**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 1)**

I must admit, I have not been looking forward to this chapter of my story. If you can't tell, I am generally a private individual and would prefer to keep the more humiliating episodes of my life to myself. But after going into such graphic detail about all the sordid things I made my sister do over the years, it wouldn't make much sense if I skipped past the very first time, she gave me a little taste of my own medicine. And as much as it will pain me to do so, I guess I owe it to you not to leave anything out; not even the private physical descriptions of my...person. Sigh. Ok, here goes.

It was late August, near the end of the summer, when I received a mysterious phone call. That fateful call is what set the whole thing in motion. The caller only said, "It's coming tomorrow. Do not speak to or photograph the courier. If there are any police cars on the street, the courier will not stop or deliver the package, but will honk twice as he drives past. If that happens, you will be able to find the package in a trash can at the nearest park."

Then they hung up. When I brought up the strange call at dinner, Lucy's eyes lit up. I can't believe she figured it out before me! Then again, she had been waiting impatiently for that package for a long time; ever since her original batch of Riviera Dave's special lotion had run out.

The much-anticipated package arrived by private courier around dawn the next morning. Since I was the only one up, I took delivery of it. Bringing the heavy package to the dining room and opening it, I was elated to find a giant jar of green lotion inside. After making us wait months to be resupplied with his incredible elixir, Riviera Dave had finally delivered!

Assuming Lucy was still asleep, I saw an opportunity before me. She wasn't the only one pining for another hit of the sauce. I started to get hard just thinking about a nice stimulating jack-off session to start my day. Carrying the heavy jar to my room, I quickly stripped off all my clothes and stood in front of the full-length mirror which hung behind the closet door.

Not to sound cocky or anything, but I have to say I looked pretty good. Dad might not have left us kids much before he selfishly abandoned the family and then got himself killed, but I guess he did pass on some quality physical attributes. Good genes, as they say.

I liked being tall for my age. But after being forced to live on healthy vegetables all summer, my body had slimmed down quite a bit. I had noticed my clothes hanging looser lately, but it became most noticeable when I took my clothes off.

I don't think of myself as vain. But I will admit, this was not the first time I had stood naked in front of my mirror and marveled at my growing body. It was just so neat striking different poses like a body builder and watching my nascent fourteen-year-old muscles ripple under my skin. Don't get me wrong. I didn't have bulging biceps or anything. A better word might be "strapping". I was a strapping young man.

There was one noticeable exception to the slimming down process my body had recently experienced. And I had to assume Riviera Dave was behind it. You see, by his own admission, in addition to stimulating arousal when applied directly to certain body parts, his lotion was organically formulated to also stimulate growth of those parts.

Lucy was proof. She had been growing in the chest department ever since I started regularly massaging his lotion directly into her breasts. Now, I do admit, the whole thing could have been coincidental. After all, as her well-endowed mother's daughter, it wasn't hard to predict that she would eventually grow a spectacular pair of her own. Still, the timing of her recent breast development was pretty hard to ignore.

But I didn't just have that one piece of anecdotal evidence to support Dave's claims. I couldn't ignore the evidence in my own reflection. Without a doubt, as long as I had been sneaking doses of her lotion to aid in my masturbation sessions, I had also been experiencing my own form of a growth spurt.

You could say my penis was the one part of me that had not gone on a diet over the summer. Standing in front of the mirror, I marveled at how far down my legs my semi-erect member hung. In just the last few months, it had grown at least an inch longer when soft, even more when fully erect, and gotten thicker all the way down its length.

I wasn't hung like a porn star, or anything. And I didn't have much else to compare it to. But I suspected most kids my age didn't have a penis that hung a third of the way to their knees when soft. I can't believe I'm telling you all this.

The base of my dick was surrounded with light brown curls which extended up my abdomen to kind of form a fan shape. A light coating of curly pubic hair also covered my ball sack.

My organ swelled with excitement when I finally got the lid of the jar unscrewed and the scent of Dave's lotion hit my nostrils. Damn, had I missed this amazing stuff!

