

JILLICIOUS EROTICA

Stories of Family Love



Erotic Incest Fantasy Fiction

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Introduction

A collection of incest stories mostly dealing with sibling love. The intent of my stories is to explore the emotional as well as sexual aspects of such relationships. These are intended to be short stories for a quick read. There are a few longer and unfinished stories included as well. They will be finished as time permits with this file updated as necessary.

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One Last Slumber Party

It started simply enough. I had persuaded my parents to let me have one last slumber party before my friends and I headed off to college. The guests were just a few close friends, Crystal, Jen, Emily, Katie, and then there was me, I'm Karrie. It started off great with reflecting of crazy things we did during high school and the occasional embarrassing moment. It wasn't long before our slumber party had digressed to a silly game, a mix of truth or dare and spin the bottle. The game was simple; a democratic vote on a dare followed by a spin of the bottle to see who had to carry it out. We affectionately called it bottle dare.

Our game started innocently. The dare was originally intended for us to share deep held secrets about ourselves. It wasn't long before it started becoming physical. Some of the dares given involved two spins, to decide the girls involved. My friend Crystal ended up kissing Jen, passionately. Then I had to suck on Emily's boob. Katie licked Jen's pussy, Crystal had to masturbate to orgasm in view of all of us, Jen had to get a spanking from all of us, Emily licked up Crystal's orgasm juice after she was done, and Jen and Katie scissored each other. Yes, our game had gone from sharing embarrassing moments to creating more.

It soon started to involve more than us girls. Crystal suggested that one of us had to go flash my brother, Kevin. We all knew that Crystal had the hots for Kevin although she would never admit it. Her incessant flirting gave us all the information we needed. Fortunately for her Kevin was home from college for the summer. Of course I disagreed with the dare. I didn't want to end up being the one to show off my stuff to my brother. Despite my dissent the vote went out and the dare was agreed upon. The bottle was spun, every time the bottle neck passed me I sighed with relief. When the bottle finally stopped, pointing towards Emily, I figured I had dodged a bullet. She dutifully went to Kevin's room, with all of us

watching from the hallway. Her shirt came up, her tits came out, and Kevin's jaw hit the floor. She smiled and scurried back to my room.

I imagine that Kevin figured he had won the jackpot. A random flashing of breasts for his masturbation fantasies. I also figured that would be the end of Kevin's involvement in our degrading game. How wrong I was! Fueled by her adrenaline rush, Emily suggested the next dare, one of us had to kiss him. The bottle spun up and again I was relieved to see it land on anyone besides myself. This time it was Jen's turn. She quickly bounded down the hallway, knocked on his door, and offered up a kiss. Of course he complied with her request.

Upon Jen's return she suggested another dare involving Kevin. I could see where this was going and it was only a matter of chance before I finally got hit with doing something with my brother. Before I could voice my opposition Jen informed us of the next dare, one of us has to invite him into the room to make playing the game with him easier. Katie quickly spun the bottle and it finally stopped, on me. For being a dare including my brother it wasn't that bad of a dare to fulfill, all things considered. So I made my way to Kevin's room.

"What the hell are you doing in there," he asked.

"It's a dare game. Sort of like truth or dare but we spin a bottle to see who has to do it, and apparently without much truth happening," I informed him.

"So what does this have to do with me?"

"The other girls suggested you might want to join us in my room to make this a little easier to include you."

"Wow," Kevin seemed nearly speechless.

"You don't have to if you don't want," I said.

"Oh, I'm definitely coming in there. But what if we have to do something?"

"Let's just hope that doesn't happen. If it does we'll just have to close our eyes and pretend we are with someone else."

Kevin just smiled at me, "As long as you are okay with this."

"Well, I don't want to make my party be lame, so I guess."

Kevin joined us in my room. Throughout our few dares with him we had all gotten dressed to observe their completion. So it was as if we were starting over but with new blood in the mix.

Crystal looked intensely at Kevin, "Why don't we let Kevin suggest the dares from now on?" The look in her eye gave us the impression that she was looking for some intense action from him. The rest of the girls thought that was a great idea and none of them seemed to notice that I was now in an awkward position with my brother, sexual dares being offered up which needed to be fulfilled.

The first dare wasn't too bad. It didn't involve any physical touching with Kevin. One of us had to get naked and stay that way for the rest of the game. We took our spots around the bottle and spun it up. Just my luck it landed on me. Now twice in a row. My friends looked at me as I stood up. I could feel Kevin's gaze as I began to remove my clothes. Katie cheered

me on as she could see I was feeling timid. So I did it quickly, like jumping into a pool of cold water or ripping off a Band-Aid. I sat down trying to cover myself as best I could.

"What are you doing," Jen asked?

"Yeah," Crystal joined in. "Turn around and let Kevin get a look of how hot you are."

I complied with their requests and turned to face Kevin. I could see and feel his eyes moving up and down my naked body. I kept my legs crossed and my hands over my lap.

"Oh come on," exclaimed Jen. "Show him your cooch!"

I apprehensively moved my hands and leaned back. I spread my legs for him to see, reaching down with one hand to slightly spread open my lips for his viewing pleasure. I was a bit ashamed for him to see my pussy was rather wet from this game of play. The intense moment was stopped with Katie suggesting that Kevin give us another dare.

So the game moved on, suggestions from Kevin nearly identical to what we had done before. Katie masturbated for him, I kissed Crystal, Emily and Jen made out, Katie licked my pussy, and Crystal was felt up by Kevin. Oh you should have seen Crystal's face when she was chosen to be groped by him. We could all tell she loved every minute of it.

It was after Kevin was exploring Crystal's body she suggested that one of us should fuck him. It was the inevitable dare. I knew it would lead up to this. I figured it would be really hot to watch my brother get it on with one of my friends but I prayed that I would be excluded from this dare. I shyly stood away from the bottle assuming they would ignore my self non-admission. Crystal, Jen, and Emily looked at me as if I were to assume my spot

among the circle around our bottle. I could see Katie didn't want me to join in on this one but kept her opinion to herself. I gave into peer pressure and joined in. The bottle spun for what seemed an eternity. As fate would have it the bottle chose me to be penetrated by Kevin.

"This is going to be hot," Jen stated emphatically.

"Stop," Katie finally spoke. "We can't make her have incest sex with her own brother."

"No, we can't make her do it," Crystal said. "This is a dare and if she doesn't fuck him then she will be eternally our slave. However, if she does, she will be the undisputed champion."

Emily joined in with a suggestion of her own, "Karrie, if you do it with your brother then I've got a hundred dollar bill in my purse with your name on it."

I looked at Emily, "Show me first."

Emily went for her purse and pulled out a tantalizingly crisp bill with Benjamin Franklin staring at me. Jen, Katie, and Crystal all jumped up and went for their purses as well.

"I've got sixty bucks to contribute," Jen said.

"I've got a fifty," Katie said.

"I've got seventy-five dollars," said Crystal. "And a condom too."

I looked at all four of them. "So if I do this I'll get close to three hundred bucks."

"Yes," they all seemed to apply in unison.

"You really want to watch me fuck my own brother?"

"It would be so fucking hot," Jen replied. Emily and Crystal were also exited by the thought and Katie just shrugged her shoulders.

I looked over at Kevin, "It's up to you."

I sighed deeply and agreed. The girls all jumped with excitement. "Can I put the condom on," Crystal asked?

"Go ahead," I told her.

Crystal moved towards my brother with the other girls in tow. Together they all stripped his body of clothing and planted sensual kisses all around. Crystal moved down to his cock and took her sweet time putting the condom on. She was able to get in a little jerking and a bit of mouth action before the others pulled her away.

My friends moved aside making room for me. I lay down on my bed turning my head to one side and closing my eyes. My brother made his way on top of me and was ready to penetrate my pussy when we were interrupted.

"Not like that," Jen said. "Open your eyes and look at him. Share your souls as you fuck." I couldn't believe this was happening. My brother was mere centimeters from having his way with me while my best friends watched.

I opened my eyes and stared deeply into my brother's eyes. He kissed me softly as he pushed his cock into my soaking wet pussy. He started pumping me full of his cock. Damn he was good, much better than my now ex-boyfriend. He fucked me vigorously while the girls watched. Jen began masturbating and Crystal kept trying to get in on my action. She just wouldn't stop rubbing Kevin's ass, legs or back. It didn't take long for Emily and Katie to begin rubbing each other as they watched Kevin's manhood piercing me.

I got lost in the excitement and the taboo nature of our actions. I began moaning loudly and yelling for him to fuck me. Crystal joined in with cheers of dirty talk. Jen also shared her excitement while Katie and Emily cooed in delight.

Jen quickly reached orgasm through her masturbating and joined Crystal in her groping of our illicit sex. Instead of reaching for Kevin she caressed my body. Her touch helped accelerate my body into a flurry of an orgasm. Kevin kept fucking me faster and harder as my muscles twitched and I screamed in sexual satisfaction. Kevin's cock continued to fuck me throughout my seizing orgasm.

