**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 3)**

Trying to mask the growing panic in my voice, I called out, "Uh, Goosey, where are we going?"

"I...am going wherever I want," she replied, "and you…are accompanying me, remember?" Then she added angrily, "and stop calling me that. My name is Lucy!" To emphasize her annoyance, she gave my cock what was supposed to be a threatening squeeze. I wasn’t about to tell her that attempting to communicate irritation that way had the exact opposite effect.

As she led me off the porch, my body went into sensory overload. I could feel the morning sunshine warming every inch of my naked body. The birdsongs sounded much louder in my ears than they really were. It felt like they were mocking the silly, nude, blind boy being dragged around by his little sister. Everything, even the light gust caressing my bare skin, served to remind me of my total lack of clothing.

Her firm grip on my penis made sure I did not fall too far behind her. With no way of seeing where we were headed, I had to trust her not to lead me into a tree branch or off a curb. The constant simulation on my prick drove me crazy. By the time we came to a stop, it was throbbing.

"Woah! I can feel your heartbeat!" she cried. A blush formed on my cheeks as I realized she was holding her hand real still so she could experience the blood pumping through my swollen organ. I was embarrassed to be revealing such an intimate internal function of my body to her and was grateful that the white socks encircling my head hid my blush of shame.

With one last teasing squeeze, she let go of my throbbing member, and I heard our mailbox opening. So that was her excuse for coming out here! She was checking the mail. Picking such a random mundane task brought me comfort knowing that she didn’t have much of a plan and appeared to be making it up as she went along. But it still put me in an incredibly risky position of potential exposure.

Desperate to get back into the safety of our house, I started squirming where I stood on the curb facing the whole neighborhood; absolutely convinced that, any second now, one of our neighbors would walk by and see my total package waiving hello to them. I'm sure I made a hilarious sight standing erect with my hands behind my back like I was trying to hail a taxi with nothing but my cock.

"Oh, look at that," she said, once again mocking the fact that I was prevented from looking at anything, "the mailman delivered this letter to our house instead of Mrs. Davenport. Come on, Mikey, let's take it to her. Maybe she will offer us some tea and crumpets!"

Grabbing my handle and giving an insistent yank, she pulled me out into the street. Having convinced myself we were about to go back inside; I was sent reeling by this new development. The rough asphalt hurt my tender feet. I tried to walk gingerly and get her to slow down, but Lucy set her own pace and would not be slowed. She accused me of trying to stall. Kept on such a short leash by her insistent grip, I had no choice but to hustle along on the painful rocks wherever she tugged.

Mrs. Davenport was an old lady who lived a couple houses up and across the street from us. As a widow, she lived alone, but still wore fancy clothes and makeup every day. She used elegant words and spoke with a rich accent. She was just the type to serve crumpets.

As we walked along, I began blubbering excuses for why we should turn back.

"Come on, Goos-I mean, Lucy, we can't go to Mrs. Davenport's house. Not like this. You don't understand how much trouble I could get into." My arguments were falling on deaf ears, but I couldn’t afford to give up.

"I mean it, this is totally out of bounds," I pleaded, "this wasn't part of the dare. I thought we were just going to stay around the house. You're not being fair!"

But she was having none of it and just shushed me. When we turned and stepped onto what had to be the manicured grass of Mrs. Davenport's lawn, I started to panic. I was mere seconds away from showing off my recently grown pubescent manhood to one of our neighbors. How could I ever live something like that down? I'm not proud to admit it, but, in that moment, I resorted to begging.

I couldn't stop picturing myself getting caught naked by Mrs. Davenport. She would most certainly call the police to come and arrest me for indecent exposure or some other kind of criminal mischief related to pulling naked pranks on dear old ladies.

"Please, if you make me do this, I'm going to get arrested. Please, Lucy, give me something else. I'll do anything else! PLEASE!!!"

Stepping onto her porch, just before my fate was sealed, Lucy accepted my logic and came to a halt.

"Ok, ok, stop being such a baby," she chided, "I'll give you a pass this time, but it's going to cost you something else when we get back to the house. And I have a new rule. For the rest of your dare, you are not allowed to say anything except to answer a direct question. Got it?"