Nothing in my young life compared to the ecstasy I was able to achieve by rubbing that magical lotion all over my cock. Those stimulating compounds somehow unlocked a higher form of arousal unbeknownst to mortal man. Whenever I applied that lotion, a powerful sensation would rapidly grip my body and refuse to let go until I had achieved an explosive release. Even then, I would feel the chemicals swimming around inside me and pushing me toward an ever-higher state of arousal. It always took hours, and often multiple masturbation sessions, before the effects would slowly begin to subside.

Since I'm sure Lucy had the same reaction whenever I applied it to her happy swelling breasts, you can understand why we were both so excited to receive this new shipment of the addicting substance. But today, she would have to wait her turn.

It being a lazy Saturday, my schedule for the day was clear. I was really looking forward to a long, gratifying bate session. Dipping my right hand into the jar, I scooped out some of the gelatinous lotion. The slimy gel was translucent and radioactive green; like something you might find oozing from the site of a nuclear spill.

It smelled earthy and faintly sour, like the mystical plants which had been mashed up to make the balm were unhappy about giving up their lives just to be rubbed all over some random kid's dick. But I wasn't worried about the scent or the color. Having done this plenty of times, I knew the smell dissipated quickly and it always faded into a clear substance as it was rubbed in.

Fully expecting my knees to buckle, I planted my feet firmly, then made first contact with my waiting member. It was heavenly. I immediately felt the stimulating chemicals being absorbed through my skin as I eagerly coated every inch of my rapidly growing erection. I was careful not to spill a drop of the precious substance.

I looked giddily at my naked reflection and had to laugh at the kid staring back with a fully erect alien-green penis in his hand. But before I could even take my first masturbatory stroke, the door to my bedroom flew open. I spun around to find my equally naked sister standing at the door.

"Hey Mikey, can you give me a qui-" she started to say. But her sentence got derailed when her jaw dropped open taking in the unexpected sight before her.

Normally, I would have yelled something about respecting my privacy. But I was kind of in a compromising position in the moment. I had kept it a secret from her that I used her special lotion to masturbate. But now I was caught red handed. Caught...green dicked?

Whatever you want to call it, I was standing there, holding my erect penis in my right hand, with her very expensive green lotion obviously slathered all over it. Instinctively, I turned away from her to hide my shame. But then I realized I could still see her surprised face reflected in my mirror. That meant she could still every part of me, too.

As her open mouth curved up into an amused but curious smile, she began to draw closer.

Had I been less erect and had access to both my hands, I could have at least gathered my privates into some manner of protective shell. But I was already short one hand which was holding the heavy jar. And with my penis already fully erect, my other hand never stood a chance. I could only keep my fist wrapped around the middle part of my shaft and do my best to ignore the overwhelming chemicals flooding into my system.

With every beat of my heart, an arousing sensation surged through my body. It didn't help that, while I was trying to suppress it, I was watching a gorgeous naked girl walk across the room toward me.

I hadn't seen Lucy naked since the end of her last dare about a month ago. Her chest had grown a bit bigger. Even the simple act of walking across the room caused her boobs to jiggle and sway side to side. It confounded me how something so big on her still young frame could also be that perky.

Just then my cock jumped in my hand, and I decided it best in that particular moment not to continue pondering the gravity-defying characteristics of my naked sister's growing tits.

Seeing in the reflection, her big brother's privates slathered in lotion, her amused expression briefly turned to one of concern.

"Mikey, what happened?" she asked, innocently, "why are you using my lotion? Wait, do you have a burn?"

She craned her neck to look directly at the affected area.

"I...ubb," I stammered, unsure how to respond to that question. I couldn't possibly admit the real reason for stealing her lotion was to masturbate with.

"I'm fine," I said, finally, "really."

Then to show that everything was in order, I released my healthy, burn-free penis and dropped my hand to my side as casually as I could make it look.

Now it was my turn to confound her with a gravity defying physical stunt. She looked down in awe as my erect member continued to stick straight out, floating apparently unsupported in the air in front of me.

