just enough to keep me on the razor's edge. “I know! Go get your favorite kissing dildo.”

Tears of frustration ran down my cheeks as I shook my head. “Brook! Please!”

“You know how boys cum in this household,” she giggled.

“Never,” Gretchen answered.

“With a big yummy cock in their mouth,” the taller girl corrected. “Now go run and get it, or I'm going to listen to Gretchen and stop touching you for today.”

Both girls laughed as I practically ran into the house, my steel-rod cock bouncing in front of me. I found the dildo and started to run back, then paused just inside the patio door. I had never taken mother's toy outside before- it felt like a line was being crossed. But looking at Brooklyn's (and

yes, my sister's) ass in their bikinis and feeling the painful fullness of my balls, I didn't have a choice!

I ran back to my towel, tried to hand the cock to her, but Brook just laughed and guided the tip towards my mouth.

“You know what to do...”

I was on my back again, sucking the dildo as the girls laughed at my desperation and Brooklyn played with my cock and balls, her hands just outside my sister's camera view. I closed my eyes, trying not to think about what Gretchen would do with THIS video.

“So eager!” Brooklyn laughed. “You really like that, huh?” Her hand suddenly disappeared from my cock.

I moaned and nodded around the cock- anything to keep her stroking!

The girls laughed and Brook used one hand to push the cock further into my mouth with each stroke, while her other hand returned to twist the slippery head of my penis between deft fingers.

“You know you're still going to get spanked for this,” Gretchen said, and both girls laughed as I opened my eyes and shook my head, begging her my sister with my eyes.

But she stood firm.

“Any cumming gets you spanked,” Gretchen said. “And this looks like it's going to be a really good one, Ronnie. That means a really, really good spanking. Three times as many spanks as last time! You won't be able to sit for days. You'll be bawling like a baby. And Brooklyn gets to watch.”

My eyes got big, that's when Brook sped up her slippery strokes and then I came in a big explosive geyser, just like she had predicted. I yelled too, but at least my lips clamping around the cock in my mouth muffled the sound (I hoped) as I spurted cum high into the air.

Brooklyn's hand disappeared after the first few contractions, and I later found out that Gretchen had panned the camera down right after that, so it looked like I had, once again, spontaneously ejaculated without anyone touching me, just from sucking a big, black, plastic cock!

As my boner spurted weaker and weaker jets of hot cum onto my chest and thighs, I knew I was missing half the pleasure of an orgasm, from not being stroked all the way to the finish. I SO desperately wanted to grab my cock and make the last spurts pleasurable, but couldn't, with a cock in my mouth and both girls watching me intently. Gretchen would LOVE to get THAT on video!

As the last weak spurt of cum leaked from my softening penis on to my covered stomach, my arms collapsed back onto the towel, finally letting the wet cock drop from my mouth.

“Well,” Brooklyn laughed, wiping her cum-covered hand on my leg as the last buzzes of pleasure wore off, “Maybe we should call you *Old Faithful* instead of Ronnie!”

“Ick, so messy,” Gretchen said, turning her nose up as she reviewed the new video on her phone. She giggled, then looked at me. “You have two minutes to get yourself cleaned up and bent over your bed for your spanking.”

Brooklyn clapped her hands. “Oh! Can I record that? I don't have any fun Ronnie videos on *my* phone!”

My sister just grinned down at my blushing, exhausted, post-orgasm face. “Of course.”

\*\*\*

## Chapter Six

After that, nude sunbathing became a regular activity (for me), with Brooklyn and Gretchen pulling me outside almost every weekend, laughing as my shy cock eventually, inevitably, erected from the sight of them in their little bikinis, even as rest of me was trembling from fear.

Sometimes, Brooklyn would tease my privates with her lotion-ed fingers, giggling as I just had to lie there and take it, per Gretchen's orders. She would take me to the edge again and again, until I was a squirming, dripping mess, then ask: "You want to cum today, Ronnie?"

"No! Please no!" I would always cry back.

Gretchen's previous spanking *had* been truly merciless, and I truly *hadn't* been able to sit for a few days. Going to the toilet was a chore, sitting in class for an hour was torture, and I had almost cried in school a few times. There was no way I wanted to go through that again, especially in front of Brooklyn, and especially for an orgasm she would probably ruin by letting go too soon!

"Are you sure?" Brooklyn would giggle, bringing me even closer to the edge. "It's been like two weeks!" She whispered in my ear. "And I really want to see your ass get paddled red again."

"No! Not today!"

Then the girls would laugh and send me to fetch something for them, and I would be their nude servant for the rest of the day, my erection hard, aching, and untouched.

Once, Gretchen made me apply suntan lotion to her legs and feet just like Brooklyn usually made me do, and when I humiliatingly got erect massaging my own sister's bare legs, she used her flip-flop to spank my ass, right outside, in front of Brooklyn and the sky, until I was crying and my boner went down.

And then she ordered me to get her some more iced tea.

\*\*\*

A few weeks into this, Gretchen was relaxing on a lounge chair (which I had run to the shed to get for her), sipping an iced tea (which I had made), listening to the radio (which I had tuned to her favorite station) and slipping

her feet in and out of her flip-flops (which had just been applied to my bare ass no more than five minutes ago) when she turned to her friend.

“You know Brook, this is nice, but I think I want... more.”

“What more could we possibly make Ronnie do?” Brooklyn giggled as I rubbed lotion into the high arches of her feet. Even though my ass still stung from the recent spanking, I couldn't control my cock as it rose to salute the sexy foot in my hands. The tall blond giggled and blew me a kiss as I blushed.

“I mean, I've basically got absolute power over my brother's clothes, his dick and his spanked ass, but only you know about it,” Gretchen sighed. “I want to show other girls the fun we're having. Like, the whole team!”

I inhaled sharply.

*Oh god, no!*

*The school year was almost over! Just a few weeks and I'd be free, going away to college!*

But after so many displays of her power over me, I didn't argue with Gretchen much anymore. Not out loud.

“Oh Gretch, we can't do that, the rest of the team would freak,” Brooklyn laughed, casually giving me her other foot to rub. “Especially that God-prude, Shannon.”

“Ugh, you're right,” Gretchen groaned as my cock throbbed. “We can't just roll out a nude, blue-balled, erect boner boy in public. Even if it's perfectly normal to us.”

It scared me how few weekends it had taken for me being outside, with the hot sun and cool breeze on my nude body, sporting an intense erection while I followed my smiling sister's every command to be considered 'normal'.

But it scared me more that I had no way of slowing Gretchen's growing power. She, and now Brooklyn, had videos of me doing the most humiliating things, and if I didn't want to die of embarrassment in front of all my friends, every girl in town, and our mother, I had to keep following her commands. But at least society was putting *some* bounds on what she could do to me in public!

Gretchen sighed, turning the problem over in her head.

“We can't show boner boy off to our teammates... not unless we have some sort of excuse. Refill, Ronnie.”

I dropped Brook's foot immediately and ran to refill Gretchen's glass from the large pitcher of iced tea I had placed in the shade, my erection bouncing as I ran back.