My pussy was satisfied and my clitoris was sensitive but I continued to endure my brother's relentless fucking. Katie and Emily had gotten each other off and joined us all on my bed with their hands all over me and Kevin. It wasn't long after this that I could hear Kevin beginning to breathe more heavily. I knew he was close to cumming. I watched his face as he buried his cock balls deep inside of me. I could feel the pulsating of his cock as it emptied itself, inciting a small orgasm inside of me.

When he was done he collapsed on me as his cock slipped out. One of the girls removed the condom and they all took turns rubbing the cum out of it on each other. They also took turns stroking his cock as it lost its hard state.

Kevin moved his head next to mine and whispered in my ear, "That was amazing. Thank you."

I kissed his cheek and whispered back to him, "I liked it too. Hopefully next time my friends won't be here to interrupt us."

"Do you want to do this again," he whispered back inquisitively.

"Anytime," I responded.

By this time the girls had returned to Kevin and I. They began rubbing themselves on top of us and before long we were a large sweaty pile of nakedness. Everyone seemed so content with our cuddle puddle and would have stayed there for hours. But like all good things it had to end. Boy did it end quickly when we heard the garage door open, my parents were home. Kevin grabbed his clothes and darted to his room.

The rest of us threw on panties and night shirts just in time. We all laid back down on my bed and started giggling as my mom opened my door. "Hello," she said intrusively. "It sounds like your all having fun in here." We all responded affirmatively. "Have you seen Kevin at all tonight," she asked.

I hated lying to my mother but I sure as hell wasn't going to tell her that her mommy's boy just fucked his sister. "No mom. I think he has been in his room all night," I said to her.

"Okay," my mom said as she began shutting my door. "Don't stay up too late."

We were all quiet as we heard my mom knock on Kevin's door. We opened my door and strained to hear anything that she said to him. We didn't hear much of anything but it must have gone well because she never said anything to us that night.

We sat up talking about how hot the sex was. Even Katie admitted that she would like to see us do it again sometime. All of them even mentioned how it was money well spent. So after we knew my parents were asleep we went and woke Kevin, inviting him back into my room. He offered to sleep with the rest of my friends. All but Crystal refused as they wanted to see him do me again. Crystal wanted to try him out for herself. So while he banged her we all just watched impatiently. We could even tell Kevin wasn't too into her and was more exited about doing me again that night. I even had a little jealous streak come over me while they were doing it.

That night my friends watched my brother fill me with his man meat over and over as his cock was able. The time between erections was getting longer and longer. Before long my friends had fallen asleep.

I cuddled up to my brother, "Stay in my bed tonight."

"I can't," he said. "I told mom I would go with her in the morning. She can't find me in here."

He cuddled with me for a bit longer before he moved off my bed. I looked up at him from my sleepy state, "I love you Kevin."

"I love you too sis."

We have continued our relationship. Although sibling sex in a dorm room is difficult. It is sometimes hard to clear the room of all roommates. We'll have to do something different next year to avoid roommate problems.

Lost In Space: The Lost Episode

"Danger, Will Robinson! Dan-guu-weeaaar," the robot's voice had died out execrably.

If Penny Robinson had to listen to Robby the Robot's continuing malfunctioning programming any longer she would scream. Will had done his best to keep the damn pile of junk running after all these years. Long years lost in space with no clear destination. After the disappointment of misleading alien life in the Alpha-Centari system, they decided to head back to Earth. Along the way their computers had somehow miscalculated the course. And now they were truly lost in space. The only real explanation was the extreme magnetic interference from the junk planet they had once encountered.

They had persisted for many years, scraping by with the meager scraps of food they could find, until they could get their hydroponic garden back at full strength. Deuteronium had proved to be rather abundant among the stars; providing enough fuel to continue on to a habitable planet. At this point any habitable planet would do. The Robinson family had planned on stopping at the first blue dot they found, to settle and be the first parents, a sort of Adam and Eve of that planet.

Penny had grown weary of being consigned to live in the desolate vastness of space. Years had passed without sight of any system of planets. After all this time she had blossomed into a beautiful young woman. But what man would have her? They had the foresight to bring along enough clothing and food for the entire family. In their planning they had completely ignored providing a future mate for both her and Will.

These thoughts had come upon her as they prepared for the wedding of Judy Robinson and the ever handsome Major West. She was harvesting extra food from their hydroponic garden in order help celebrate the coming events. How she longed for her own marriage. The day she would be treated as a princess to celebrate the beginning of a new life. To her dismay she knew that day would never come. She would never have the same opportunity as her older sister Judy.

Even the old codger, Dr. Smith, was not even an option. He had passed away after a rather large diamond had fallen from his shelf onto his head during the night. John Robinson jettisoned him out into the emptiness of space along with that huge rock. There was no

need for greed out in these parts, as there was not a single soul to trade with. Judy had given up on ever having a true love.

Penny was not the only person aboard the ship who had grown up without hope of finding a significant other. Will Robinson had also grown into a handsome man while his hormones had been raging for years. The only thing keeping him busy was Robby the Robot. Were it not for the constant breakdowns Robby was troubled with he would be instead servicing himself more frequently. There is only so much a young man can do in space. Even Will had noticed the imbalance of available women. He had no other prospects, not one. Only his mom and two older sisters were aboard for this trip.

Will was not as much of a pessimist or prude as his sisters or mother, at least not in thought. What everyone else saw as an unfortunate situation to be in was in fact a great opportunity for Will. As they aged he began to notice his sister, Penny. How could you blame the guy? She was the only other single girl around for millions of astronomical units. He knew it wouldn't take a lot of convincing to get her interested. He had noticed her looking at Major West and occasionally even at him. The only difficulty could be convincing the rest of the family. None of them could possibly stand for such an idea. Will knew he had to try despite what they may say.

Penny had retired to her quarters. A small area with just enough space for a bed, a desk, and a chair. It was about the size of a dorm room would have been had she stayed on Earth and gone to college. But instead she was stuck out, literally in the middle of nowhere. Tears came to her eyes as she considered their future prospects. She began to wipe her eyes as she heard a knock at her door.

"Penny," it was Will's voice that she had recognized. "Penny, may I come in?"

"Yes Will," Penny said while trying to hide her whimpering. "Please come in."

"Have you been crying," Will asked.

"Just a little," she replied.

"Whats bothering you? You know I'm here to help."

"I'm just sad is all. Judy is getting married to Don. It seems like mom and dad have always been married. And well," Judy began catching her breath, "well you and I Will, we won't ever have anyone to marry."

"That's what I came to talk to you about. I feel the same way. I look at mom and dad and they seem so happy. I look at Judy and Don and I know they will have a happy life. I want that too Penny."

"But with who Will? There is no one left for us."

"Yes, Penny, there is someone left for both of us. We are left for each other."

"William Robinson!" Penny's reaction had been enough to let Will know what she thought. But she still voiced her thoughts nonetheless. "Do you know what that would mean? Do you have any idea? It would be wrong! It would be incest!"

Will took a seat next to Penny on her bed. "Yes, I know what it would be. But what other choice do we have? Even if we find a habitable planet to populate someone will have incest to keep humans alive there. Us or Judy's offspring. I say we just do it. I would respect your decision about us, but I really think you should consider my proposition. We may not have anyone but we could have each other."

The gravity of their situation came crashing down on Penny. She knew Will was right in his assertions but was having a hard time coming to terms with her only option.

Will waited in silence with Penny. He could tell she was mulling over his words. He put his arm around her and pulled her in, thinking a few actions could help convince her. She looked over at him, with a concerned look on her face. He could only do one more thing. Will leaned in and planted a kiss on Penny's fertile lips.

Penny did not stop him. Instead she kissed him back, their lips locking in a loving and understanding way. She finally pulled back and leaned her forehead against his. "Will," she said, "What would we ever tell mom? What would dad say? They would never allow us to be married to each other."

"We can only do our best to help them understand. I love you Penny. We are each others only hope for true happiness. If mom and dad can't understand that then when we find a planet we can run away together and make it on our own."

"You really love me Will?"

"Yes Penny. I do love you with all my heart." Will's blood pressure was about to erupt. He had just affirmed his feelings towards his sister. It had only been a few seconds but it had felt like hours. The silence finally got to him and he pulled his forehead away from hers and moved in for another kiss. As their lips touched Will could feel the electric shock of love being returned to him from his sister. He knew she had come to the same conclusion as he had.

Will moved back slightly as to break apart from Penny. She in turn moved forward slightly to stay in contact. Will knew this kiss would be more than what he had originally bargained for. Penny leaned further in until Will had fallen over backwards onto her bed. The loving kiss quickly turned lustful as Penny became more aggressive towards Will. She motioned for him to move completely onto the bed where she straddled him and continued to smother his face in kisses.

Penny sat up for a moment. She looked deeply into Will's eyes as she lifted her ratty old dress up over her head. Will's eyes were engulfed in the sight of her perfect breasts, those nice round orbs of passion hanging over his head. Her perfect curves lead directly to her slightly darker aureoles which in turn accentuated her erect nipples. Will reached his hand upwards and cupped his sister's perfection in his hands. In turn Penny let out a slight moan of affirmation.