"I didn't know boys had a built-in handle!" she exclaimed.

Despite her countless nude stunts over the years, she didn't have much experience with male nudity. She hadn't seen me naked since before I hit puberty. And even though Joseph Beski had technically been naked for a good portion of her previous dare, she never got to actually see anything. It had only amounted to his immature little stiffy blindly poking her in the back of her legs all night.

Again, I didn't know how to respond to her unusual observation. I just stood there awkwardly while she stared in fascination at my magical floating appendage. My built-in handle, I guess.

Finally, a thought occurred to her. With a gleam in her eye, she casually asked, "Hey Mikey, how come you never do any dares?"

What?! I mean, it had been about a month since her last one. So, it was about that time that dares would start to be on her mind again. But me?!

When I shook my head silently, she began to cajole me in her sweetest voice, "Come on, you should try one. They're really fun!"

I started to say something, but got distracted when she fluttered her eyelashes and raised her hands into a pleading gesture. The motion drew her breasts together adorably.

"Pleeeease," she begged, "If you do it, I'll make it worth your while."

Worth my while? Now that was intriguing. But what did she mean by that? She jumped back in surprise when she saw my penis jump on its own. By this point in my bate session would have been wrapping up. And I still hadn't really even started. Mikey Jr. was not happy with me.

When I sighed, she took it as a sign of surrender and did a little victory dance.

"Ok, fine," I said, "I'll do a dare. But only for the day. And around the house. And you have to tell me what it is, first."

She stopped dancing and frowned at me, saying, "that's not how it works!"

Ugh. She had done so many dares by that point, she knew all the rules and rhythms by heart. I realized she wasn't going to waste her chance to give me a dare without making sure everything was done properly. And that meant, no negotiating terms.

My heart started beating faster. I didn't like the prospect of handing over control to my sister. What if she decided to send me off on some naked errand?! But at the same time, it was kind of exciting! Is this how Lucy felt every time I took control of her? I was starting to regret adding all those humiliating stipulations to her dares over time.

"Fine, what do I have to do?" I asked.

"No!" she stomped her foot, sending her naked body parts into a jiggling fit, "that's not how it works! You have to say the words, Mikey. You have to!"

"Ok, Ok, relax," I replied, "I'll do it."

She halted her tantrum as if it had never happened and stared at me in rapt anticipation.

With one last, regretful sigh, I said it.

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 2)**

I actually felt a great relief after I uttered those two little words. For once, the pressure was off me to figure out a challenging dare. That immense task was now Lucy's to perform. However, the relief I felt was quickly replaced by another sort of pressure. Rather, a sense of dread.

I couldn't stop myself from scanning back over all the embarrassing tasks I had made her perform and picturing myself in her shoes. Well, not shoes. She was almost always forced to perform her dares barefoot and naked. But you get the idea.

"Michael Jenkins," she began with a serious voice, then paused dramatically. My heart literally skipped a beat as my fate hung in the air. The anticipation was killing me as doubts crept in. What was she going to ask of me? Could I really do it? Was this how she felt whenever I reveled her dares? How agonizing!

When sufficient suspense had been added, she continued with barely contained glee, "I dare you to accompany me for the day and do whatever I tell you. But you have to stay...completely naked!"

My mind raced to process her words and calculate the risky implications of my newly minted dare. As my eyes started blinking, I realized they were fluttering in the exact same way her eyes always did whenever I gave her a dare. It must be a Jenkins family quirk. Calming my mind, I forced myself to slow down and think it all through without blinking.

Ok, things could be worse. I wasn't a fan of the whole "do whatever I tell you" bit, but as dares went, following her around for a day and helping out with her chores or whatever could be considered relatively mild. Then again, can any task be considered mild when you are forced to be completely naked while performing it?

