**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 16)**

My poor little heart started pounding again when I saw Honesty make up her mind and reach for those buttons. At that moment, more than anything in the world, I wanted to watch that beautiful teenager take her clothes off. But I was also genuinely worried that I might have a heart attack before she finished the deed.

Like her sisters had done before her, she made quick work of the buttons. But unlike her sisters, when she peeled the sides of her dress apart, none of her skin appeared. That's because she was wearing another layer of protective underclothes.

Still covered by a fully opaque under-slip, she actually bared very little skin by removing her dress, other than her gentle, feminine shoulders and just a little bit of collarbone. Even so, there was something exciting about it. I thought I could see the air around her tingling. Or perhaps that was my malfunctioning heart failing to deliver enough blood to my oxygen-starved brain.

The form-fitting slip was very thin but solid white - a satiny cotton. There was something intimate about knowing she had almost certainly made it herself, taking great care with her measurements to match it so accurately to the newly developing contours of her body. Its job was to shield her growing body from curious suiters, not highlight it.

Beneath her generous fifteen-year-old bust, her torso narrowed into a petite waist before growing again. The fabric spread out just enough to contain the curves of her swelling hips and ended with a neatly sewn hem just below her knees. She was still wearing her sensible slippers and plain white socks which came halfway up her calves.

Other than her bare arms, shoulders, and a little bit of her curvy calves, she was still completely covered. But looking at the teenage goddess standing there clad in all white, I had a profound realization. No matter how hard they tried or how much fabric they removed, lingerie manufacturers with their gaudy, mass-produced, synthetic crap, could never match the raw, erotic intimacy contained within that girl's chaste, white, homemade slip. My penis heartily agreed with that sentiment. It began twitching up and down like a panting dog, sending out painful jolts which made me want to flinch.

She looked down her arm, almost as if surprised to find her own dress hanging from her hand instead of where it belonged - safely wrapped around her body. She never intended another person, outside perhaps her sisters in the privacy of their bedrooms, to know what she looked like with just a slip on.

Mel could have easily snatched the dress at that point. Instead, she waited for Nessy to push it into her hands. She wanted to make it clear that the girl was handing over her clothes willingly, because it was the right thing to do, not because her cousin was making her.

Once she had the dress in hand, Mel removed her apron which had been offered in exchange. But instead of handing it right over, she just held it. I had mistakenly assumed, with the removal of her dress, Honesty's impromptu strip show was over. I was slow to catch up and didn't know there was more to come until Mel pointed and beckoned with her finger indicating that the slip also had to go. Nessy did not balk or argue because of a simple, but undeniable truth. Slips can stain, too.

With a defeated sigh, Nessy grabbed each side of her slip and begin to lift. My heart gave up beating altogether and just took to quivering like a lump of Jello as, inch by inch, she raised that staid, white fabric over her knees and up her body. She had the most precious set of creamy white thighs and smooth legs which resembled her big sister Cate, only less rounded, with the cutest little thigh gap between her bare legs.

Although I had already watched all four of her sisters take off their outer clothes, Honesty was unique as the only one wearing traditional, Faithful Believer underwear. For the sake of cultural accuracy, the twins had been wearing nothing beneath their little African dancing dresses. Cate's maternity gown would have looked even more absurd if she had tried to wear anything under it. And little Annie, before she took them off, had simply been wearing a pair of childish, store-bought panties and didn't yet have the need for even a training bra.

That left only Honesty to do something she must have never thought she would be doing when she put them on that morning - model her underwear in front of a boy.

Crafted from two pieces of incredibly thin, rectangular white fabric, the bottoms appeared to be more like bloomers than a modern panty style. The pieces were lovingly hand-sewn together at the sides. I had enough experience with seams to judge them a high quality. Clean and straight, Mr. Beski would have approved.

There was no sign of elastic or any other synthetic material. Ribbons were used instead whenever the fabric needed to be gathered up or held in place. At the very top of her bare legs, pale, pink bands of silk had been woven through the lower hem. The ribbons were cinched around her legs and tied into little, unintentionally sexy, matching pink bows in front.

A slightly wider ribbon encircled her middle, sitting quite a bit lower than the narrowest part of her young waist. It weaved in and out of the fabric to form a waistband. The gentle curve of her maturing hips pushed out either side of the fabric below the band which somehow gave the exposed skin of her already petite belly the illusion of being even smaller than it was. The hand-trimmed, unhemmed fabric, bunched up by its ribbon and tied with a neat, pink bow made it look like her body was a present just waiting to be unwrapped.