"I believe I've fallen in love with the most beautiful girl in the galaxy," Will blurted out.

Penny's only reaction was to lean back down towards Will and slide her hands beneath his shirt, expressing a need to have him reciprocate her actions to remove his clothing. He arched his back as she helped him slide his shirt up over his head. She lay back down to continue the spattering of kisses, their bare chests coming into contact for the first time. For both this was an erotic moment which defied all expectations. Neither had been this far with the opposite sex, and yet, somehow, it felt so right to be with each other.

What to them seemed like hours was in fact just a short moment. The electric charge of eroticism surged through their bodies as Penny's kisses made their way down Will's chest. She reached his pants and fumbled with the clasp, until he finally helped her with it. Will lifted his ass in the air, allowing Penny to pull his pants off. His cock was exposed to the cool circulating air of the Jupiter 2 spacecraft. Penny watched as his erection throbbed with passion for her. She had never before seen a cock so close. Its long shaft topped with a huge head only increased her desire to have him inside her.

A different desire overcame Penny as she stared down at Will's cock. She had never thought that what she was about to do was acceptable. She gave his cock head a kiss before she plunged the entire thing into her mouth. Penny bobbed up and down on Will's cock as he moaned in appreciation. She became even more horny as the taste of his pre-cum tickled her taste buds. She leaned upwards while continuing to stroke his cock as they looked into each others eyes. It was as if they were sharing their souls through sight.

"Will, I need you to show me the love you feel for me," Penny erotically pleaded.

Will knew it was time for him to take charge of the situation. Penny had done her part to get Will naked. What surprised him most was that somehow she was still wearing those silly stretch pants they had decided on for their family space uniform while he was completely naked. They had exchanged places and he had in turn followed Penny's lead.

Will started back at Penny's lips, getting a little taste of his cock. He moved to her neck, lingering on her collarbone. Kissing down to her beautiful orbs he focused on her nipples as she moaned in delight. Finally breaking away he kissed his way down her torso, making a quick stop at her navel. He continued down to her light green stretch pants and began to give them a tug. She lifted her hips in the air to accommodate his action. Penny was now just as naked as Will.

The musty smell of Penny's pussy pulled him in. She spread her legs revealing her hairy cooch to Will's view. So many years in space they had gone without the comforts of luxury such as razors. It did not matter to Will. He still desired to taste her as he had done to him. He moved his finger up and down her slit, feeling her wetness. He lifted his finger to his lips and took a taste.

A little taste of Penny's pussy increased Will's desire. He plunged his face into her womanhood, licking up her wetness. The more he engorged himself on her pussy the more she expressed her pleasure through gratuitous moaning. He licked up her labia, sucking it in and extruding it again. As his tongue reached her clit she grabbed his head and held it there. "Lick me there Will. Suck it," Penny Pleaded. Will ravaging her clitoris as he was instructed. Penny continued to hold his head in place as she quickly reached orgasm.

"Will," Penny gasped, "That was amazing."

Will moved himself upon Penny. Their nude bodies rubbing against each other as he moved in for a kiss. Penny could taste herself on his lips just as Will had tasted himself when she kissed him earlier. "I want to spend my life with you," Will said.

"I would like that," Penny replied. She felt Will's dick pressing against her leg. She spread herself wide open for him. "You can do it if you want," she told him.

Will knew he had completely convinced Penny of their inevitable destiny. He pressed against her soaking wet pussy. Her womanhood gave way which allowed him to gently slide himself into her. They were now one. She gazed into his eyes as he began sliding himself in and out of her. They were both overcome with a pleasure neither had known before. A bliss so wonderful that Will couldn't help but cum after only a few sound thrusts of his cock; exploding inside his sister.

The look on Penny's face had told Will that she enjoyed the feeling of the sex they had just experienced. The lack of bucking back at him as he came informed him that she did not cum with him. He was a bit disappointed, "I'm sorry you didn't have an orgasm."

"Don't worry about it Will. You gave me one before," Penny replied. "Besides, the sensation of your sperm shooting into me was good enough."

Will leaned in for one more kiss as his cock slipped from Penny's love tunnel. "I'm happy you decided to be with me," he told her.

An interruption. The blaring sound of an alarm came from each speaker of the ship's intercom system. Four loud alarm sounds and then silence. Will jumped off Penny and began putting on his pants. Then a voice sounded across the intercom. "Everybody to the bridge!

We have reached a habitable planet!" The excitement in John Robinson's voice quickly spread to his children. Will dressed in a near instant and ran off followed shortly by Penny.

They had all come running onto the bridge. Out the window was the sight of a blue orb with green land. Maureen hugged her husband in delight. It was obvious that she had been overcome with tranquility. John looked at his wife and children. Then he focused on Judy and then at Major West. "Why don't we have the wedding right after we land," he asked with excitement. Everyone cheered in agreement.

Shortly after they landed John Robinson conducted a wedding for his daughter and Major west. It went beautifully. Judy was in the best dress they had on the ship and Major West in a nice clean uniform. And together they quickly ran back into the confines of the ship.

"Well," said John Robinson, "It looks like this planet is unpopulated."

"Don't worry honey. Don and Judy will soon remedy that," Maureen said as they both laughed.

"Mom, Dad," Will interrupted. "Since it appears we are here alone; Penny and I have something we need to talk to you about."

The Birthday Gift

Kyle was shocked at the sight. It was an unusually hard day at school and now instead of relaxing he would have to figure out how to deal with this situation. He was a clueless teenager that didn't even know what to say.

Before him stood a most gorgeous sight. She took his breath away, with her hair down and her body clad in a revealing baby doll. It was see through around her midriff. Through it Kyle could see the tiny thong. Her nipples were completely covered but the baby doll showed some impressive cleavage.

"Welcome home baby," she said. "I've got something special planned for you today."

Kyle stammered, "Bu... but I've... I've never even kissed a girl."

"Oh, sweet sixteen and never been kissed? This will be more exciting than I thought." She reached out and took his hand. "Come with me."

Kyle was lead back to a familiar bedroom with the door closing behind them. She leaned in towards him and kissed his lips. "Not too bad. We are going to have to work on your kissing." She motioned for him to lift his arms over his head. She gently removed his shirt. She kissed her way down his body. She knelt down before him. With her help his pants fell to the ground. Pausing for a moment she looked up at him, "You remind me so much of your father."

Grabbing Kyle's bare cock his seductress pulled him into her. She swallowed his member completely. This new feeling sent him immediately into erotic pleasure. She bobbed her head up and down on his dick, a feeling completely new to him. She began switching between stroking his cock and sucking it.

Kyle began fucking her back. He shoved his dick into her face, she did not resist. She grabbed his ass, guiding his thrusts. With his young age and his inexperience it wasn't long before Kyle's balls began to tighten. The first spurt of cum shot swiftly out of his cock. He handily filled his new lover's mouth with his love.

"Hhmmm," she moaned heartily, swallowing afterwards. "I love the taste of your cum."

"That was the greatest birthday present ever."

"Oh, baby. We aren't done yet. You are a young stud. It won't be long before your cock is up again. Why don't you take charge. I'll lay on the bed and you can explore my body. Start up top with my breasts?"

Kyle's woman lay on the bed and looked at him enchantingly. She slipped one of the straps of her baby doll down for encouragement. Kyle moved his naked body up on top of hers. Her silky lingerie felt fantastic against his skin. He reached up and pulled down her other lingerie strap. He tugged lightly until both her breasts were exposed.

Kyle had spent hours studying breasts on the Internet. Of all the naked women his eyes had come upon there were none who's breasts compared to the sight. The two natural breasts staring back at him were somehow more enticing in person than any breasts in pictures had ever been. He leaned in and began sucking on one nipple. His seductress whimpered, "Oh baby. Not so hard. Suck them softly."

Kyle did as he was instructed. He eased up on her nipple and began caressing it with his lips and tongue. She moaned with delight, an affirmation of her pleasure. "Would you like to try the other one," she asked? Kyle switched to her other breast, treating her nipple as gently as the other.

Kyle's impatience became apparent as he began tugging at her baby doll. She stopped him and helped remove it from her body. He sucked quickly on each nipple again and kissed down her body as she had done to his. He reached her thong, pulling it downwards. "Did you want to taste my pussy," she asked.

Kyle nodded in the affirmative. She lifted her hips as he pulled off her thong completely. She was now as naked as him. He moved his head between her legs. His nostrils sucked in the smell of her freshly shaved pussy. He kissed her pussy lips in a feeble attempt to please her. "No, lick it," she requested.

Kyle followed her instructions and began licking her pussy. His inexperience showed through again. Despite his imperfection of oral sex was bearable. She still enjoyed having his wet tongue wander between her lips.

It wasn't long before she felt him humping up against her leg with his second erection. "I think you are ready," she told him. "Would you like to come up here and put your dick in me?" Kyle didn't need a second invitation. He was quickly hovering over her with his cock at the ready. She reached down and grabbed it. She guided him to the proper location as he pressed himself inward.