Certain I had just dodged a bullet, I nodded in understanding and felt a great relief at being allowed to turn around and step back from the edge of my own personal cliff of humiliation. After stopping by Mrs. Davenport's mailbox to drop off her letter, she led her blind naked ward back toward our house. But with each step we took, doubt began to creep into my thoughts.

I had struck some kind of deal with Lucy to preserve my modesty. But what exactly had I traded away to keep my body from being seen by some random old lady? Did I really say, "I'll do anything"? The further we got from her house, the worse the deal felt to me.

She didn't make a peep as we walked. Perhaps she was trying to think up a sufficiently humiliating next task for me. She certainly had plenty of personal nude experiences from which to draw ideas. Eventually, unable to contain my nerves, I decided to feel her out for clues.

"Um, Lucy, what was it you were going to have me do next?" I asked.

"Hey! No talking, remember? That's another point for later," was her only reply.

When we got home, she led me to our upstairs bathroom and allowed me to take my blindfold off. It afforded me a chance to see the outfit she had picked out for herself. She was wearing simple summer attire; light and cool. Her red sandals matched her tee shirt and her long, smooth legs ran up to disappear underneath a pair of cut-off jean shorts.

Her hair was held back with one of those plastic headbands, black. Having her stand there fully dressed for the day while I was forced to remain naked and aroused felt so weird. For once she was the one getting a front row seat to her sibling's raging arousal journey.

"In order to look your best for the rest of your dare, I think you could use a shower and a shave," she said with a wink.

All the pieces of my fancy shaving kit had been intentionally arrayed on the counter. Reaching over, she picked up the dangerously sharp straight razor and held it up to gleam in the light.

I could never forget the very first time she shaved her legs. More accurately, her legs were shaved for her by a very helpful fisherman named Dave. He had strung my naked sister up spread eagle in the middle of a bait shop with a crowd of curious onlookers and proceeded to expertly shear every hint of hair from her flawless young body.

Throughout the public shaving ordeal, she had burned with humiliation; especially when one of the audience members, a boy her age, had been invited up to apply the aftershave all over her freshly denuded flesh.

As payment for volunteering my sister for the demonstration, Riviera Dave had gifted me one of the shaving kits. It was my prized possession, and I was rather proud of the fact that I had already mastered the art of shaving my face without cutting myself anymore.

In time, Lucy had also come to appreciate the close shave experience that a straight razor affords. I still had no idea if she grew any pubic hair between her legs, because she always kept herself shaved bare down there. Just the image of her covering her cute little pussy with cream and carefully shaving it off made my cock twitch.

Lucy giggled in surprise when she saw my male appendage perform its latest trick. Damn it! Stripped of all covering, I couldn't even have a daydream without my naked penis betraying my private thoughts.

Grabbing the aftershave bottle, she gave me my next task.

"I want you to shave...all that," she said, waving her hand over my crotch. Then, grabbing the aftershave bottle, she added, "come to me when you're finished, and I'll help you apply this."

My face went white. Did my sister really just ask me to shave my pubes?

Walking past me to the door, she finished with, "just because you have permissions to touch yourself to shave, you better not try to cheat and start playing with yourself. I want you to keep this door open just in case I decide to come back and check on you. And don't forget under your arms."

Then, she was gone.

In the hopes of dampening the flames of my desire, I decided to go with a cold shower. Sadly, even though I was shivering, my dick was just as hard at the end of it as when I started. Dave's stimulating serum could not be defeated with a mere gimmick. They only relief I was going to get in my loins would come from masturbating myself to an explosive orgasm. Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to do that yet no matter how much my cock complained.

As for the shave, it actually went pretty well. I told you I was getting skilled at wielding that fancy razor. I admit, my hands were shaking quite a bit at first. But who's wouldn't with a blade that sharp scraping against their most precious jewels?

The hardest part was figuring out a way to maneuver around my ball sack; especially with a giant flesh pole constantly blocking my view. But in the end, I managed to remove all my pubic hair without nicking myself even once!