“What excuse could we have for showing the other girls *any* of this?” Brooklyn laughed, as I gently handed my sister her drink, then picked up Brook's foot and resumed my rubbing. “Make sure to get my legs, Ronnie?” she giggled, stretching out so her the arches of her foot just touched my balls. “I don't want them to burn.”

“Okay!” I squeaked, reapplying suntan lotion to my shaking hands and then working my way up her smooth shin and calves. I blushed as my erection bounced and throbbed, the muscle at the base of my cock contracting uncontrollably.

Brooklyn giggled and used the top of her foot to rub my balls. “Sure you don't want to cum, sweetie? These feel *really* full.”

“No! Please!” I begged.

Gretchen had been watching videos of men being spanked with switches online and telling me how much she loved the fierce, thin welts they made on a guy's ass- I didn't want that to be me!

“Suit yourself,” Brooklyn giggled. “Although I might make you suck Black Stallion a little anyway. That poor cock hasn't gotten any mouth action from you in almost two weeks now!”

I blushed as my dick bounced again, painfully hard, and the girls giggled.

“We could take Ronnie to a public pool with the team and have his suit accidentally fall off,” Gretchen said, rubbing her chin. “And then he'd have to stay naked the rest of the day!”

“The public pool is full of kids,” Brooklyn laughed. “They'd kick us out in a minute flat. And that water is nasty, anyway.”

“You're right,” Gretchen sighed. “We need a private place, and a *reason* Ronnie has to be naked.”

“You mean like that strip poker game Ashley's always trying to hold on Friday nights?” Brooklyn giggled. “She always wants girls from the team to play, but everyone chickens out as soon as someone loses their top.”

From the sudden, deep silence in the direction of my sister's lounge, I suddenly got a very bad feeling. I turned in shock, to see her grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

“Oh my god, Brook! That's *perfect*!”

\*\*\*

All week I furiously studied the rules of poker.

I learned how a straight beat three of a kind, how a flush or full house beat a straight, and how four of a kind or straight flushes beat everything. I learned a little about probability of certain cards coming up based on what had already been played, and how to bluff and call and all sorts of betting strategies to grind out wins over the long term. I studied poker harder that week than I had studied any subject for any test I had ever taken in school. Because I knew, come Friday, my dignity would be riding on it.

Gretchen giggled as we got into her car to head over. “Feeling lucky, Ronnie?”

“Not really,” I gulped, pretending to look more scared than I was. I had learned that from my studies too; how to control your expressions to lure your opponents into making a mistake.

I had played about five hundred hands of online poker that week and I was winning about three-fourths of them by the end. And that was against other poker players. I had to do much better against giggling high school girls!

We stopped at Brooklyn's house to pick her up.

“Are you wearing pretty underwear Ronnie?” the tall blond laughed, sliding into the backseat as Gretchen took off again. “Something worth showing to everyone?”

Reviewing card counting tables in my head, I was feeling a little more confident by now. Was there even a small chance any of these girls knew those tables better than I did? No way!

“Are you?” I fired back.

“Of course,” she giggled, pulling down the collar of her tight shirt to show me a glimpse of a very lacy bra. “I'm wearing the *cutest* little underwear- you'll die if you see me in it!” She giggled again. “Or without it.”

I groaned, turning away so she wouldn't see my growing erection. Gretchen had duct taped mittens to my hands each night this week to keep me from masturbating- another tip she had learned online- so with two and a half weeks of sperm in my overactive testicles, I was on a hair trigger even before we started playing!

But it wouldn't matter- Gretchen wasn't magic, she couldn't control a random card shuffle, and I had studied incredibly hard the last six days- I wasn't going to let her embarrass me this time!

We stopped at a very normal-looking suburban house with a slew of other cars already in the driveway. Gretchen and Brooklyn pulled me inside and quickly introduced me around, to three other girls from their volleyball team and one other guy, to make the total at the party five women and two men. I tried not to smile.

With those numbers and my new poker skills, the odds were good that I'd be seeing some of Gretchen's hot friends in the buff before they saw me that way! And we were in public, some of her volleyball friends were prudes, so she couldn't play her blackmail cards without making herself look like a weirdo either- this could be the first of my sister's plans that I could turn around onto her!

Within just a few minutes Ashley, the cute brunette host, corralled everyone into her living room; apparently she was very eager to get started, for which I was glad. All she wore was a black tank top and tight jean shorts that stopped just below the swell over her volleyball-toned ass, leaving all of her arms, her legs and half of her midriff exposed. Watching her bare legs and feet flash by as she skipped around the first floor gathering people, I was more than ready to play some cards to reveal what was under the little clothes she had.

“Okay,” Ashley giggled, dropping cross-legged on her carpet and starting to shuffle cards. “Everyone know the rules?”

Everyone replied in the negative.

“Oh my gods! Don't any of you read my emails?” she cried. I couldn't take my eyes off her bare legs and feet as she shuffled- god she was hot!

Ashley sighed and explained that we would be playing 'Dixie Rules' strip poker. The rules were pretty simple:

- Every player started off with five chips. These would be used to pay ante, bet and raise stakes as needed.
- Betting one piece of clothing equaled any number of chips in the pot. This was to ensure someone with five chips couldn't strip five pieces of clothing off of another player in a single round. The most someone could lose was one piece of clothing per round.
- Clothes were bet verbally and only taken off if you lost the hand.

- If you lost your clothing to someone else, you lost it for the rest of the game. If you won a pot with your own clothes as a bet, you didn't have to take anything off. Winners couldn't wear anyone else's clothing, but they did get to keep all chips in the pot.
- Once you were nude and out of chips, you were out of the game.

“NOW does everyone understand?” Ashley said as she shuffled the deck again. Her fingers were lightning fast- she had been practicing. I'd have to watch for her.

“I don't know about that last rule,” the frowning girl to my left said, pulling at the tight turtleneck sweater she wore over seemingly many layers of clothes. Shannon the God-prude, I assumed. “What if someone wants to leave the game, you know, *before* that?”

If she hadn't wanted to get naked, why had she come? And if God hadn't wanted her to show her body off, why had he given a high-schooler D-cup breasts that were impressive even under her sweater?

“Shannon, don't be a baby,” Ashley laughed, already starting to deal. “We've all seen each other in the showers already.”

Shannon blushed and covered her chest, not picking up the devil's cards. “Not Chuck!” she cried, pointing at the only other boy in the room, a grinning, hunky guy with ripped jeans and chiseled chest under his tight shirt. “And not Gretchen's brother!” she said, pointing at me.

“We do have a problem with people wussing out halfway through,” Brooklyn agreed, picking up and arranging her hand. “Last time we barely got down to bras before everyone quit.”

“Okay, how about another rule then?” Gretchen said, too quickly for it to be anything except planned between her and Brook. “No one can stop playing until at least ONE person is totally, bare-assed naked!” She grinned at me. “And that person has to stay nude until the game is over.”

I shivered at her wolf grin.

*So that was her plan.* But I had a few aces up my sleeve, figuratively.

“I'm up for that,” Brooklyn giggled, looking at me. “We're all eighteen- it's time for some *adult* games for once.”

“Agreed!” Ashley said, beaming.

“Agreed,” Chuck said, grinning and giving me an elbow in the side, as if to say, *Hey man, it's us against these girls, right?*

“No way!” Shannon said, blushing even harder.