A feeling overcame Kyle's body, one that surpassed the pleasure of the previous blow job. Were it not for that blow job he would have blown his load just as he first entered his lover's pussy. Instead he was able to hold out and after he got passed the initial shock of pleasure his desire to move greatly increased. His cock easily slid out and back in.

Kyle began fucking in and out. His cock slid with ease as his partner began feeling the pleasure of his member. She began moaning with his movements with her hips bucking back at him. As they thrust towards each other their skin slapped together. Thwack, thwack, thwack, was the sound of their sex. Her moans turned into words with each movement, "OH... YES... FUCK ME!" Only a few more lunges from Kyle's cock before it could take no more. He buried himself against her as his dick expelled its spunky seed.

Out of breath, Kyle collapsed against her sweaty body. His new lover began stroking his hair trying to calm him down.

"Not bad for your first time baby," she told him. "I know the more we do it the better you will get."

"Thanks," Kyle replied.

"I hope this was a good birthday present for you," she inquired

"Oh yeah it was"

"I must tell you a few things before you go," she said. "Your dad can never know about this. Now that you are old enough to do fuck me you can have me any time I am available and we are alone, just ask. But no girlfriends while you have me."

"That sounds great!"

"A few more things. You must obey me or else the sex goes away. Always do as I ask and keep good grades."

"I'll do my best mom," Kyle said.

She smiled at him, "Good sweetie. Now go tell your older brother that mommy is ready for him. I've still got a lot of fucking to do before your father gets home."

The Preacher's Wife

I am still amazed at how much jealousy and vanity exists among all these church going women. Of course I would have never learned this had I not married Dan. Being the shepherd of a religious flock my preacher husband usually ended up resolving many of these quarrels. And by being his wife I sometimes got dragged into the middle of them. I had to be the example that all these envious women looked to. I didn't do it for personal social status. I did it for Dan because I really love him.

I wasn't always pretending to be the perfect woman. Before I met Dan I was a slut - A real whore's whore. I would fuck nearly any cock presented to me. My cravings for cock were so powerful that I often cheated on my high school boyfriend. A boyfriend who my parents absolutely hated. My dad would grit his teeth and smile every time I brought him home with me. Nearly every time my dad would remind me of my upbringing in his religiously conservative home.

I stayed with my boyfriend because it upset my father and also he was large and looked intimidating. The intimidating part helped with my devious sexual adventures. But my dolt of a boyfriend was none the wiser. Despite my father's aversion to him he wanted to wait until marriage. He was always such a white knight. My boyfriend's insistence of waiting to have sex led me to fuck around on him. That and it was the easiest way to rebel against my parents.

My first exposure to cock was a dirty magazine I found which had been discarded by the side of the road. Seeing the images of sex aroused me beyond anything I had imagined. My

boyfriend would have nothing to do with me if I had pushed him into sex. Instead I learned to use my relationship with him as leverage. I became a master at seduction. So many insecure guys willing to do as I suggested. Most of the time I was able to manipulate them into thinking they were the ones who started our sexual encounters. I always went for the introverts. They kept their mouths shut and my pussy full. I was a full fledged virginity buster babe.

I finally broke up with my boyfriend when I went to college. He received an all out football scholarship to a major school in the Big Ten. On the other hand I ended up at the state university. Even though I was in the same state as my parents I was still a few hours drive away. For the first time in my life I had learned what freedom meant. I didn't have to tell anyone where I was going, what I was doing, or when I would get back. It was heaven.

Fortunately for me my dorm roommate didn't show up until the first day of classes. This left me a few nights to myself. Perfect for a cock loving slut. The first night I found the cutest guy who would give me the time of day and invited him in for a romp in the sack. I saw that guy around campus a few times while I was there but I never knew his name. I'm pretty sure he didn't even live in the dorms.

It didn't take long for my roommate to get the idea that I would be fucking any time I was there. She was such a prude; so similar to my mother. She would get all pissed off and storm out every time she saw a guys ass. Sometimes I would intentionally have naked men in the dorm just for the shock value.

The thing that changed my life is when sex went further than I was comfortable with. I went to the frat party expecting a nice fuck or a fun threesome. Instead I was dished up more than I had bargained for. It was an impetuous decision to go to the party in the first

place. I walked into a party with people I didn't know and no clear way out. At first it was no big deal. I did my regular party tendencies. I did my best to flirt and manipulate the guys into thinking they were getting a real catch.

Before long before I was sucking a cock out in the open. I was so against this. I would always seek out some form of privacy but this time I had lost my senses. A crowd formed and watched as I finished off this guy. I used his cum to put on a show for the rest of the party goers. It was an ego booster to hear guys cheering for a cum guzzling slut.

Shortly after I finished swallowing another cock was thrust into my face. I didn't think much of it. I went after that cock as I had the first. The other guys began getting more involved reaching in for quick grabs of my body. As I finished up the second guy I noticed that more cocks were out. I wasn't sure how long I would be able to keep this up.

After the load of cum splashed into my throat I was lifted upon the table. Man sausage was everywhere. I felt one pushing into my cunt while another guy was moving in for his turn at oral sex. My hands were guided to cocks of their own. The guy fucking me even moved a bit to accommodate one of his frat brothers. That cock ended up in my ass. I was being fucked in every hole that could fit a man. Despite this all-consuming gang bang I was able to glance around the room at all the other men looking for a piece. It was going to be a long night.

I woke some time later in a bathtub. I wasn't sure how much time had passed but the sun was beginning to crest over the horizon. All the cum shot on my body earlier had begun to dry. Crusty patches of it fell off my body as I moved. I had never seen or consumed so much cum as I had the night before. I stood up and felt the aftermath; my pussy was sore, my ass burned in pain, and my tits felt as if they had been squeezed to death. I turned on a hot shower and cried. For the first time in my life I felt awful for what I had been doing. My

thoughts turned to my parents. I could imagine my father berating me for my choices while my mother sat back and cried while she watched.

I knew I had to leave before anyone saw me. I finished washing the cum out of my hair. There were no towels to be found anywhere. I had no idea where my clothes were. I had to suck it up and walk out into this unknown house where I had been repeatedly fucked. Frat boys were passed out drunk all around me. I was able to find some pants that fit and a shirt that didn't look or smell too bad. I took one last look around at all the men who had their way with me. I had lost count on how many men I had been with a long time ago. But this sight brought tearful emotions forward.

I had no idea where I was whatsoever. The neighborhood was unfamiliar. The only thing I could do was walk, hopefully finding my way out to a main road. All the while my thoughts kept returning to my parents. I couldn't stop thinking about how disappointed they would be in their super slut daughter. I had gone far beyond the acceptable. I knew I needed to change. I knew my life was on the fast track to hell if I didn't do something different.

I finally came across a church. It pained me to think about going anywhere near it. In the distance was a main road, just on the other side of the full church parking lot. I figured church had already started and I would be fine if I quickly passed through. Instead I was surprised by an old lady who was on her way in. I really tried to come up with excuses to not go in with her but she countered every one. I felt as if I were beat emotionally, physically, and spiritually. I gave in because I was so tired of feeling contention.

The service was just fine and I was welcomed by many. Everyone was interested in what I was doing, where I was going, and how I ended up walking through their parking lot. I lied through my teeth about nearly everything. I just said I went to a party that went bad and I

had left, doing my best to avoid details. I acted as innocent as I did in high school. After all I was a master at hiding my true desires before I went to college. So when I first met Dan he just figured I was a good girl who got caught up in a bad situation. I've never told him the truth and I never will. I care too much for him to let him know what kind of a woman I was.

Dan was kind enough to give me a ride back to my dorm that day. It was a large enough distance that it gave us a chance to talk, getting to know one another. Conversation was natural between us. That was when he informed me of his goals in life. He wanted to be a preacher man. It was also when he first asked me out on a date. I honestly don't know why I agreed to go out with him, I think it was his show of respect for me without really knowing who I was. During the course of the week before our date I didn't have sex. I didn't even masturbate.

Dan and I have been married almost eighteen years now. I've lost the image of being a cock craving slut and inherited an image of being so perfect. If only the other women knew the truth. Dan has treated me well, cared for all my needs, and has even tried a few sexual acts that he first thought were too far out there. But our marriage isn't all about sex so I don't expect him to understand all my sexual fantasies.

The point of my story is not to tell you how I went from an innocent girl to an cock craving slut to returning as a preacher's wife. I have to tell somebody about what I've done. My latest transgression eclipses all others, even the frat party where I was gang banged by an entire fraternity.

Dan and I have made a great family together. At least it has been great up until our son Eric decided to go through his own rebellious phase. He reminded me so much of myself. He would do things just for the purpose of trying to upset us. Dan and I had always been able to

work through his disobedience. Just recently, after his seventeenth birthday, we had both decided enough was enough.