Before venturing out to find my sister, I took one last look in the bathroom mirror. That was a mistake. I didn't recognize the skinny little kid looking back at me. Without any pubic hair, I looked at least two years younger; with one exception. My stiff cock, which now sprung from a completely bald area, looked positively gigantic!

Suddenly light-headed, I had to grab the towel bar to keep from falling. I felt like I had stepped in front of one of those optical illusion funhouse mirrors. I stared in disbelief as my underfed, teenage body seemed to shrink away while my engorged penis grew larger and threatened to continue growing until it had filled the entire room.

In an act of self-preservation, I turned my head to break the illusion. But I couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that the mirror wasn't the problem. I feared that, by shaving off all my pubic hair, I was fated to bear to every lucky observer the illusion of a mere boy walking around sporting an engorged, oversized cock.

Of course, as I grew older, I came to an appreciation of my healthy endowment. But you must understand, awkward, insecure teenagers have a hard time dealing with anything that makes them look different; even attributes desired by society. It takes time for most of them to accept their changing bodies. In that moment, I felt like nothing more than a circus freak.

I might have been less self-conscious about it if I could get my chemically charged erection to calm down, even a little bit, or at least cover it with some modest clothes. But I knew without a doubt that Lucy wouldn't let me do anything of the sort until I had completed my dare and I was allowed relieve my arousal with a bate session.

I also suspected, any sign of embarrassment or reservation I displayed about my newly shorn equipment, she would pick up on and would not hesitate to tease me mercilessly and use it against me in my dare. My best bet for getting through my nude ordeal was to do everything in my power to act like it didn't bother me in the least. If I could limit my naked exposure to only Lucy, I thought I could keep up such an act. I had been lucky so far on that front.

With a dejected sigh, I took one last look at my pink, naked body, freshly cleaned and totally shaved, then turned to face my fate. If I only knew the humiliation that awaited me, I surely would have locked myself in the bathroom and huddled in the corner for the rest of the day instead.

**Dare Me - Chapter 14 - Mikey Gets a Dare (Part 4)**

My flesh-colored python slapped wildly against my belly as I descended the stairs. Walking around by myself with no clothes on was a surreal experience. I wasn’t cold, but my extremities still wouldn’t stop trembling. I don’t know why I was so afraid walking around every corner. It’s not like Lucy hadn’t already all my secrets by that point. Even so, some subconscious warning wouldn’t stop tickling the back my brain. Trepidly venturing through the house looking for my sister, I eventually found her in the kitchen. Having just finished breakfast, she was standing at the sink washing her dishes.

She didn't notice me at first because, due to my bare feet and lack of clothes, I made very little noise. I was practically a naked ninja, slipping silently into the room. Her head was bopping to a silent cheer; something she often did lately. Watching those perfect hips rock back and forth inside her jean shorts reminded me of her last dare when I had found her doing the exact same thing nearly naked except for an indecent little apron. I could clearly remember the sight of her incredible bottom flexing back and forth in that exact same spot…

Suddenly, an erotic memory flashed into my brain of my sister dressed up as a naked cheerleader working on her practice routines. The image sent a flood of hormones surging through my body. Overwhelmed, I couldn't prevent a little grunt from escaping as my already uncomfortably full penis somehow grew even more erect.

Lucy heard my accidental grunt and turned from her task. Her whole face lit up with delight when she saw what I had accomplished with my razor. She waved me over so she could get a closer look and make a full inspection. My bald member swayed menacingly ahead of me as I walked. After making me lift my arms to confirm I had also shaved my armpits, she was satisfied and had me stand against the wall facing the room.

Per her rules, I clasped my hands behind my back and stood at parade rest despite the position putting my naked shaved body on full display for her, while she finished putting her dishes away. Although, she was obviously trying to demean me, I was determined to stand strong and endure whatever naked humiliation she could dish out. But my determination faltered as soon as she turned around and I saw what she was carrying.

It was the aftershave bottle. How could I have forgotten about that? Suddenly facing not just humiliation, but actual legitimate pain, I dropped my tough-guy act and raised my hands in front of me defensively.

"Hold on, Lucy," I stammered.

"That's two more points for later," she replied with a devious smile, "one for talking, and one for not keeping your hands behind your back."