“Outvoted,” Ashley laughed, then tossed a chip into the center of the circle. “Everyone ante up!”

As usual, my vote didn't matter.

Sitting in a circle on the carpet in Ashley's living room, the seven of us each tossed a chip into the pile with a *clink*.

I felt good- I was starting with a pair of tens and we hadn't even made the draw yet. And besides Shannon's heavenly boobs, I was very much looking forwards to seeing Brooklyn's underwear, (and what was underneath it). Even with all her time flaunting her body in bikinis in front of me, I hadn't seen her bare tits or bald pussy yet- but just one good run of cards tonight could change that!

Ashley the host was a stone cold hottie who was practically naked already in her little jean shorts, and the fact she had been bugging her friends to play strip poker meant she was either sexually wild or a closet lesbian, both ideas starting to make my dick harden. I took a deep breath to calm it down and focus on the game.

And Gretchen's other volleyball friend was pretty hot too, an Asian girl with long, flowing black hair and nicely tanned legs extending from her sundress.

Chuck was pretty chill and seemed like a confident poker player, which made me feel better, and I had even noticed him throwing a few sneaky looks at Gretchen's ass when she bent over to sit down. My sister had never been good with numbers or odds- wouldn't it be incredible if Chuck and I could somehow work together to strip *her* in front of all her friends? That would be such sweet, humiliating payback!

I was plotting strategies when Brooklyn rubbed her throat and gave tiny, cute cough.

“Ronnie, my throat's a little dry. Get me a soda?”

“Yeah, me too,” Chuck said.

“Yes, please,” Shannon added, still blushing as she looked at her cards.

I had started to get up out of reflex when Brook asked for something, but I turned to look at the others in shock.

“Hey, I'm not going to be the *whole party's* serving bitch!”

“How about, person with the fewest clothes has to serve the group?”  
Chuck laughed. He was wearing at least two shirts, I now saw.

I put my hands on my hips. “Come on now-”

“I'll show you were everything is,” Gretchen sighed, and before I could object, she was pulling me into the kitchen by the arm.

When we were in front of the fridge, out of earshot, she grinned at me.

“Looks like you're feeling pretty confident.”

I remembered my poker lessons and didn't let my real emotions show.

“Not really,” I shrugged, getting glasses and ice.

She got the cans of soda. “Looking forward to seeing some of my friends in their panties? Or totally nude?”

I just shrugged again. “We'll just see what happens.”

“Yes we will,” she laughed, about to push open the door to the living room. Then she stopped, as if suddenly remembering something. “Oh, and make sure to lose all your chips in the first round.”

I almost spilled a flood of soda onto the kitchen tile. “*What?!*”

“I said,” she repeated, looking me right in the eye, “lose all your chips in the first round, Ronnie. Or else I'm going to call each girl to the bathroom one by one and show them this. With the sound *on*.”

She held up her phone, showing a crystal clear video of me nude and happily sucking on a big black dildo until I spurted cum all over my chest and stomach. I remembered making that video- I had been so horny from Brooklyn's teasing- if the sound had been on, I would have been moaning like a porn star!

My hands started trembling. “Gretchen, please...”

Her wolf grin was back. “In fact, for tonight, I want you to lose *any* hand if you hear me cough during the deal. Or else your secret is out for everyone!”

“That's not fair!”

“Relax, I'm not going to make you lose *every* round,” she giggled, her butt pressing on the door again. “Just enough to keep things interesting.”

I felt my face heating up beyond my control and I stamped my foot. “Gretchen! No!”

This time, it was my sister that shrugged.

“Your call. You know what happens if you don't.” She laughed, backing through the door to the living room. “Those are your cards for the night, Ronnie. Play them as you wish.”

\*\*\*

## Chapter Seven

Gretchen skipped back into the circle and sat down Indian style, as if nothing at all had happened. I distributed the drinks and picked up my hand again, a pound of dread filling my stomach.

I couldn't lose all my chips this fast! Without chips, I'd have to bet a piece of clothing every round from here on out!

*But what choice did I have?*

“How many cards?”

I jumped when I realized Ashley was asking me how many to draw. I looked over at Gretchen, who was grinning directly at me, an unshakable confidence in her face. I swallowed and slid Ashley the two tens, my best cards, face down.

“Two,” I gulped.

The cards I got back were shit, and now I had a hand of nothing.

Everyone else got one or two cards, with the exception of Shannon who got four, and then we were betting. I looked at Gretchen again, for any glimmer of mercy.

She just smiled at me, covered her mouth, and coughed.

“I raise- five chips!” I stammered when it came around to me.

“Woah, look at the big roller,” Ashley laughed. “Someone must have a *great* hand.”

“I fold!” Shannon squeaked, almost throwing her cards across the circle at Ashley.

“Me too,” Chuck chuckled, sliding his cards away too. “That must be one killer hand, Tex.”

I just grinned and shrugged, trying to look confident.

If all of Gretchen's friends folded because of my bluff, she couldn't blame me for winning, right? I had bet my five chips- I had done all I could!

But Ashley was smirking at me, sizing me up. I tried not to peek at the crotch of her jeans, where I could almost see the edge of her panties poking out. Finally, she smiled.

“I bet my shirt.”

“But you still have so many chips left!” Shannon cried, as if it was *her* shirt being put on the line. “Bet those instead!”

Our host shook her head while eyeing me down. "That's what Gretchen's brother wants- for us to get scared off by the idea of losing five chips right away. This is the safer bet. And besides," she said, raising an eyebrow at me. "I think he's bluffing."

I started to sweat.

"Too rich for my blood," Gretchen laughed, folding.

"Me too," Brooklyn agreed. "I can't risk all my chips in the first round- that'd be a disaster!"

I groaned- how far did their secret plans for tonight go?

"Call!" Ashley giggled, flipping her cards over at me.

Two pair.

Wishing time would stop, I reluctantly showed my mis-matched hand.

"I knew it!" Ashley hooted, scooping all my chips towards her. "Don't try to bluff a bluffer, Ronnie!"

"But what is he going to bet for ante now?" Shannon asked, watching Ashley stack my chips in front of her soft, kissable bare feet.

"He's got to bet a piece of clothing every round from here on out," Chuck said, shaking his head.

"And he's got to win, or else he'll *lose* a piece every round!" Ashley finished, smiling at me.

The sexual tension in the room went up a notch.

Shannon just looked at me, and I could already tell she was picturing me with much more skin showing. So was the Asian girl, giving me sly peeks when she thought I wasn't looking. And Ashley bent forward when dealing my cards, letting me see down her shirt at perfect, round breasts, then catching me looking. I was blushing, feeling my cock start to harden as I looked away.

But it wasn't the end of the world- if I just won a round here and there, I'd pick up a few chips, and all I had to do was stay clothed until one of the weaker players like Shannon or the Asian girl got knocked out, and then I could go home, my modesty intact!

"Cocky boy got too big for his britches," Ashley laughed, smirking at me as she dealt the rest of the cards. "And now he might lose them!"

I shrugged and picked up my hopefully good cards, my face red. "I thought I could win."

Gretchen laughed. "He always does."

And then she coughed.