I decided to have a good heart to heart talk with Eric about his choice of friends, music, and especially the way he dressed. Had you met my son in public you would have never guessed he would be a son of a preacher man. I intended to convince him to change his image. Without a thought for his privacy I walked into his room with the purpose of starting my well intentioned talk. Instead what I saw was shocking, disturbing, and offensive, but I couldn't stop the excitement that filled me.

Eric was standing naked before me, his cock in his hand, his erection reaching towards the heavens. The erection and the porn being displayed on his computer screen showed the truth of his actions. The porn was an image of a woman being gang banged, a man in her every hole. The memories of my past had come flooding back along with my desire to fuck. Instead of acting ashamed Eric defiantly jerked his manhood in front of me. Almost as if to say, "Fuck you mom."

To be honest that was the thought I had as well, "Fuck you mom". I moved myself in front of my son. He was obviously expecting to be slapped across the face as I saw him cringe a little. Instead I moved to my knees in front of him. My hands replaced his around that nice cock. I lustfully sucked it into my mouth. I polished his stiff prick to the sounds of his moans. His actions let me know he had never experienced this before. He collapsed to his bed as he was overcome with pleasure. On top of that it didn't take him long before his cum coated my throat. Of course I sucked it all down. Every last drop. I even moved my finger along his shaft to milk out the remainder.

When I was cleaning up his tasty cum off his cock he did something that surprised me. Eric, my own son, reached down and groped my breast. I hadn't felt that inexperienced grasp in years, but it was familiar to me. I couldn't help but ask, "Have you ever touched a girls boobs before?"

Eric seemed almost frozen. After all I, his mother, had just sucked his cum down my throat. He stuttered as he responded, "I-- well-- I've--"

"Just tell me baby. Who was your first?"

"I-- Mom, I've never even kissed a girl."

I looked at him and smiled. "So now you have gotten a blowjob before a kiss." I took off my shirt and bra, exposing my breasts to him. I rubbed his semi-flaccid cock between my breasts to help bring him back to life. I moved up and kissed him. This wasn't the innocent mom kiss that we have always had. No, this was a deeply passionate and lustful kiss.

I could feel his cock beginning to push against my body. I stood back up and motioned for him to move completely onto his bed. In the meantime I dropped my pants and stepped out of them. You should have seen the look on his face with me standing naked in front of him. Shock and awe would be an understatement. My tits swayed before his gaze. I felt his eyes move up and down my body. He looked for a time at my trimmed pussy. I felt so naughty doing this in front of him.

I lifted my leg and straddled him across his bed with my breasts dangling in front of his face. His inexperienced hands guiding them to his mouth where his wet tongue made contact

with my nipple. He sucked them so roughly. It reminded me again of my earlier slut days when I would try to collect virginity as it were some sort of trading card.

I rubbed my dripping wet cunt along his shaft as he continued to ravish my breasts. I could feel my lubrication preparing his cock for penetration. I haven't felt this sexually exited in years. I lifted my head and removed my hair from my face. Eric's eyes met with mine as his cock slid deep into me. His eyes bulged with appreciation as I watched his virginity being taken.

I started humping my own son. Back and forth. Riding his cock as hard as I have ever ridden a man before. He grabbed my hips and began moving his hips in concert with mine. These actions coerced moans of delight from deep within me. What I was doing was so evil and yet so erotic. I had more than my fair share of cock in the past, but this was the first time I had been so morally unclean in the last eighteen years.

The thrill of infidelity mixed with the thrill of such a taboo act of incest put me over the edge. I bucked against Eric as the most intense orgasm ripped through my body. My orgasm subsided and I collapsed onto my son, our chests meeting in ecstasy. It was the most unfathomable orgasm I had felt. My love for my son, the incest, the infidelity, the taboo, the hatred for what my son had become, it all combined to be released through orgasm. It had been the greatest make up sex she ever had.

I rolled off of Eric and noticed his still raging hard on. I was never a woman who would let a man go without cumming. I motioned for him to climb aboard and take the lead. He exhibited no hesitation to my suggestion. His cock slid back into me. The look on his face suggested he was going to take full advantage of this situation. All I could do was gaze into his eyes as he pleased himself.

I reached for his ass as he continued to fuck me. He moved faster and faster. His defiance towards me was decreasing with every thrust of his cock. I moved in unison with him until I could feel Eric's cock begin to twitch. He advanced one last time, burying himself balls deep into his own mothers cunt. I pushed against his ass and held him in tight as his cum began splattering against my womb. The feeling of his cum caused another orgasm to overcome my body. I bucked with him until he was spent.

Eric lay on top of me, panting with pleasure until his cock finally went limp and slipped from me. We held each other. For that short time, despite our relation, we had become lovers. He leaned in and kissed me gently before he rolled his body off of me.

After some time I finally broke away, standing up before him. He watched as I began getting dressed. This wasn't the most impetuous thing I had done but it is the most transgressive.

Before I left his room I turned to him. I could see in his eyes that I had tamed him. "Your father must never know about this. And I expect to see you in church on Sunday."

My Brother's Plan

It all started when he went off to college. That's when I noticed it anyways. My brother's behavior changed so dramatically. He used to be rather shy. It started with a weekend visit. He had learned about, acquired, and utilized an operating system for his computer that I had never heard of. Linux. It was the first time I had ever heard that word.

Consequently I had been given the old family computer. It had soaked up enough viruses and malware to be nearly useless. For my brother this was a great testing ground. He came into my room and installed this new operating system. The whole time he was talking and laughing with me. It was the first time I have ever sat and giggled with my brother like he was one of my best friends.

Although Linux revitalized my computer I still wasn't too interested in it. I could use it to type up papers for school and play a little solitaire when I felt the urge. I just wasn't a big computer person. On the other hand my brother had become very computer centric.

Part of his enthusiasm for computers led him to take a chemistry class. This is when I began to notice huge differences in my brother. He had gone from a very shy and easy to read person to a very mysterious person. He would come into my room and ask me odd questions about hypochlorites, di-hydrogen monoxide, and my feelings about chloroform. It was the chloroform question that put me over the edge. I wanted to know what he was up to and I wanted to know quickly.

I knew he must have had some interesting clues hidden away on his hard drive. My biggest concern was how to get on his computer without him knowing. I knew I would have to sort

through porn and other various nefarious pieces of data, but somewhere in there was the answer to his rather oddball behavior.

This is when I suddenly became very interested in the old computer sitting on my desk running Linux. I knew there had to be a way to connect them and browse through his files without arousing suspicion. So I got involved. I got very involved. I signed up for some Linux forums and started asking questions. It didn't take much but I was completely overwhelmed with options. No matter. I needed to access his computer to see what he was doing.

I learned about the Internet Chat Relay (IRC) and how it was really the granddaddy of instant messaging. I learned about samba; which is an implementation of windows file sharing. I learned about other protocols that could connect the two computers together. But by far the most compelling application was called secure shell, SSH for short.

I tried IRC and quickly found that if I were so somehow chance upon my brother being there it would be easy to spot me. IP addresses are so easy to see on IRC. I looked at samba. I knew windows could share files and if samba was the windows way of sharing files I could get it to work. I spent hours upon hours reading samba how-to articles. In the end Samba didn't work out for me. It left too many clues behind that files were being shared.

It was when I started looking into SSH that I found a solution that could work. I just needed a short amount of physical access to his computer to make it happen. All I had to do was generate an encryption key and add it to his SSH configuration file. Then I could log in to his computer nearly undetected, unless he monitored his computer logs.

I began to bide my time. I waited for summer to come around. During which time I endured some really awkward moments with my brother. Perhaps the time I found him on my computer was the most awkward. I had come home from a friends house and there he was. Just another random weekend visit. He pulled a usb thumb drive out of my computer and did his best to hide it. For some reason he didn't want me to know that he had it in my USB port.

The awkward moment ended with him apologizing and saying he just wanted to use a computer for a minute while he walked out my door. I scoured through everything but couldn't find any change in any of my files. I was still rather ignorant about computers at the time so I found nothing about the usb drive. The only thing I found was a few porn sites had shown up in my browser history. I concluded that must have been all he did was l

Time passed by and my brother finally moved back home for the summer. When I saw him toting his computer into his bedroom I knew I soon had a chance. I just needed him to leave for a little while so I could add my encryption key to his SSH configuration file.

I thought it through. I went over it in my head. I planned it like it was a secret covert operation for the government that no one must ever find out about. I went over my plan over and over. I knew I wouldn't be able to get into his room for the first few days while he was settling in. So I practiced adding my encryption key over and over to make sure I did it quickly and efficiently.

I practiced on my computer connecting to his. This is when I found a most startling piece of evidence. My computer connected to his without my encryption key. No password needed and my encryption key was not used. I was completely baffled by this. Scared, I closed the connection and turned off my computer.

After a few hours I turned it back on and logged onto the Linux forums which had given me so much direction to begin with. I started asking questions. The conversation went pretty simply and it didn't take long for a smart Linux wiz to pinpoint what had happened. He suggested that someone else had put an encryption key on both computers. The best bet would be to check the log files and see who has been logging in.