She didn't give me much time to appreciate the full view of her bloomers, because her slip was constantly on the move and there were more treasures to take in. As she wrestled her slip higher, the exposed muscles of her lean stomach rippled exactly like her little sister Annie's had done while fixing her hair. It was another of those alluring physical attributes all the sisters in their family apparently shared.

Her belly button was slightly oblong with a cute little red mark just to the right of the shallow indentation. The birthmark's shape and color so closely resembled a small strawberry, I would have totally believed her if she said she had drawn it herself.

I had mistakenly assumed her to be braless when I first encountered her. As she lifted her slip over her chest, I now saw that she was indeed wearing a bra, just not a normal one. It was a lightweight camisole style, hardly more than loose, billowing pieces of fabric sewn together. Another pink ribbon ran around her to form a lower hem, just below her substantial bust, and was tied into a matching bow right at her sternum.

Meant to be that last, important layer of modesty a growing girl might require, I would almost have called it a training bra on someone less mature. It was designed to gently and conservatively encase her chest, smoothing out unseemly lumps and bumps without hugging too tightly.

But all that careful design was wasted on Honesty. Her growing chest, well on its way toward womanhood, had reached a critical mass which overwhelmed any attempt to de-emphasize it, especially at her current stage of undress. Hardly caring about the lack of supporting material usually found in a modern bra, her boobs happily supported themselves, sitting high and proud within their flimsy pouches.

Speaking of strawberries, I found the mostly see-through fabric woefully inadequate as a visual covering. Whoever made it clearly never intended a young lady to wear it as her sole form of clothing. Without the added protection of her solid white slip, I could see nearly every detail of her bountiful assets as if I were looking at them through a screen door.

Her nipples were smaller and a lighter red than her big sister Cate's had been but shared the same shape and stuck out from her chest in a similar manner. The two bright, strawberry-red lumps peeking at me through the gauzy fabric weren't quite ready to be plucked yet. But give them a few more years to ripen and they would make a nice, tasty treat. I found myself licking my lips unconsciously just thinking about it.

As she pulled the slip over her head, her loosely curled, light brown locks cascaded down to rest on her shoulders. Standing there in nothing but her too-thin underwear, her body seemed to glow with raw sexuality. Her chest especially, with those grapefruit-sized mounds straining against the soft pouches built to contain them, was a sight to behold.

It wasn't lingerie and absolutely did not mean to convey any sort of salacious intent or sexiness. But with her curves filling out all the right places and those cute little pink bows everywhere, without even trying, she looked ten times sexier than anything Victoria's Secret could possibly come up with.

She seemed eager to trade her slip for the apron and add something back to her body for once. In her hurry, she turned her body away from me and I got to see her backside for the first time. Unexpectedly, I found myself able to see her butt crack through the fabric of her panties. Now that I realized her bloomers were made of the same see-through material as her camisole, I had a sudden, intense desire to get a second look at her front side.

My wish was granted as Mel handed over the apron and she turned towards me and began to put it on. Just like her camisole, the small pair of bloomers were supposed to be loose and shapeless. But Honesty's widening hips and growing bottom demanded more fabric than the original design had apportioned. As a result, the sides still got bunched up into a vee shape and the lower front panel was stretched by her protruding pussy mound and lost its ability to conceal her feminine treasures.

Sure enough, through the fabric cradling her precious mound I saw a small patch of hair growing between her legs. The hair was light brown in color, matching her head, and looked to be incredibly soft. As I peered intently, I was able to make out the scalloped indent of her two outer pussy lips before the apron fell into place and hid it from view. From just that briefest of glances, I fell in love.

"All right, back to work," sang Mel, her beautiful voice echoing around the room. Then she gave her younger cousin a playful swat on her bottom. Honesty jumped and blushed, then dutifully picked up her watering can.

Her apron was sufficient, sadly, to modestly cover her entire front side. But as she returned to her task, walking from the room, I was delighted to find the apron did not extend to cover her panty-clad bottom. She had the exact same apple shape back there as her sisters, only in a different stage of development. The two rounded halves jiggled enticingly with each step she took, and I even thought I could detect a hint of pink where Mel had playfully spanked her.