My jaw dropped- she couldn't be serious!

My sister giggled as she watched the struggle tear at my face, as Ashley finished dealing. This time I had two pair to start; just one more good card on the draw and I'd have a full house!

Everyone else ante'd up with a chip, then looked at me.

"I bet my shirt," I sighed, and some of the girls giggled.

"How many cards, high roller?" Ashley laughed, holding the deck ready.

I almost couldn't say it. Gretchen was looking right at me, daring me to rebel against her wishes.

"Four," I sighed.

I dealt my great cards away and got a pair of threes, as Gretchen just smiled.

"You know, I think I'm staying in this time," my sister giggled, and ended up winning the hand.

She took her time daintily stacking her new chips in front of her, then held out her hand at me.

"Shirt, little brother," she giggled.

Feeling everyone's eyes on me, I reluctantly pulled my shirt over my head, letting the cold room air wash over my now-bare chest.

"*Now* things are getting interesting," Ashley said, shuffling the cards and dealing again.

And Gretchen coughed.

"You can't be serious!" I cried, then realized I had spoken out loud.

"Sorry!" I said, blushing to the group. "It's just... my cards, you know?"

"Don't really have a poker face, do ya, Tex?" Chuck said, and all the girls laughed.

It wasn't fair- I *was* a better player than this- Gretchen was just forcing me to lose!

The six of them ante'd up, then looked at me.

"Pants," I gulped.

The Asian girl whose legs I had been staring at wolf-whistled, and I blushed.

Ashley leaned back, stretching one bare leg out and bending the other at the knee to rest her cards on. "This your first time playing poker, Ronnie?"

"No!" I said, although it came out like a whine, because everyone else laughed.

Her extended leg put her nude foot and its painted toenails right next to the ante pile, and I just couldn't stop thinking about grabbing her tiny ankle and kissing her toes. And Gretchen had ordered me to lose again, and I couldn't think straight, and my cock was getting harder...

This time Brooklyn won the hand.

“Oooh!” she giggled, clapping. “Do I get to take the pants off for you?”

“No!” I cried, blushing even deeper as I stood up to disrobe, again. I undid my belt in a fury and unzipped my fly, knowing all female eyes were on me, then realized my mistake.

I had been peeking at Ashley's foot all round, imagining kissing her soft arches- I was hard already! If I pulled my pants down, my tent would be obvious!

“Come on, we don't have all day,” Gretchen giggled.

I squirmed. “Give me a second!”

“You gotta strip right when you lose!” Brooklyn reminded me.

“Yeah Ronnie,” Ashley said, stretching her bare legs again. “What have you got to hide?”

I blushed, looking for a way out.

“We could have Brooklyn take your pants while Chad holds you down...” Gretchen suggested, and I gulped and pulled my pants down quickly. That would be even more embarrassing, to be stripped like a little kid!

The girls broke into laughter as my tent came into view for a second as I threw my pants in Brook's face and quickly sat down, pulling my knees to my chest.

“Wow, someone's excited to be losing,” Ashley chuckled, starting to deal again. “What's the deal, Ronnie? None of us girls have even lost a **THING** yet.”

“God Ronnie, you are SO embarrassing- in front of my friends too!” Gretchen laughed, hand over her face. But through her fingers, I could see her eyes shining at me. She was loving this!

This deal was the most nerve-wracking yet.

Sitting next to me, the God-prude Shannon with the amazing hidden tits kept sneaking peeks over my shoulder, trying to look down into my crotch, like she had never seen a man tent his shorts before! I would have gotten mad, but I knew the rest of the crowd wouldn't support me.

Even Chuck was giving me sour looks, like he was embarrassed to have such a loser represent the male gender at the party with him.

My sister and Brooklyn were giggling madly, holding back laughs.

I had given up all hope of winning by this point. I only had one piece of clothing left- I just wanted to stay clothed for one more round! Maybe two, just to give time for my erection to go down! If I could just win one hand and get some chips...

At the very end of the deal, just as Ashley was giving us each our very last card, Gretchen picked up her glass, took a very small, ladylike sip of soda, and then made a single, delicate, cough.

*No!*

I looked at her in absolute terror. *I couldn't do this!*

Everyone at the table knew I was would have to bet my last piece of clothing for ante. They knew I had to win or be nude! I couldn't throw this hand!

Ashley laughed at me. "How many cards, stud?"

"You better choose wisely!" Gretchen taunted. "No one wants to see your dick for the next hour, Ronnie!"

Oh shit, I had forgotten about that rule!

"Um... uh... two," I gulped.

And I got a three of a kind.

Jacks!

I was in a daze- what do I do now? I couldn't fold, everyone would know something was up! But I couldn't win- Gretchen would show everyone that video!

Gretchen and Brooklyn both folded, leaning back to enjoy the show. I couldn't bid any more, essentially 'all in' once I had bet my briefs, but Chad, Ashley, Shannon and the Asian girl bluffed, bid, and counter-bid each other. Shannon ran out of chips and eventually had to bet her sweater, blushing as she said it.

And then it was time to call.

Chad flipped over his cards. "Pair of Aces." I thanked the gods- my three Jacks would beat that.

Ashley grinned and showed her cards. "Two pair." My three of a kind would beat her too!

Shannon had a junk hand- she had confused how flushes and straights worked, and thus lost her sweater for nothing. I swallowed hard and let

myself hope- Gretchen's threats be damned, I just wanted to hide my hard erection for a few more minutes- just one more person to beat and I would win some chips!

It was the quiet Asian girl who had barely said anything the entire game. How much poker did she understand? We stared each other down- her face was unreadable.

I swallowed hard and revealed my hand, three of a kind, Jacks.

She laid down three of a kind as well.

Queens.

The girls broke into loud cheers, whistling and hooting as the Asian girl held out her hand to me with a giggle.

“Underwear, please.”

She was so pleased that she would be the one to strip me- my dick which had shrunk a little in fear started getting hard at how happy she was to see me nude! I was getting hard really fast, in a way no one could miss.

“Oh my god!” Shannon giggled, watching my tent grow over my shoulder as my face got beet red.

I gave her a mean look as the Asian girl made the come hither gesture with her hand again. “Underwear, please!”

My stomach was falling off a cliff. Everyone was going to see me! Oh god, and my cock and balls were still shaved per Gretchen's orders! Oh god!

“You better do it, Ronnie,” Gretchen said, her face beaming with victory. “Kammi knows karate. You don't want to see her mad.”

The Asian girl giggled and chopped at the air with her hands. But my real fear was of Gretchen's hand- it was reaching closer to her discarded flip flop the longer I waited- she was subtly threatening to spank me sometime if I didn't comply!

Blushing horribly, I stood up, covering my crotch. “Come on, you guys...”

Behind me, Chad yanked my boxer briefs down my legs, letting my hard cock spring free.

The girls cheered as I gasped, trying to pick my underwear up again while covering my crotch. Chuck just laughed, fending off my lone hand to hold my briefs around my ankles.

I realized I was coming off worse than if I just gave up, so I did, blushing and stepping out of my underwear with my hands over my crotch.

Chuck tossed my last piece of dignity to Kammi, who giggled and tossed it over her shoulder, behind the couch.