Over the last few days my brother had logged into my computer quite a number of times. This is when it dawned on me what the usb key was all about a few months earlier when we had that super awkward moment together. All this time I thought it was about a few boobies but to my surprise it was about him spying on me. I felt violated and upset. But it passed quickly as I realized that was my intentions too.

With that I got up the guts and logged onto my brother's computer. It didn't take me long to find his porn collection. It was gigantic. I was so completely amazed at how many naked pictures he had amassed during his first year at college. I wasn't too interested in porn so I backed up and started looking elsewhere.

I browsed his music collection, which also grew immensely. I browsed through the pictures of him and his new college friends. I found some fun pictures but nothing that would make my mother cringe. I browsed through his documents folder. After reading some of the stuff he turned in for English 101 I was a bit ashamed to be his sister. His grammatical errors were atrocious. I would have proofread all of it for him and corrected it but I didn't want him to know I was browsing around.

Hidden among the myriad of files I finally found what I was looking for. It shocked me. I was in complete awe. I was disgusted and amazed at his intentions. I found a file called "The-Plan.txt" It was a journal of his thoughts. His thoughts about me.

It started out very basic. A quick explanation of it's purpose. He had apparently kept a physical copy when he was younger but decided to transcribe it to his computer and destroy the physical copy so it couldn't be found. It was all written there. Like a preface to a book, how it came to be.

The entries were simple. A date followed by a quick update or thought which included me in some way. At first it was just a few sentences about how I had been growing up and had developed into a pretty woman. At first it seemed very innocent to me, like a young crush. As I read through the entries in the journal I began to recognize that my brother had become more and more obsessed with me.

It wasn't until the entries right before college and right as he got his computer that he began writing more erotically detailed entries. My brother's intentions were spelled out in front of me; he wanted to have sex with his own sister. I was so grossed out at the thought that I immediately turned off my computer. It was time to get out. I left on a long walk.

As I walked I pondered over my brother's journal. His quest for a sexual relationship had completely caught me off guard but it did explain a few awkward moments we had before he went to college. It also explained a lot of what happened after. The more I thought about it the more intrigued I became. I wanted to know more. I wanted to know what he was up to. It was in my best interest to know what point his plan had culminated to.

I finally arrived back home and scurried into my bedroom. I booted up and logged on. I quickly navigated to my brother's file of conspiracy. This time instead of just reading it I copied it to a USB thumb drive. This way I could read it at my own convenience and not just when his computer was on. From this time forward it was a waiting game. I knew that I needed to read this while he slept. My best bet for that would be in the morning. He hadn't gotten out of bed before 10:00 AM since he had been back home. It didn't take long for me to settle in for a restless night's sleep. I needed to read it all but also needed to do so when I knew I was alone.

I awoke early the next morning, just as the sun was beginning to crest over the nearby mountain top. My curiosity urged me to quickly get up. It wasn't long before I was browsing through my brother's plan. To me it had become the plan of deception. As I read his thoughts I experienced feelings of guilt, passion, lust, and eroticism all topped off with disgust. I felt disgusted at what my brother described he would like to do to me. Perhaps it was this post that struck my disgusting nerve:

I watched her today. I think she may masturbate. The way she carries herself makes me think that she knows what it's like to feel pleasure. The way she walks makes me believe she has never been with a man. I plan on watching her tonight while she sleeps.

I wanted to kick him in the nuts. What a dick! So what if I masturbated? That was my own damn business! I had never felt so violated in all my life but I couldn't put the feeling of passion past me. I had never known a guy to want me so badly. I had never known such a deeply curious secret admirer. It was the next entry which chased away my feelings of disgust and brought me right to thoughts of passion and love:

I masturbated thinking about her today. I thought about sitting with my legs spread apart and my back against my headboard. I thought about her hovering over me and slowly moving down towards my cock. Our eyes meet and we connect emotionally through our gaze as she connects with me physically. I want her so badly.

After I read this I could feel my body begin to heat up. I had considered my brother sexually before this but it wasn't desirable. It was this entry in his journal of deceit that first gave me the desire. I considered the erotic situation with me coming down on his cock. I thought about gazing into his eyes just as he described. I felt my pussy become wet in an instant. I became so horny so quickly that it knocked me out of my own thoughts. What the hell was I thinking? I almost fantasized about the guy who has kept a sexual journal about me. The feeling of guilt was nearly overwhelming. Tears came to my eyes as I continued reading.

I started running into posts that actually had thoughts of action instead of those of desire. My brother began writing how he would ensnare me in a sexual situation of which I could not escape. He detailed thoughts of blackmail by finding out personal secrets and using them against me. He portrayed thoughts of outright forceful rape, but decided against them at the end of those entries. He wrote of exposing himself to me so he could gauge my reaction. He even described ways he could go about capturing images of me for his self-pleasuring purposes.

I finally read an entry which showed his true feelings. He talked about his real desires. He wanted me sexually but loved me too much to hurt me. He also described how it would be to have his first time with his sister. After all that I had read and all that he described in such perfect detail I could hardly believe that he was still a virgin. He had spent so much

time lusting after me that he never got around to dating any other girls. I wonder if he even looked at other girls with sexual desires in the same way he looked at me.

I felt it all; Eroticism to deceit. I felt love and betrayal. My brother had captured my attention while still keeping me completely grossed out by his thoughts. I wasn't sure if I were to feel angry towards him or lovingly towards him. What I did know as I finished reading his journal of deceit was that I needed to keep an eye on it. For my own good I needed to know what he was up to. I needed to be one step ahead.

I followed his journal. His entries became rather erotic and loving. Describing me laying on my bed while inviting him in. One particular entry described him taking me out to dinner and a movie. Followed up with a drive up into the foothills so we could cuddle and gaze at the stars. I was so fucking confused. Did he want to fuck me or love me?

The days passed and the days turned into a week and then two weeks. It seemed as if he went through periods of sexual desire and then periods of a loving and caring brother. It was one of his outrageous sexual desire entries which prompted me to act. I knew that I needed to do something about it. If I didn't I would be in trouble without anywhere to turn. His journal entry scared the shit out of me:

I've watched her since I got home this summer. I have tried to get closer to her emotionally with hopes of seduction. These last few weeks she has been growing further and further away from me. She hardly looks at me. I feel as if I have suddenly become ugly to her. She won't go out and do anything with me and completely avoids me when I walk into the room. I have decided that if I want to be with her I must do so without her knowing. Chloroform is the way for this to happen. All that studying for chemistry will pay off this summer. I plan on making chloroform myself. Acetone, bleach, and large amounts of ice to cool the reaction. I know this is dangerous. I know I need to be careful. There are

warnings all over the internet to not ever do this or try it. I don't want to hurt her, I just want to experience her. I will make it and try it out on myself before I do anything to her. I have found out that my parents are leaving for the weekend. I guess there is a wedding a nice drive away that they want to attend. They have told me to take care of her this weekend. I need her to take care of me.

Holy fucking shit. I was floored by this. He had planned on making chloroform? What the fuck? Do I go buy a door lock and avoid him like the plague? Do I call up all my friends and see if I could spend the night elsewhere? Do I just leave and not tell him where I'm going? I considered all of these options. But as I pondered on how these would turn out it dawned on me that I was only putting off the inevitable. One day this summer my brother would do it when I was least expecting him to. One day I would wake up a woman without knowing or experiencing the event. If I told my parents he would be out on his ass and I would be grounded for invading his privacy. I really did love him and did not want to see anything happen that could negatively affect his life or school.

I finally decided to write my own entry in his journal.

Don't do this. Please don't do this. I love you and always have. I'm shocked and disgusted that you would betray my trust like this. I'm worried that you will hurt yourself and me with this crazy chloroform scheme. You don't need to force me. You don't need to do this.

It was then that I wrote the last two lines that I would come to both regret and love:

I'll do it with you. But we do it by my rules.

I looked at the last two lines and quickly saved the file before I had a chance to change my mind. I hit the power button on my computer and left quickly. I knew what I had done and would beat myself up over it for the next few hours. I stayed away for most of the day, hanging out with friends and endlessly walking circles around the mall. I couldn't put off

going home forever. It was a slow and leisurely walk back to the front door of my house. I stood there on the porch thinking about what could be on the other side.

I opened the door to find a surprising calm. My mother was finishing up dinner and my father was sitting in his recliner watching the news. I walked towards my bedroom and saw my brother standing along my pathway. His eyes pierced me to the core. As I passed by I could see a slight grin on his face. He was smirking as if he had just secretly scored a goal at the world cup. He had read it.

Nervously I turned on my computer and logged into his. Locating the file I allowed myself to stare at the filename for quite some time before opening it. I zipped right to the bottom and began to read his response to my entry.

I'm sorry. I should have never considered making you do it against your will. After reading your words I feel terrible. I will never treat you that way again. Neither in thought or in real life. I really don't know if I should be happier that you are willing to be with me or that you figured out how to use SSH. I'm excited about both of them. You name the rules which you want me to abide by and I'll do it. If only for a chance to be with you once.