Just then, a sudden strong sensation overwhelmed me, and my mind spun out into a fantasy. I imagined the cute fifteen-year-old, instead of walking out of the room, turning to face me with unbridled desire written all over her face. In my mind, she slipped off her apron with ease then tore at her underwear. Once she was as naked as me, she jumped toward me, her eyes wild with animalistic lust.

In my fantasy, I had to reach out to catch her, my hands holding her up by her spectacular ass while she wrapped her arms and legs around me and began kissing my face all over. With our naked bodies pressed against each other-NO!

I shook my head defiantly and dug my fingernails into my forearms behind my back as the hot desire threatened to bubble up from my balls. I took several quick, tense breaths in a desperate attempt to diffuse the situation while my penis teetered on the brink of losing control. It throbbed angrily, threatening a messy explosion each time. But, after several tense seconds, the urge slowly began to subside.

I closed my eyes in relief and cursed Mel in my mind at the same time. If not for her pernicious meddling, Honesty's sexy little strip show never would have happened. My horny body was already doing everything in its power to betray me, but now I had to worry about my own mind getting carried away and dreaming up erotic fantasies to break through my defense.

I redoubled my commitment to stay on guard and alert. But as I looked around the room helplessly, the heavy sense of dread came rushing back to settle over me. I couldn't shake the feeling that things were going to get a lot harder for me before they got any easier. Oh, how right I was!

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 17)**

With Honesty out of her dress and put back on task hauling water, Mel returned to what seemed to be one of her favorite pastimes, torturing her oldest cousin.

"So, what happened next?" Mel asked with fake curiosity. Cate watched her stalk her way around the room before attempting to salvage her speech. It had been interrupted so many times by that point, it took her a few seconds to pick up the thread again.

"The...dress is worn throughout the pregnancy and even after childbirth," she said, hesitantly adding, "the...uh...design provides easy access for a newborn suckling baby to nurse. After several months, it-"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mel, calling foul, "you skipped the best part! What about the elders?"

Cate blushed and looked at her cousin with exasperation while Mel approached to perform a private sidebar. I had no clue what the issue was about. And frankly, I didn't really care. I had a greater concern at that moment: the painful throbbing in my shaft. I had just experienced a close orgasmic call on top of the extended time stuck in an erection with no relief. I couldn't stand it much longer and had to do something.

If could just reach out and squeeze it in my fist, just for a few seconds, I knew it would feel so much better. I wouldn't even considered that masturbating as long as I didn't move my hand up and down! But I knew Lucy would not agree.

Finally, I couldn't stand the intense throbbing. It was an embarrassing solution, but I was out of options and desperate. Making sure no one was looking at me, I quietly turned my hips side to side, just forcefully enough to throw my meaty shaft back and forth like an upright, vertically aligned pendulum. It sounds like it would be strange and ineffective. But in reality, letting my cock gently slap against either side of my stomach somehow got the blood flowing and eased the pain.

I kept going as long as I dared without getting caught and welcomed the waves of relief radiating outward from my shaft. But my elation was short lived. As soon as I stopped moving, the ache began to creep back in.

About then, Honesty returned with more water. But I was careful not to look in her direction. I couldn't risk my mind getting carried away with another fantasy about her. With this load, it was decided that there was finally enough water for Annie to enter the tub.

With permission from her big sister, she eagerly stepped over the side and stood facing the room. Then she began scooping handfuls of oily water and rubbing it all over her naked body. Tasked with supervising her, Honesty stood attentively beside her to make sure she didn't spill any on the floor. Having Nessy face the room with her apron covering the important parts of her body, I was put at ease about any other erotic fantasies popping into my head, at least for a while.

Meanwhile, the two sparring cousins resolved their dispute, with Mel apparently on the victorious side, and Cate agreed to rewind her speech to revisit the part she had, for mysterious unkown reasons, left out.

"The dress is worn throughout the pregnancy and even after childbirth," she repeated, adding, "as you can see, the design allows for easy access to nursing. One...bizarre tradition, is for one of the designated elders to suckle first time mothers before they attempt their first feeding. The elders claim it stimulates the mother to begin producing milk and is also supposed to bring good fortune to both mother and baby. However, this barbaric custom is in no way grounded in medically-"

"So," Mel rudely interrupted again, "the elders just pop over whenever they get a craving for some milk? And the mom is forced to just give it to ‘em straight out of her breast?!"