I sat down quickly pulling my knees to my chest again, my face burning red. I was nude in a stranger girl's house!

“He can't cover up!” Shannon was complaining, now down to her tank top after tossing her sweater to Kammi as well. “If he covers up- I'm covering up too!”

“But I'm naked!” I protested, trying to cover my cock, balls, and asshole, probably unsuccessfully, with my legs and hands. “The game's over!”

“We're just getting started,” Ashley laughed, smirking at me. “I just didn't think anyone would be out so soon!”

“Yeah, I say we keep going,” Chuck agreed, eyeing the clothed girls. “Ronnie's bad luck is his bad luck.”

“Luck nothing,” Ashley snorted. “He's just shit at cards,” she said, as I blushed even harder. She looked around, got agreement from the group, then started dealing again. “Okay, here we go!”

\*\*\*

And so I had to sit there, totally naked, as Gretchen's friends kept playing cards all around me. They joked, talked about school and the team, and every now and then one of the girls would lose a shirt or her pants, and my dick would throb and ache even harder, partially hidden behind my hands.

Eventually Shannon had to take off her shirt, and then she looked down at my crotch and gasped.

“Holy cow- Ronnie's getting harder!”

“Any man would, sitting next to those tits,” Brooklyn laughed.

“Really?” Shannon blushed, started to cover up, then turned to me, her bouncing, bra-covered tits right in my face. “Is that because of... me?”

“I don't know!” I hissed, looking away.

But my dick got even harder and the girls laughed again.

And then Gretchen held up her empty glass and clinked the ice cubes.

“Get me another drink, Ronnie?”

I covered myself more desperately. “No way!”

“It's not like you're playing,” Ashley giggled.

“Least clothed gets the drinks,” Chuck agreed. “That's the rule.”

“Come on Ronnie,” Gretchen giggled. “Be a sport.” Her grin was a mile wide.

“Yeah Ronnie,” Brooklyn agreed. “It's not THAT small.”

The girls howled as I got up, my face beet red.

“Holy shit- is his crotch shaved?” Ashley laughed, holding her stomach. “Oh god, Ronnie, that's so CUTE!” She held her glass up as well. “Come on, smooth boy, make yourself useful.”

Groaning, I got up and took their glasses.

“And now the *adults* can keep playing,” Ashley said, as I went off to serve them, my erection bouncing in front of me.

As soon as I got back, Kammi, Brooklyn and Chuck ordered drinks as well, and for the rest of the night I had to serve as the entire group's nude, humiliated butler. Gretchen pretended to shield her eyes when I walked by, but I could tell from her sideways grin that she was loving the course of events! It was just as she had planned it!

Chuck kept making up lots of little things for me to get up and do, just so I had to keep showing my shaved body to the girls.

I wanted to stand up to him; but it's hard to hold your ground when you're totally naked and he's fully clothed with a group of giggling girls cheering him on. I should have realized a confident, cocky jock like him would also be a bully.

Gretchen was.

Shannon eventually lost her bra, and my cock throbbed and twitched and started to drip, sitting next to her firm, half-grapefruit breasts with the perfect pink nipples on the tips. It was torture not to reach down and give my cock a quick stroke, especially after being denied for weeks!

“Need a stroke break, Ronnie?” Ashley laughed. “You can go jack off in my backyard if you like.”

“NO!” I squeaked, moving my hands away from my cock before I accidentally touched it and came, and all the girls except Shannon laughed. She blushed and covered her tits with her hand, scooting away and giving me a sour look like it had been MY idea for a stroke break!

Just one round later, Shannon lost her panties, and though she made a big show of protesting the loss of her last piece of clothing, sitting right next to her, I could see that her panties were soaked when she took them off.

She blushed furiously, one arm covering her nipples and one hand covering her pussy as she sat, on her knees, using her feet to cover the crack of her ass, but letting her bubble butt spill out around them.

“Can we finally stop now?!” she cried, shivering next to me. “Are we done with this stupid game?!”

Ashley looked over the two of us blushing, nude losers and giggled. She had been taken down to her bra and panties and then not lost another piece of clothing since, making me realize she knew exactly what she was doing.

“Sure, I guess we've done enough damage for one night,” she laughed.

“Anyone want a picture before they go, to remember the losers by?”

“No way!” Shannon cried.

“Get their clothes!” Gretchen yelled, and the others did, scooping up our things before Shannon and I could even get up. And then we were trapped, nude, as the other girls and Chad got fully dressed.

“This isn't fair!” Shannon protested, as Ashley set up her camera and everyone else lined up behind us, while we could only sit on the floor, nude and humiliated.

“What does Coach always say?” Ashley giggled, adjusting the tripod. “It pays to be a winner! Now stop covering those beautiful tits, Shannon, unless you want Chad to cover them with his hands!”

The other boy made a fake squeezing motion in the air. “It would be my pleasure.”

“No!” the girl wailed, then, face turning even redder, let her hands drop to her sides to choose the lesser humiliation.

I knew the feeling.

“Ronnie too,” Gretchen suggested. “He shouldn't be able to cover up either.” She shrugged casually. “A picture like this should help me keep him in line at home!”

As if she didn't already have more; but her friends didn't know that.

“I agree, shaved boy!” Ashley said. “Hands behind your back, cock pointed right at me, or I'm giving your clothes to charity!”

I had to submit. They made us sit up on our knees, Shannon's hands covering her pussy, mine covering nothing, as the winners linked arms behind us.

“Everyone smile for the camera!” Ashley giggled, took the first shot, then grinned at her teammate. “Now Shannon has to do one with her legs spread.”

The god-prude almost fell over. “NO WAY!”

“We all know you only came for the chance to see Chad in the buff!” Ashley laughed. “So now that your plan backfired, you have to give him a little treat instead!”

I saw her blush get deeper and her nipples get hard, even as she tried to cover them. “I wasn't- It wasn't supposed to go this far!”

“Come on, it'll be sexy,” Chad said, smiling as he rubbed her shoulders. “I can't believe how brave you're being already.”

The nude girl swallowed hard. “Really?”

“Yeah- I've never seen this side of you.” He grinned at her. “Come on.”

The girl whimpered, but nodded, letting Kammi and Brooklyn position her with her butt on the floor and pull her legs wide apart, so she was showing everything she had to the camera. She was blushing from her cheeks to her toes, and she covered her face as the flash went off.

It was the first nude, live pussy I had ever seen, and her covering her face let me look right at it from where I sat. She was clean shaved, except for a cute little landing strip and even though I knew that girls got 'wet' when they were excited, I didn't really know what that meant in real life until I saw those glistening pink folds stretched, as Kammi and Brooklyn held her legs as far apart as they would go. They were so erotic and pure at the same time; I felt such an incredible tightness growing in my balls-

“Ronnie's turn!” Ashley said, snapping me back to reality.

“Huh? What?”

“Stand up!” Ashley laughed. “And I want to be in picture this time!” She handed the camera to Chad and all the clothed girls crowded around my nude body as Shannon hurriedly dressed off to the side. I blushed, now the last nude person in the room, and my dick was an iron rod.

Ashley looked at the drops of pre-cum falling from my tip onto her hardwood floor and wrinkled her nose.