Double-ugh! If you've ever used aftershave, you know how much it stings. The alcohol in it seeps into even the most microscopic abrasions. The burning sensation only lasts a few seconds before the alcohol evaporates, but it can be quite a painful experience.

I had applied aftershave and felt the sting on my face many times. But I would never imagine doing something like to the most sensitive part of my body! What did Mikey Jr. ever do to deserve this? Reluctantly returning to position, I silently pleaded with my eyes for her to not go through with it. But I knew it was a lost cause. I wasn't going to sway her. On our vacation, I had made her endure something similar; probably worse. For her, the aftershave had been forcefully and very publicly applied all over her poor, defenseless body, including directly on her freshly shaved pussy. From the devious gleam in her eye, I could tell there would be no mercy for me. Lucy was out for revenge.

Unscrewing the cap, she liberally sprinkled enough aftershave to fully cover both her hands. With my pleas being callously ignored, I couldn't watch anymore. I closed my eyes tightly, clenched my teeth, and braced for contact.

The sensation is as exactly as excruciating as you're imaging it. I cried out as two cold hands enveloped each side of my red-hot poker. The alcoholic substance sent burning shocks like lightning radiating outward from her chosen point of first contact. She patted up the length of my shaft until she reached the bulbous tip, even though I hadn't even needed to shave that part, then worked all the way back down to the base.

After returning to the bottle to give her hands a second coat, she began applying it to my abdomen and then my ball sack with a gentle slapping sound. Her pats morphed into fondling, and she giggled in delight at getting to explore my foreign anatomy. I would have surely found her delicate, and incredibly soft fingers fondling my balls quite pleasurable, if I wasn't concentrating every fiber of my being on not screaming out in pain from the aftershave.

With one last, satisfied pat, she released my equipment saying, "my, don't you look handsome?"

Even though I was technically allowed a response, I was too busy recovering from my painful ordeal. Once she had stopped and the stinging sensation in my genitals had subsided, I breathed several sighs of relief in a row. I was just happy to have survived. But my brief respite was soon interrupted by the sounds of heels clicking down the hallway.

Mom! So, that’s what my subconscious had been trying to warn me about! Somehow, I had totally forgotten she was still in the house. My body tensed automatically as my brain screamed for me to run and hide my naked shame from my mother. I glanced toward the closest escape, the sliding glass door leading into the backyard. But before I could even take the first step, she stepped in from the hall to the kitchen.

"I'm off to work," she announced to whomever happened to be there, "I should be back by-Michael, what are you doing out here without any clothes on? Why are you naked?"

While her inquiry carried mildly accusatory tone, she didn't have the degree of alarm you might expect a mother who had just caught her teenage son exposing himself to his younger sister to have. Lucy's former dares probably had a lot to do with conditioning her and tamping down her reaction. After all, I had specifically told her multiple times how Lucy's nudity did not bother me in the least, and I had even seen mom naked more than a few times.

So, while she was still confused and remained curious to hear me explain myself, she did not seem overly concerned that stumbling upon her naked son standing in her kitchen was that big a problem. I, on the other hand, was dying on the inside. If anything, the curious look on her face as she ran her eyes up and down my completely naked body made me feel less at ease than any angry expression would have done.

Ok, yeah, it's not like she hadn't seen me naked countless times before. She used to change my diapers and give me baths, for goodness’ sake! But this was very, very different. For at least the past six years, if not longer, I had established and enjoyed my own sense of privacy. That privacy grew ever more precious once I started puberty. Other than the occasional outward clue, like my voice cracking here and there and outgrowing my shoes, she was not privy to my personal journey toward manhood.

But now, thanks to Lucy's stupid dare, she was getting an intimate update of her little man's more recent developments. She wasn't about to squander the opportunity to take in every detail of my growing body as it was laid bare before her. At least I could take solace from the fact that, as a side-effect of the painful aftershave experience, my penis had deflated to a somewhat less embarrassing half-mast.

Since she had asked me forthrightly, I was obliged to answer her obvious initial inquiry. But in that moment, I was struggling to formulate a convincing scenario that would explain my nudity. I turned to Lucy in the hopes she might chime in and bail me out with a plausible excuse.