Cate huffed, growing annoyed by Mel's repeated interruptions. "Not all the elders," she clarified, "just a designated one. It's a high honor and considered a blessing to-"

"Hey, you don't suppose that's what happened to Faith, do you?" Mel asked, her words dripping with nonchalance. Cate's shoulders slumped. Clearly her cousin was not going to let her get through this part of her speech without discussing the embarrassing particulars.

Honesty, who apparently knew this Faith girl, perked up. "What do you mean," she asked, "what happened to Faith? Is her baby ok?"

"The baby's fine," replied Mel to her younger cousin, "I'm talking about her husband, Eli. Didn't you hear?" she added, grinning with the opportunity to share some gossip.

Honesty looked lost and shook her head, so Mel continued. "Well, I heard that on their wedding night, Eli suckled her breasts the whole time he was breeding her!"

Honesty looked startled. I blinked in surprise, too. But honestly, I couldn’t give the conversation enough of my attention to really process what was being said. The ache in my groin had come back with a vengeance and demanded me to attend to it. My thigh muscles were also growing weak and had begun to tremble in earnest. They weren't used to holding me up in such an awkward position for so long. But my greater concern continued to be the maddeningly stiff shaft sticking up from between my legs. I took a quick look around then risked some more subtle hip rocking to relieve the discomfort and tried not to think too hard about anybody breeding or suckling anybody's breasts.

"...I swear it's true," vowed Mel, "ask Pilli-Cate."

She spun and put her oldest cousin on the spot, continuing her affinity for using obscure nicknames. Cate started to reply and was promptly cut-off, "I don't think this is an appropriate subject for-"

"Oh, just admit it," challenged Mel, "you're jealous of Faith. She always had bigger boobs than you growing up. She got all the attention from the boys. And she's already married with a baby while you don't even have a suitor!"

Cate opened her mouth to argue, but nothing came out. I was starting to believe Mel's claims about the suckling rumor. And she seemed to have struck a chord about Cate's jealousy toward her friend. Imagine a smoking hot nineteen-year-old virgin worrying that she was on the verge of becoming a spinster!

While I quietly rotated my hips in place to placate my aching cock, I tried to keep my mind from picturing some teenage girl the same age as Cate getting her large boobs suckled while she was being bred on her wedding night.

Mel was on a roll. Unchallenged on its validity, she was emboldened to continue her suckling story, "but that's not even the best part. I heard he kept doing it, too, suckling her like a hungry calf every time he bred her."

"You don't suppose he still suckles her now that the baby is here, do you Pilli-Cate? Maybe that's why she is so skinny and looks tired all the time," mused Mel, "I mean, the poor thing has to produce enough milk every day for a baby and a full-grown man!"

At that, a fully formed, and extremely inappropriate image popped into my mind and I had to drive it away before it took hold. This topic of conversation was not conducive to calming my arousal situation.

Mel made her way around behind her seething cousin, swishing her skirt widely as if to remind Cate about her own skimpy clothing and utter lack of a skirt. Cate, her face red with anger, tensed her shoulders and kept glancing behind her nervously. She knew her cousin was up to something, and it almost certainly was not a good deed.

As the tense scene played out in front of me, the next voice I heard came unexpectedly from off to my right. Annie had noticed something and had a question for her sister. How had I managed to lose track of the cute, naked tween taking a bath not six feet away from me? Was I really that distracted?

"Nessy," she asked, tugging innocently on her big sister's arm to get her attention, "why is Mikey's front tail wagging?"

Oh Shit!

I froze, realizing I had been caught swinging my cock around too much for too long. Honesty glanced over at me and smirked. From the look on her face, she had most definitely noticed my penile exercises the whole time but had just been too polite to openly stare like her little sister. So much for being discrete!

"That's not a tail, Annie," said Nessy, patiently, "that's his manhood."

"His what?!" replied Annie with a curious, dimpled smile. Her head titled to one side and her face scrunched up in a look of bewilderment. I was struck by her radiance - a skinny, naked girl with her silky blonde hair pinned up into a bun on top of her head, standing proudly in her tin wash tub. The oily substance she had lovingly and exuberantly anointed her whole body with made her glow from head to toe.

She was the picture of innocence and felt no shame or need to cover up her girl parts. But the sheer potential contained within her form was undeniable. There were hints of curves poised to burst forth all over her body. Her puckered pink pussy mound in particular sparkled cutely in the light, looking every bit like it was ready to start blooming.