It seemed to be a kick in the head for him. I seemed to have woke him right the hell up. He still desired me. He still wanted me but I felt as If he wanted me for love and not overwhelming lust. So I began to type up the rules which I had thought about all day long. *You must keep your mouth shut. No one hears about this. Not your buddies at college, not your friends from high school, not your girlfriends, not our parents, not anybody. Don't even fucking talk about it to anyone online.*

You will wear a condom and you will provide them. If you want in my wet womanhood than you had better come prepared.

We do it in my room. Its comfortable and cute and doesn't smell like a teenage boy. And my bed is softer.

You spend the night with me cuddling afterwards. No fucking and running.

I will not give you a blow job. But you will go down on me when I tell you to.

This is a one time only thing. I will give you Friday night when our parents leave to when they come home. No more and never ask for it again.

You will take me out to a nice dinner. You will treat me like the queen of your world doing all that I ask of you. You will not get to be with me until I feel sufficiently enticed.

You will do all of my chores for the rest of the summer. I'm not mowing the lawn again. You will do all the dishes when I am assigned to them. You will make my bed every morning when you get up and you will vacuum my room.

You will let me hold the remote control for the rest of the summer. I watch what I want and not your testosterone filled shows.

You will provide me with a video of you. In this video you must explain your sexual desires for me and what you have thought about doing in order to achieve them. Afterwards you will masturbate on video while moaning my name. You will give me the original video prior to our night together. This is my insurance in case you decide to break any of the previous rules. I won't hesitate to let everyone know what I found in the cubby hole under the stairs.

These are non-negotiable. You will not try to change any of these rules. If you agree then I expect a video in my possession by this Friday.

I want you to understand that you are taking my virginity. It is you who will make me a woman and I expect it to be the most amazing experience of my life. I was saving myself for marriage. But after careful consideration I would rather give my virginity to you than to lose it to some asshole later on.

My demands were a bit outrageous. But dammit this was going to be my weekend. I wanted the love and emotional brother who described the erotic events in his journal. I wanted to stay far away from the rather scary side of him who was driven more by lust. I saved the file and left my room just in time for dinner. I gave him a look to signify that I had again posted in his journal.

The next few days leading up to the weekend were tense to say the least. I wondered if I had made the right decision. Two weeks ago I would have never considered it but after reading my brother's most intimate thoughts about me I had a desire to be with him. The days slowed to a near halt. The hours became unbearably long. The minutes were passed by snails and old ladies with handicap passes hanging from their rear view mirrors. The weekend crept closer and closer.

Thursday afternoon I arrived back home after a long pondering walk. I had gotten good at those. And to my surprise I found a video tape on my bed. There it was. My evidence. My insurance. I went upstairs and looked around. Nobody seemed to be home. I popped it in the VCR and did a quick scan. He had done it. My brother had video taped his desires and his masturbation. It was hot watching him jerk off while moaning my name. It got me so wet and horny that I had to do something. I secured the video tape and headed to my room.

I thought about the weekend and the sex I would experience. I wasn't too scared of sex really. Through my teenage years I had become quite fond of a wood handled hairbrush. I had used it for self-pleasure countless number of times. The handle, although flat seemed large enough to be comparable to a man. This time, for the first time in my life, my thoughts turned to my brother as my hairbrush brought me to a very intense orgasm.

I spent the evening in my room with the images of my brothers cock being pulled to and fro. The scene of his cum shooting across the room kept replaying over and over in my mind. It was then that I decided I wanted to document my first time. This was a once in a lifetime moment and I wanted to be able to watch it later. I prepared a spot on my desk and retrieved the camera. I piled towels on top to hide it and made sure to cover the red blinking light. After a few test runs I found a good location for the most optimal camera coverage. Then I sat back and waited.

The next day was the longest of all. I did everything I could to help my parents get out the door. I helped my mom pack up the van and helped her prepare for the trip in general. They couldn't leave until my dad had gotten off work. Fortunately he was able to squeeze out of work an hour early to beat the five o' clock rush. After a few last minute preparations my parents were finally out the door.

We watched as our parents pulled out of the garage and drove off up the road. My brother looked over at me, "I've done all that you wanted me to."

Nervously staring at the ground while kicking at the grass with my foot I answered, "Yeah."

"Do you have a nice formal dress?"

I nodded in the affirmative to his request.

"Good. Go take a shower, put it on, and pull your hair up." He leaned in towards me and fiddled with my hair.

I walked away, no words exchanged and no eye contact made. It had become very clear to me that this was going to happen. I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye as I walked into the house. I could feel his eyes staring into my soul, and looking at my ass as I walked away.

I shut the door to my room behind me as I walked in. I opened my closet and looked around. I had a formal dress from Prom last year. I had a real ugly bridesmaid dress from my friend's sister's wedding. The style wasn't real ugly but the color was sure horrid. As I reached into my closet I caught a whiff of myself. I needed a shower; especially since I was going to have an intimate evening.

I made quick work of my shower. I scrubbed down every smelly part of my body I could think of I had heard stories of smelly pussies and I didn't plan on having one of those. I made sure I cleaned out every nook and cranny so my brother would enjoy it. After drying off I wrapped my towel around me. I looked at myself in the mirror. I knew what I wanted to do. It would drive my brother crazy seeing me in nothing but a towel just out of the shower.

I tightened up my towel and walked towards his bedroom. Opening his door I saw him standing there tightening up a necktie. "Really? A suit and tie? You tell me to put on a formal and you've got on a suit and tie? I'm not wearing a formal if you aren't wearing a tux."

"Don't you have a nice dress?"

"Of course I do. Would you like something with a nice design? Perhaps something that's just a solid color?" I kept watching my brother's eyes as they were moving up and down my body. Like most men he tended to slow down and stop in the chest area. Talking to him in a towel was more fun than I had expected.

"Uh, I don't care. You decide. Just wear a dress."

I smiled and walked towards my room. It felt nice having the one with the power. I could tell that he was wrapped around my finger. Not only in the way he looked at me but also in the way he talked. He seemed so calm and so fascinated all at the same time.

Back in my room I looked in my closet again. I had a few beautiful solid color dresses. I considered the maroon dress and the dark blue dress. They were pretty but I wanted something that looked a bit innocent. That's when I saw it. My summer dress that my mom had bought a few months ago. It was rather cute. A nice soft yellow background with flowery patterns. It didn't come out and say that I was preparing to get stuffed like the Thanksgiving turkey. Yes, that's what I wanted, the sweet innocent look.

I looked at myself in the mirror and dropped my towel. I looked myself over and wondered if my brother would really enjoy looking at my naked body. I had always felt really self-conscious about my body. With all the perfect women out there in magazines it was hard not to. But they are all edited pictures anyways, right?

I put on my dress and looked back at myself in the mirror. I had to do something with my hair. I couldn't put it all up with an innocent looking summer dress on. So I did the best I could. I grabbed the largest hair clip and put it in the back. It gave the top half of my hair a slight lift and giving me that sweet church girl look.

I pushed my breasts together and lifted them up. They fell right back to where they normally sat. I wasn't sure why I did that but I had seen it so many times in the movies. It just seemed like something to do. I took one last look at myself in the mirror and one last deep breath. Here goes nothing.

My brother started things out right. He opened the door for me on the way out. He even opened the passenger door to our dad's truck and gave me his hand to help me up inside. I was rather impressed. The personal thoughts that I read in my brother's journal was far from the way he was treating me.

He drove me to a nice Italian restaurant. I've heard that Italian is a terrible idea for a first date. On the other hand how often does your own brother take you out on a date? We had a nice time and he seemed to open up to me. We talked about everything except sex. We talked about school and what he learned his first year of college. We talked about friends and music. It was rather nice.

Following dinner he brought me out to a movie. We watched a chick flick which must have been a hard thing for him to do. He had always made fun of me every time I watched them at home. The most awkward thing happened during the movie. My brother reached over and held my hand as if I were his girlfriend. I wasn't sure what to think of it.

When the movie ended I figured that was it. I figured I would be on my way back home to be giving my brother his night of a lifetime. Much to my surprise my brother didn't drive towards our house. He drove up into the foothills. I didn't say a word. I just looked at him with that what-are-we-doing stare. He drove up to an empty location and drove off the road a ways. After parking the truck he jumped out. I was so confused about what was happening. Being gentlemanly he came and opened my door for me again and also a hand to help me out.

"What are we doing?" I finally asked. There was no way in hell we were doing it for the first time up here.

"I thought you might like to come up here and look at the stars with me." My brother's response caught me off guard.

"What the hell have you done with my brother? Are you from a far off planet? You abducted him and plan on taking over the world?" My brother stared at me with the most awkward look.

"Just shut up and get in the back of the truck."

He helped me up and jumped up after me. He immediately laid down and put his hands up behind his head. This gave me a perfect location in which to cuddle up to him. I laid my head on his arm and squeezed in close. I had never imagined my brother to be the romantic type. This particular evening he had been laying it on thick. I didn't mind. I really liked it. We lay there in silence for quite some time just looking up to the sky. To me it was perfect. We were comfortable enough with each other that we didn't need to talk to be together.