Drunk with power, she looked my naked body up and down, probably deciding what humiliating task she was going to make me perform first. I didn't appreciate being appraised like a piece of meat. I particularly didn't like how often her gaze landed on my privates. My penis was turning back into its normal fleshy color as the lotion dried or evaporated. But the stimulants sure hadn't gone anywhere. I was still rock hard.

With a huge smile on her face, she laid out some additional terms, "you are not allowed to talk back or question any instruction I give you during your dare. Also, you aren't allowed to cover up at all without permission. And no playing with yourself. And no hesitating..."

As she continued listing off all the rules I was expected to follow, I realized she was just repeating whatever rules I had made for her in the past.

"...and I'm going to keep points for every time you break a rule. And when it's over, you will have that many extra punishments added to the end."

I nodded in agreement, hoping she hadn't noticed my attention drifting over the rules in the middle. God, I needed to masturbate!

"Ok, then, let's get started!" she said with the world's biggest grin on her face. "I want to start with a test, to see if you're really going to follow all the rules."

Pulling a pair of long athletic socks out of my sock drawer, she formed them into a makeshift blindfold. My world went black as she tied it around my head.

"Come on, Mikey, let's go figure out what to wear for the day!" As I would surely not be allowed to wear anything, I knew she was mocking me with that line. But I knew it wouldn't do me any good to jab back. In fact, it would probably make things worse. So, I kept my mouth shut.

Then, the most unexpected thing happened. I suddenly felt a hand wrap around the middle of my penis and begin to pull. I gasped and stumbled blindly forward, throwing my hands out in front of me.

"Lucy, what the hell?!" I exclaimed, slapping the foreign invader away from my privates and lifting my sock blindfold to peek out.

"Hey, no peeking!" she shot back, "that's one point for later."

Catching my violation too late, I quickly dropped the sock back in place. But how could she blame me for that one? I hadn't expected her to grab my...oh, no! She really did think my penis was some kind of handle, didn't she?

"All you had to do was trust me enough to lead you and you couldn't even make it to the hallway," she chided, adding, "as an extra punishment, because you hit me, from now on you have to keep your hands behind your back whenever you aren't using them."

This was not going well. Reluctantly, I clasped my hands in the small of my back and felt her wrap her hand around my cock. It was a surreal experience being led naked and blindfold through the halls of my own house. With my hands behind my back, I had no choice but to trust my sister not to lead me directly into a wall or tumbling down the stairs.

But even more surreal and intense was the gentle, tugging sensation her soft, dainty hand made on my turgid pole with every step. Reaching her bedroom, she led me inside. I heard a zipping sound of her window blinds being opened fully. Then, she positioned me directly facing the warm sunlit window.

"There," she teased, "now you have something to look at while I get dressed."

Of course, with my blindfold on, I couldn't see a thing. The real reason for putting me there was to make the naked fourteen-year-old boy stand in the window with his raging erection on display for anyone who happened to be passing by. My mind started whirring as I tried to picture the view from her bedroom window. It mostly overlooked our side yard, which was now her flower garden. Best I could recall, I wasn't in much danger of being noticed from the street. But it still made my skin crawl to think about the possibility.

After she was dressed, she grabbed me by my "handle" again and started leading toward the stairs. I still couldn't get over the fact that there was another hand touching my penis! Didn't she know it was an incredibly sensitive and arousing sex organ that she was treating like nothing more than a man handle? Wait...is that what that word really means?

Then again, she was so young, she barely knew her own body at that point. How could I expect her to know, for example, that with every step she took, her dainty little hand sliding up and down my shaft made an inadvertent jacking motion which sent ripples of pleasure through my whole body. That, combined with the chemicals surging through my system, had me seeing stars.

Here's a little pro-tip. If you ever find yourself being led around by your penis, try and convince the person to lead you up or down a flight of stairs. The sensation was heavenly. Something about the way her hand jerked up and down with every step made it feel even more like the hand jobs I regularly gave myself. But it somehow felt even better coming from someone else’s hand! By the time we reached the bottom, I was ready to burst.

I was in such a haze; I didn't even notice that she had led me out the front door and onto the porch!