“Ewww Ronnie. You're cleaning that up before you leave!”

Everyone laughed, and behind me, I felt someone start tickling and kneading my bare buns. The fact that I couldn't tell who it was only made my dick harder and my face redder. I took a page out of Shannon's playbook and covered my face as Chad counted down.

Which meant I couldn't see Kammi mischievously reach out to grab my shaft just before the picture was taken.

“Oh god!” I gasped, my dick pulsing in her soft hand. “Oh shit, oh no-”

And then I came like a cannon, just as Chad took the second and third pictures.

\*\*\*

The girls howled in laughter all the way home.

“I must be dreaming!” Gretchen cried, as she broke the speed limit. “I couldn't have *planned* that any better! Did you plan that, Ronnie?”

“Plan to spurt the first time a new girl touched his dick, in front of all our friends?” Brooklyn laughed. “No, I don't think he planned that!”

“It wasn't my fault!” I cried, curled up in the back seat, trying to die. “I haven't cum in weeks!”

That only made the girls laugh harder.

“Kammi didn't plan for that either,” my sister giggled. “Did you see her squeal and jump away when he started shooting?”

“Like Ronnie's dick was on fire!” Brook laughed.

“She let go after just the first or second spurt, didn't she?” Gretchen asked me, her eyes shining.

“She did,” Brooklyn confirmed, as I could only look away. “Poor Ronnie- he not getting ANY good orgasms at all! Girls just won't keep stroking him while he cums!”

Gretchen's cheeks were flush, like she was drunk. “I love it, I love it, I love it! Ronnie still gets his punishment spanking, but none of the pleasure! I wish I could hire my friends to ruin ALL your orgasms forever, little brother!”

The thought almost made me jump from the speeding car. “This isn't fair!” I cried, tears almost forming. “I didn't even have a chance to win the card game!”

Gretchen laughed, looking back at me in the rear view mirror. “Did you think I was going to leave it up to chance if you got stripped or not? Did you think you *ever* had a chance to beat me, nudie boy?”

I felt the heat rise to my face as I pulled my jacket more tightly around me and looked out the window.

“And to think,” Gretchen continued, “Ashley *asked* me to invite you over tonight, because she thought you were cute.”

I wiped away my near-tears. “What?”

Brooklyn nodded. "She had the hots for you. Just like Shannon has the hots for Chad." The tall girl giggled. "But after seeing your cute shaved balls, and how you couldn't control your erections, and how you spurt so quickly-"

"Now she just wants to be friends!" Gretchen cried, laughing as she drove, as the last bits of my pride shattered into a million pieces.

\*\*\*

Gretchen made me attend the strip poker game again the next week, and the week after that.

It was embarrassing, having to face the group again after I had prematurely ejaculated in front of all of them, but what made it even worse was how Gretchen forced me to be the first one to get naked, every single time.

It was absolutely mortifying, to have to pull down my last piece of clothing every single night, sometimes barely fifteen minutes into the game, as the other players teased me about my total lack of poker skills. And then I had to sit there, blushing and covering myself, as they kept playing on, sometimes for an hour or more!

Once I was nude, I would always be sent for drinks and snacks, and as I ran to the kitchen, I would hear Ashley or Gretchen whispering to some of the newer girls who hadn't been there before.

"He's always the first one nude..."

"It's so funny, to see him blush when he gets hard..."

"...came right in front of everyone, he couldn't control it!"

The new girls would be giggling when I came back, and I had to sit next to them, blushing and covering my crotch, until Gretchen decided she wanted to leave!

Ashley was always the host, but the other girls rotated through, and after five weeks of games, Gretchen happily informed me that I had now been a nude, erect and blushing serving boy to her entire volleyball team.

"A clean sweep!" she laughed, checking the team photo that used to hang above the vanity in her room, to make sure I had been seen by every girl. We were in the living room again, her lounging on the couch in a t-shirt and jeans, and me standing at attention by her side, buck naked, my erection sticking straight out.

She gleefully showed me the photo again.

“Just think Ronnie- you used to perv out over this picture, stroking your nasty cock and imagining all these innocent girls naked, and in nasty positions! But now, each and every one of THEM have seen YOU naked- and some have the pictures to prove it!”

I moaned as the humiliation washed over me- it was true! Ashley's practice of taking pictures meant I was more exposed than any girl in the original picture had been! At school, I couldn't even look any of the team in the eye now, and although Gretchen made them all promise never to send any pictures of me outside of the group, she assured me that they did pull out their phones in the locker room, laughing and trading their favorite shots of me with each other!

She piled the humiliation even higher.

“And they all notice the little boners you get, every time you have to get naked,” she laughed, watching my face burn. “That's why they think you keep coming back, even though you lose every time- they all think it turns you on to be naked in front of them!”

That was true too- I had gotten an uncontrollable erection each time I had to strip nude in front of giggling girls, (because Gretchen and Brooklyn had practically Pavlovian-trained me to do so) but I didn't even know where the line was anymore.

Was I getting turned on because Gretchen never let me cum anymore, barely letting me have one ruined orgasm a month?

Or could it be because bare-assed Ronnie was the happiest Ronnie, because Ronnie's not a prude?

No- I still hated it every single time- it was so embarrassing!

*So why did it make me hard every single time?*

I blushed and lowered my head.

My sister had won. Truly and totally, she had made me into exactly what she had wanted.

Gretchen just held up her empty glass, clinking the ice cubes with a giggle.

“More iced tea, little brother?”

\*\*\*

One week from the end of school, I was sunbathing in our backyard with Gretchen and Brooklyn.

Gretchen was wearing a conservative black one-piece (she was just working on her legs today), Brooklyn was in a bikini but not a G-string, something she might actually wear to the beach. I was, of course, nude, shaved and slick with lotion from head to toe, lying on my back, sucking on my the head of my Mother's black dildo as my aching cock dripped pre-cum onto my stomach.

Gretchen hadn't let me orgasm in almost three weeks and Brooklyn would reach between my legs to tickle my balls every few minutes to keep me sucking the cock, so I was desperate for relief.

Not that the girls cared.

“Oh god, they're bringing back the Ballero jacket,” Gretchen sighed, lying on her stomach and reading her fashion magazine.

“Ugh, are they going to try to make those a thing again?” Brooklyn giggled, tweaking my nipples and smiling as I moaned around the cock. “Balleros never fit my frame right.”

“It'll pass in a year, just like all fashions do-”

The sound of the garage door opening caught us all by shock. I barely had time to hide the dildo under my towel and turn over onto my stomach before my mother walked into the backyard, her arms full of groceries.

“Oh hello Brooklyn, nice to see you!” she said, nodding at the other girl as I started to hyper-ventilate, trying to become invisible. “Yoga class ended early so if you want to join us for lunch...”

My mother's sentence trailed off and I could just FEEL her gaze coming to a rest on my nude ass.

“Ronnie...” she said, as if not believing the scene. “Why are you naked?”

“Oh, he's just getting an all over tan, Mom,” Gretchen chimed in. There was a slight tension in her voice- she hadn't planned for this! “A lot of boys sunbathe in the nude now.”

Our mother was still unsure. “But we have company...”