Instead, adopting a false sense of genuine sounding concern, like she was worried I might have lost my mind, all she said was, "yeah, Michael, what are you doing out here without any clothes on?"

Damn that girl! They both turned their attention back onto me while I wracked my brain for a response. It would have helped if mom would stop staring up and down my naked body with that amused smirk on her face.

"I, uh, well Lucy..." I stammered, "Lucy asked me to...accompany her...for the day." Ok, that didn't go well.

When they both kept staring at me, expecting me to keep going and get to the part that explained why I had to take all my clothes off to accompany my sister, I was obliged to continue.

"I was going to...uh..." looking quickly around the room for any sort of inspiration, I happened to glance through the glass door overlooking the back yard.

"I was going to help Lucy in the garden...and, I didn't want to get my clothes dirty!" I said, relieved to have come up with something that made at least a little bit of sense.

"...and you don't have anything else you could put on? Not even some play clothes?" she asked incredulously.

"I really don't," I replied, trying to sound sincere, "uh...besides, it's just so hot out there...it's...easier, this way."

"Easier...naked," she wondered aloud turning her attention directly at my semi-erect penis wavering uncertainly in the air in front of me. It was rapidly recovering from the aftershave incident, and I could literally feel Dave's stimulants creeping back into effect. I could only purse my lips and hold out hope that my penis would behave itself and stay down long enough for mom to leave for work.

"Do you want some breakfast before you go?" Lucy offered helpfully. I looked intently toward my sister and my exasperated expression was met with an impish countenance.

"Cut it out, Lucy," I feebly interjected, "didn't you hear her? She's in a hurry to get to work."

But mom deftly crushed any hopes of a quick end to my embarrassing family exhibition when she said, "well, I suppose I do have time for a cup of coffee. And maybe a piece of toast?"

My shoulders slumped as Lucy happily turned to get out the toaster. I knew she wouldn't let me help move things along. My only job was to stand at attention and be a lewd piece of naked male eye candy for two girls to enjoy while they broke their fast.

As Lucy took an agonizingly long time to get a single piece of toast buttered before getting around to deliberately setting up the coffee maker, I tried to keep my thoughts occupied with things other than the chemicals coursing through my system and the persistent stirring in my loins. But mom wasn't making it easy. She wasn't the least bit shy about openly appraising my healthy young package. I suppose I couldn't blame her for looking. The way Lucy had instructed me to stand, facing the room with my hands clasped behind my back, could only be interpreted as an open invitation to peruse my most intimate anatomy.

As she intently studied my male equipment, she looked like a detective trying to solve a mystery. When I caught on that she was puzzled by my lack of pubic hair, I blushed. She must have assumed I was still too immature and unable grow pubic hair. But if I hadn't started growing yet, why was my johnson already that size? And why did those two full balls bulging out both sides of my pole look like they were already capable of producing a healthy amount of semen?

Part of me wanted to correct the record and explain that I had just shaved all my hair off that very morning. But a bigger part of me wanted to change the subject altogether. The way she kept staring at me like that was bordering on impolite. Finally, when I couldn't stand the persistent attention anymore, I let out an exasperated, "what?!"

"Oh, nothing," she replied airily, "I was just thinking about how much you've grown lately. Hmm...I never realized how much you resemble your father!"

I blushed even harder when I pieced it together. She was specifically referring to certain anatomical qualities I must have inherited from my dad. Then...it happened. The stirring became too much to control. I could feel my erection returning but I was powerless to stop it. With each throbbing pulse of my heartbeat, my cock began to stiffen.

She was briefly distracted by Lucy delivering her hot cup of coffee and didn't notice at first. As she cautiously sipped her brew, she felt obligated to clarify something, "not your personality, exactly. You're much kinder than he ever was. It's so nice of you to offer to help your sister in the garden, too! You certainly are growing up to be a nice young man."

She looked back up just in time to see my penis finish expanding to its full length. It was as stiff as iron and almost pointing straight up.

Her mouth forming into a big smile, in a soft voice almost to herself, she added, "you're going to make some lucky woman very happy someday."