It wasn't just her body on the verge of a new chapter, though. Her probing questions about me indicated a novel interest in boys beyond mere playmates. As soon as she met me, she could see our bodies' obvious differences. But for the first time, she was curious why.

"It's used for breeding," her sister explained, "to put his seed in his bride's womb and make a baby."

Annie thought for a moment before asking the obvious question, "...but...how?"

Honesty was wearing a simple, homemade necklace - a small wooden cross hanging from a thin, brown cord. She covered the cross with her hand, as if it were alive instead of an inanimate object and she didn't want it to hear what she was about to say. Then she leaned over and began to whisper carnal secrets into her little sister's ear.

Annie's smile slowly faded as her big sister delivered her very first sexual education lesson. She had lived a sheltered existence with no need to know anything about such topics in the first eleven years of her life. But Honesty knew enough and was a capable teacher. And her only mode of operation was to present the inexorable truth, no matter how sensitive the subject may be.

As Honesty spoke, the naked girl's eyes grew wider and wider, and her mouth fell open. Her mind blown, she remained frozen for a few seconds after her sister had finished speaking. Then, in a flash, she clapped her little hand over her suddenly vulnerable pussy; as if, any second, I might charge across the room and try to start breeding her!

Her bath completely forgotten, she stood in shock and stared at my equipment as if she were pondering its possibilities while new feelings and sensations awoke within her young body. Honesty was staring too. And from the look on her face, she was thinking similar, very inappropriate thoughts, particularly about breeding.

Feeling a fantasy of my own coming on, I quickly turned my attention back to Mel and Cate. That only made things worse! Mel, who still hadn't moved on from the topic of suckling, chose that moment to move against her cousin.

"So, who gets the honor today?" she teased Cate, "how about Mikey? He's kinda young to be an elder, but I don't see any other candidates. What do you think, Mikey? You thirsty?"

At that, Mel reached both arms around her cousin and flipped her top up to her neck, baring her naked bra-less breasts. Cate shrieked as her gorgeous rack was completely and intentionally exposed. She tried to wrestle the top back down, but teasing Mel had a death grip on the fabric, and her efforts only managed to jiggle her tits in an erotic display.

She couldn't run or even turn away to hide her bare tits from my sight because her athletic cousin was stronger and had the upper hand. She made a desperate attempt to yank her top free from her cousin's grasp and cover her naked chest. But when she only heard a loud tearing sound, she stopped fighting and froze.

I stared in awe as, with her massive pale breasts now exposed to the open air, her ripe red nipples grew plump and stiff. With little other choice, she did the only thing she could think of. She used her hands to cover as much of her premium breast meat as she could. She was able to hide both her plump nipples, but her hands could not contain such large melons. Her supple mounds spilled out pornographically all around her hands while a blush spread down from her face onto her exposed chest.

This time, a fantasy did form in my mind before I could stop it. In it, I accepted Mel's unbelievable invitation to suckle her cousin's tits. I imagined myself walking up to the captive Cate and gently removing her hands while I closed my lips over one of her waiting nipples. Having never tasted a girl's breasts before, I imagined they would be tart and sweet like strawberries...

I snapped out of my reverie as another glob of pre-cum surged up my shaft. But there was no longer enough room to hold it all on the tip of my penis. The clear, viscous substance overflowed its gathering place, and a small droplet began a slow roll down the bulbous underside of my quivering cock head.

As I felt another dangerous surge in my balls, I dug my fingernails into my arms again in a desperate attempt to avoid catastrophe. I quickly averted my gaze from Cate's breast offering only to come face to face with little Annie.

The naked girl was still staring at me, but with a glassy-eyed look. Her little hand was still firmly grasping her pussy and she was rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet. Because of Lucy, I recognized what was happening. Even though she didn't even know what she was doing, I did. For the first time in her young life, she was masturbating.

Her areolas had perked up to form little swells on her formerly flat chest. And her pale pink nipples made the most adorable little berry shaped tips now that they had grown stiff.

I would have groaned in dismay if I could have done so without my teenage voice betraying my true age. Instead, I suffered in silence. Teetering on the brink of cumming, I had to literally take it one breath at a time. I needed a miracle!

I didn't quite get a miracle. I got a distraction instead. And although it in no way got me out of the woods, it did allow me to survive a few more breaths. In my present situation, I had to call that a victory.