“I don't mind, Mrs. Jones!” Brooklyn laughed. “Like Gretchen said- lot of boys at school are doing this. I've seen it all before!”

I could just hear my mother set her jaw.

“Ronnie, we'll discuss this later. Get dressed now, please.”

As our mother walked inside, Gretchen sighed and closed her magazine. “I guess there's nothing for it,” she said, sitting up. “Ronnie will have to come out to Mom.”

I swallowed. “Come out about what?”

She just smiled at me. “Why, your desire to become a full-time nudist, of course.”

\*\*\*

## Chapter Eight

Of all her plans, I fought Gretchen the hardest on this one.

Brooklyn was one thing, Ashley and her friends was another, but our *Mother?*

“Please Gretchen, no!” I whispered, alone with her in my room.

Brooklyn had gone home, Mom was down in the kitchen making lunch, and I was supposed to be in my bedroom 'getting dressed', but was really on my knees, begging my sister.

Who was tapping her foot impatiently.

“It's the only way,” she said, looking down on me. “I've actually thought about it for a while. If Mom was in on it, we could play our game openly. You'd NEVER have to wear clothes at home- you could be nude every day, all summer!” she giggled. “Now wouldn't that just be your greatest fantasy?”

“NO!” I cried. I couldn't imagine *anything* more humiliating- to be prevented from wearing clothes every single day for three months straight!

“Too bad,” she laughed. “I've decided it is. You're going to go downstairs, like you are-”

“No....”

“-and tell Mom how you've wanted to be a nudist for years now-”

“Gretchen, I can't!”

“-and that you're going to do it all summer, but that you're scared. And you want her help making sure you stick to 'the program'. And you're going to be convincing about it!” my sister finished, smiling at me.

I got to my feet, standing taller than her for once.

“NO!” I yelled. “Gretchen- we're NOT bringing HER into your sick game! And I'll be damned if I ask for her HELP in having you rule over me-”

Her hand flashed out like a snake and suddenly my balls were in her grip. Being nude, there was nothing to stop her from grabbing my nuts directly. Another benefit of clothes, I suppose.

For a second I was in total shock- it was the first time my sister had touched me down there! And then she squeezed.

Not gently either. Like a sister scorned.

“Who are YOU to say no to ME?” she hissed, squeezing even harder.

“I'm sorry Gretchen! Please stop!” I wailed, trying to dislodge her hands.

But her grip was perfect. She squeezed even harder and I fell to my knees.

“If you don't do EXACTLY as I say, this pain will be NOTHING compared to what I put you through,” she said, looking down at my crying face. “I'll shove mom's dildo right up your ass while Brooklyn watches! I'll make you play strip poker every night of the week! I'll make you do your nude happy cheer on the stage at graduation in front of thousands of people! Do you understand me?”

My nuts felt like they would implode!

I was crying, pulling at her hand with no effect.

“Yes Gretchen, I understand! Please!”

Her grip lightened somewhat, just enough to let me breathe. But it still hurt like a bitch.

“You're going to come out to Mom as a full-time nudist?”

I blushed, imagining all that would entail. But my balls! “Yes!”

“You're not going to mention me?”

“No!”

“And you're going to be convincing? Like it's your own idea?”

“YES!”

She finally stopped busting my balls. But she didn't let go.

“Good,” Gretchen said. “Stand up.” I did, on shaky legs. “Hands behind your head.”

She giggled as I complied, totally exposing my body to her, leaving my tender teenage testicles in her cruel hands. She smiled as she looked at the clock. “Just one more minute of squeezing your nuts, and then you can give Mom the good news.”

“What!”

Of course I tried to pull away. But she had me by the balls.

“Your stupid little dick needs to be as small as possible when you talk to Mom,” she said, smiling. “You can't seem excited or she'll know you're lying- duh! Besides,” she laughed as she started squeezing again, “I like seeing you sweat.”

\*\*\*

I was definitely sweating when I padded down our carpeted steps a minute later, nude as the day I was born. Gretchen hadn't destroyed my balls but it sure felt like she had come close! My nuts were painfully tender and painfully full of cum, but at least my cock was totally, totally soft.

I didn't want to do this. Really really didn't want to.

Either way, my life was going to permanently be changed! It already had, in a sense, from the moment Gretchen found me jacking off in her room, but this was truly the last chance to go back to anything approaching normal.

I paused at the bottom of the steps, terrified to step forward.

Then Gretchen put her bare, feminine foot on my ass and propelled me into the kitchen.

Mom was dropping hot dogs into boiling water, her side to me as she worked the oven.

“Ronnie, thanks for getting dressed when I asked. I know I can be old fashioned sometimes but some of these modern ideas-” She stopped as she looked up and caught sight of my naked body, then put her hands on her hips. “What the heck do you think you're doing, young man?”

I could barely swallow.

“I'm... I'm being...”

“*Myself*,” Gretchen whispered from the bottom of the stairs, out of sight and earshot of our mother.

“Myself,” I gulped.

Mom covered her eyes with one hand. “Ronnie! Go put on some clothes! Now!”

“Mom, it's o-okay, it's just a body,” I stammered, trying to remember the words Gretchen had found on the internet for me. “You saw me before like this before, and it's okay now. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I think... I think I'm a nudist.”

“You're a *what*?”

“A nudist,” I repeated, sweating. Gretchen was around the corner, watching- she had promised no mercy if I brought her name into this, or made it seem like anything less than 100% my idea! But if I told my mother the truth, wouldn't she be able to protect me from my sister? Wouldn't this be my last chance to do so?

Mom dropped her hand, pointedly looking me in the eye and nowhere else. “Where in God's Green Earth did you come up with the idea you

wanted to be a nudist?"

"I... I..."

She was looking right at me, demanding an explanation. I exhaled.

"I read about it on the internet. And I wanted to try it."

Behind me, I heard my sister giggle.

My mother crossed her arms. "When Gretchen's cute friend Brooklyn is around, you mean."

"No," I gulped. "All the time. When I'm home alone. Even with other... boys."

Hands shaking, I showed her a picture on my phone, taken at a recent strip poker night. Me, in the center of the picture, with Chuck laughing, his arm around my shoulder, and Ashley on my other side, her hand over her mouth giggling. Both were fully dressed, I was nude.

Gretchen had texted me the pic just before I walked down the stairs.

My mother looked at my phone skeptically. "You seem, quite, um, happy to be there, mister, if you know what I mean."

I blushed, just like I was blushing in the picture. "Gretchen's friend Ashley was really cute. When I'm nude, I'm still, um, having trouble controlling my, um... erections."

God, just *saying* that word to my mother made me cringe!

My mother looked at the picture again, then at me. "How long have you been doing this?"

Was she seriously considering this? Oh god, she was seriously considering this!

"About four months."

This time it was she who blushed. "Goodness, Ronnie!" She turned away as the hot dogs boiled over, moving the pot off the heat. "You know I let you and Gretchen have a lot of freedom to find yourselves, but to think you've been walking around-" She looked at me again, blushed a little more- "butt naked in our house for that long! I don't know if I can let you do that, especially not around Gretchen-"

"Not around me what?" my sister asked, walking into the kitchen and passing my shivering, nude body like it was nothing. "Oh, Ronnie being naked?" she laughed. "Mom, it's no big deal, he's been doing this forever-see, this is how he greeted me when I came home one day!"

And to my horror, she used her phone to play the video of me. All the way to the end.

“-BECAUSE RONNIE'S NOT A PRUDE!”

She flipped her phone shut with a giggle. “See?”

Mom was shocked. “Ronnie! In front of your sister?!”

“Geez, Mom, I don't mind,” Gretchen laughed, grabbing a plate and bun, then fishing a hot dog out of the water with her fork. “He's my brother! Seeing his little wiener flop around is no different than seeing something like... this!”

She wagged a cooked hot dog around, grinning at me, then bit into the end hard.

I winced and felt my cock get even smaller than it was.

Our mother still had concerns. “Gretchen, are you sure you're okay with this? Seeing... male genitalia... especially your brother's?”

“Mooooommm,” she laughed, rolling her eyes. “I've been through Health class at school! Real male genitalia is like, this big!” she said, picking a large banana out of a bowl. “Or like *this* big.” Now her hands were ten inches apart, as large as our mother's dildo. “Seeing Ronnie's little acorn- move your hands, Ronnie-”

I blushed and did, exposing my front to my mother's gaze.

“See! He's barely got any hair down there! It's like those little boys who go swimming naked on the beach- it's just adorable! Brooklyn agreed, Ronnie's got such a little penis- it's just like the boys she babysits getting ready for their baths- there's nothing sexual about it at all!”

My face was bright crimson. Gretchen was humiliating me and my small penis right in front of our mother and I couldn't do a thing to stop her! Not if I wanted my end of the story to hold up.

*But did I?*

Our mother shook her head. “Well, if you're okay with it...” She looked me over again. “Ronnie? Are you *sure* this is what you want? Isn't it embarrassing to be nude in front of Gretchen's friends? Girls your own age?”

My mother wasn't completely sold on the idea yet. I still had a sliver of hope.

If our mother nixed the idea, Gretchen had lost! I had walked downstairs nude, said the lines she wanted, but if Mom vetoed the plan, Gretchen couldn't blame me for that! My sister might still strip and spank me when we were alone, but if she lost here, she couldn't do so in public!

And over the summer I could slowly started telling our mother how Gretchen was mentally abusing me, get a parent on my side... there could be hope...

“It is embarrassing! A little!”

“And I'm going to host my book club here next week. You don't want to be nude when all those old ladies come over, do you?”

“Yeah, that would be embarrassing too!” I purposely didn't look at Gretchen as I spoke. “And that's the TRUTH.”

Behind my mother, Gretchen was fuming, but I held my poker face.

Mom was shaking her head. “I don't know, Ronnie. Even though you want to, it seems like *too* radical an idea...”

*Oh my god, this might work!*

I gulped and nodded, quickly turning to go back to my room. “Sorry I brought it up! I'll just go back and-”

“Although I have noticed your closet getting emptier. Have you been throwing away your clothes, Ronnie?” she asked, freezing me.

“What! No!”

“I found your cut up socks in the trash. And your underwear earlier.”

“Well, I mean-”

“I pay good money for all those clothes,” she said, using tongs to drop a dripping wet hot dog onto her plate, forcefully.

“I know Mom, and I'm sorry but-” *I was my sister's idea, not mine!*

“Two jobs I work! And you cut them up in the last four months, haven't you? Don't lie!”

“Yes, but-” *Gretchen had made me!*

Our mother took two steps and sat down at the head of the table. “You know, maybe it is time to teach you a lesson. Some of those shirts you destroyed cost \$30 each!”

I was sweating again. “Mom-”

“Gretchen, you say you're perfectly okay with Ronnie being nude around the house? All the time?”

“Like I said, Mom, I think it's funny!” She was grinning again. “So do all my friends!”

“Then this Summer's going to be a laugh riot,” my mother said, with an air of finality. She crossed her legs and turned to my nude form. “I'm going to teach you the value of money, young man. AND of having clothes! Maybe then you'll see being a nudist isn't all fun and games!”

“Mom, please-”

“As soon as your school classes end for the Summer, and until you leave for college, you are going to be totally, 100%, bare-assed naked whenever you are inside this house, young man. That means as soon as you walk in the door, even whenever your friends come by, or Gretchen's friends, or even when your cousins visit for Fourth of July!”

I had forgotten about that too! My two bratty female cousins always teamed up with Gretchen to make fun of how I acted or dressed when we met, and that was WHILE I had clothes! What would they do if I was nude and at their mercy?

I felt the air leaving my lungs. “No! I can't-”

“You can and you will, young man! And if I find you cutting up any more of your clothes I pay so much for, I'll take you over my knee and spank you silly just like the little boy you're being! Maybe then, by the time you start college you'll have worked your way out of this silly phase!”

Our mother looked at my naked body again, then shook her head and started eating. “Now come sit down and let's try to have lunch- like a normal family!”

Gretchen was laughing into her hand, her face red, as I sat down, unbelieving of the sudden turnaround. And my mother handed me my plate with a hot dog and bun on it.

“Oh, and Ronnie?” she said, scooping some potato salad. “I noticed in all the pictures, and when you were lying with Brooklyn outside, you had a certain, um, problem with Mr. Happy coming out when you're nude?”

“Very little,” Gretchen snorted, and our mother gave her a look, but didn't correct her.

I was blushing even harder, not able to look at them! “It's not a big deal! It goes up and down; I... I can't control it!”

“Well if I see you with that same 'problem' when you're being a nudist around the house, I'm going to give you one minute to make it go away before I make you deal with it.”

My heart stopped. “Deal with it HOW?”

She chuckled. “The only civilized way. An ice pack from the fridge, of course.”

“MOM!”

“I have been to nude beaches before young man,” she said. “Remember I spent a year in France during college! And one thing that ALL nudists

have in common is: Mr. Happy stays soft, or you get kicked OFF the nude beach!”

My jaw was on the floor.

“One minute from when I see your problem, and then you have to use the ice pack,” she repeated. “It's the only way you'll learn to control it. That goes for if you see Mr. Happy erect too, Gretchen.” She raised her bun. “If your brother wants to be a big shot nudist, let's make sure he follows ALL the rules.”

Gretchen practically saluted her. “Yes ma'am!”

My sister was grinning, like she always did at her moment of victory. And under the table, she was rubbing my bare shin with her foot, building a slow, irresistible tightness between my legs. I was going to be erect within minutes.

This Summer was going to be anything BUT normal.

\*\*\*THE END?\*\*\*



**Gretchen might have won this round- but has she won the war?**

**Will Ronnie survive his nude summer? And what will happen when they go away to college?**

**If you'd like this series continued, please show your support by leaving a free review on Smashwords, Amazon or Goodreads.com. If any site gets 10 reviews, I'll start planning the sequel!**

*~thanks,  
P.F. Dee*



## Have Femdom story ideas?



Visit [pfdee.blogspot.com](http://pfdee.blogspot.com) for:

- free short stories
- updates on coming books
- tips on how to become a better Femdom author
- and a place to suggest ideas YOU want to see PF Dee write!  
(Pitch a sequel idea and it might just happen!)