My brother finally broke the silence. He was ready to go and I was about ready myself. He again helped me out of the back of the truck, opened my door, and helped me into the cab. During this action I had the most wicked thought. I needed to tease him more. So directly after shutting the door I began to act fast. I lifted up my butt and pulled my panties off. I was able to get them over my feet and sit back up before he opened his door.

I waited for him to jump in and get the truck going. He was about to shift it into drive when I surprised him with my panties. "Hey, I have something for you." I let my panties hang from my index finger.

"Where did those come from?" My brother's gullible question made me laugh.

"I took them off for you." I bit my lower lip and lowered my chin slightly.

My brother simply smiled, "Thanks." With his response I tossed them onto his lap. He picked them up and held onto them as he drove us back down the hill.

We pulled in the driveway and I waited for my brother to open my door for me again. He had been so nice to me all night. It was far from the way he used to treat me. We stopped at the door and he looked me over once more.

"Do you want me to carry you inside?" This was an interesting proposal coming from him.

"Yeah. I would like that."

He put his arm behind my back and I leaned into it. With one swoop I was no longer standing on the ground but completely in my brother's arms. He somehow got the door

open and walked me inside. He carried me all the way to my bedroom door while I longingly stared into his eyes.

"Oh, wait a minute. Could you just give me a quick second?" My request seemed to come across as a bit odd to him. "I'll be quick."

He put me down and I went into my room and shut the door. I quickly ran over and started the previously set up camera. I ran back to the door and swung it open.

"OK. I'm ready. You can come in now."

My brother stepped in and that was it. At this point we were no longer just brother and sister. At this moment we became lovers. I put my arms around his neck and pulled him in. Our first kiss was deep and passionate. And that's how it began. We moved to my bed still kissing along the way. We made out for what seemed like an eternity. He would just keep kissing me without making the next move.

I finally made the move myself and loosened his tie. I started at the top and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Ripping it open I stopped and looked down at his chest. I rubbed my hands across him and pushed my pelvis into his. He took his shirt off and came back down for more kissing. I was really enjoying it but after such a long buildup I was ready to get all of this over. I started on his belt and then on his zipper. I eased his pants downwards and reached for a handful of his ass.

I squeezed his ass and felt his cock press into my hot pussy. By this time the only thing separating our love was the thin piece of cloth on my dress that my brother had not bothered to move. I wiggled downwards a bit and reached as far as I could. This time I

grabbed his ass from the bottom and squeezed again. The feel of his hard cock pressing into my cunt was the best stimulation it had ever had.

My brother finally stopped kissing me and rested his forehead against mine. "Shit. I forgot to grab the condoms."

Dammit. I was pissed. "You mean you forgot to get some?"

"No, I got them. They are in my room."

"Well go get one. You aren't having sex with me unless you have one on."

My brother stood up with his pants hanging from his thighs. This was the first time I got a good look at his cock. There it hung in all it's glory. I had seen larger cocks on the internet. One thing was for certain, when it pressed into my pussy it felt like a damn truck. Even though his cock wasn't as large as others he sure had a nice set of balls hanging off of them. A couple of big nuts swinging in their sack.

He pulled his pants off, "I'll be right back." I watched his ass as it ran out of my room.

It wasn't long before he was back holding the biggest box of condoms I have ever seen. "Do you really think I'm going to let you stick your cock in me that many times?"

My brother looked at me with a bit of embarrassment. "I just figured I should be prepared."

"Just pull one out and get it on." I lay there in my pretty flowered summer dress. My hair was disheveled from our erotic make out session and my pussy was dripping its moisture to

the back side my dress. My brother was naked as can be while I was still covered. "Are you sure you want to have sex with your own sister?"

"Don't you want to do it anymore?"

"Of course I'll do it with you. But you have to take my clothes off first. And I want you to do it gently and lustfully."

My brother smiled. He had gotten his condom wrapped around his cock. It was unfortunate really. I wanted to feel his cock in me without any barriers. But I was more concerned about pregnancy than I was about the feel of his cock. He reached his hand down and grabbed my arm. He pulled me upwards to a sitting position. He kissed me passionately and reached behind me. His kisses were so erotic. I would have sworn that there was an electrical charge between our lips.

He finally got around to unzipping my dress and his hands caressed my back. I never felt this way about anyone. His touch nearly brought me over the edge. One of his hands wandered up and grasped the back of my neck. His other hand rubbed its way down. For the first time my brother finally grabbed my ass. He squeezed firmly with his strong hand.

He released his firm grip on my body and reached to the dress still resting on my shoulders. His hands lifted it gently and then let it drop, exposing my still bra covered chest. He caressed my chest between my neck and cleavage coming ever so close to my breasts and then pulling away. His teasing had begun to get on my nerves. I just wanted it. I grabbed his hands and placed them on my breasts. He responded with a gentle squeeze.

He finally reached around and tried opening my bra. He fumbled with it for some time. He lost hold of it at one point and it snapped back into me. I let out a scream of pain and looked at him a bit menacingly. I reached behind my back. No words needed to be exchanged as I unclasped my bra.

In the same way he let my dress fall he now did with my bra. I let my arms down to let my bra slide off. His hands finally made contact with my breasts. I could feel an electric pulse of energy go from the tips of my nipples down to my panty-less crotch. My pussy was suddenly bombarded by wetness.

My brother stopped kissing my lips. He finally moved on. He moved to my neck where he coerced my first moans. He kissed down to my chest, lingering just above my breasts. I knew that I would have to make all the first moves. I was frustrated and so horny. I reached down and cupped my left breast. I grabbed the back of his head with my other hand and forcefully suggested that he should suckle me.

When his lips finally touched my nipple I moaned with delight. A squeal emerged from somewhere deep within me. Hearing my moaning he became even more lustful towards my breasts. His passion began to be overwhelming and I could see my brother going from the caring and understanding man who brought me out on a fantastic date to the guy in his journal. I placed my hands on his head and I could feel him relax. I felt like I had so much power over my brother. I felt as if I were the one with the upper hand.

My brother finally made a move. This whole time I was the one moving things along but it was this time that he finally moved forward. he kissed down my stomach to my belly button. Once there he ran out of room, my dress still resting on my hips. He pulled downwards on it while I lifted my ass up. My dress was was pulled down off my legs. After all this time I was

finally naked. I lay there on my bed allowing my brother's eyes see me in my most natural state.

He leaned back in towards me. This time instead of coming in to kiss my lips he gently slid his hand in between my legs. He moved his face towards my pussy. I spread open my legs for him allowing his eyes to view my never before penetrated flower. I heard his nose bring in a healthy amount of air. My scent was welcoming him like an old friend. His hands fumbled around my pussy lips. He was obviously unaware of what to do first. His lips touched me. His tongue protruded into my labia.

I had never felt anything like it. All the self pleasure in the world would have never prepared me for the feel of a tongue on my most sensual spot. My moans became deep and much more obstreperous than I had ever expected. His tongue lapped at my pussy over and over. It took a bit after the initial shock before I began feeling what I enjoyed more. I loved feeling his tongue as it passed over my vaginal opening. As he wandered away from there I wished for his return. I reached down and interrupted him. I touched the tip of his tongue with my finger and rubbed around my pussy's hole. He got the hint and returned.

He licked at my vagina and I could feel my juices flowing into his mouth. He focused his intensity deeply while trying to penetrate me with his tongue. I reached down and began rubbing my clit but it didn't take long for him to take over for me. He inserted his finger into my cunt and began to focus on my clit with his tongue. My moans intensified and I started fucking his face.

"Fuck Me! Fuck Me NOW!" My words penetrated the thick musty smell of my pussy juice. My brother moved himself upwards and rested his body on mine. He kissed me and my taste landed upon my lips. I could feel his cock knocking at my door. He was there sitting on my

steps ready to storm my castle. I reached down grabbing his ass and pushed him. My pussy was so wet, his cock so hard, that he slid right into my wanton love hole.

There was one thing for sure, my brothers cock was more filling than my old hairbrush. I felt my pussy stretch open to make room for him. We were physically connected as one. He looked into my eyes and we became emotionally connected. Never before had I felt this way.

My brothers cock began to move. I slid in and out gently caressing my pussy's inner walls. I moved my hips in tandem with his. The rhythm of our love was like that of Beethoven's fifth, but it was us writing one more movement. My brother's cock was the baton of our orchestra.

Unfortunately it didn't take long for his cock to begin throbbing. I could feel his orgasm beginning to pulse through his body. I did what I could to tighten my muscles. I did it to tighten my pussy around his cock. His orgasm subsided and his cock slid out.

I watched him as he sat up on his knees. His cock had softened just slightly. He pulled on the condom, removing it from his now virgin-less cock. I felt proud knowing that I his virginity was now mine. It was like a gift we had given to each other of endless worth.

He looked down at me with what seemed like a never ending respect. "I haven't orgasmed." My voice quivered as I shared my thoughts.

He smiled at me and move back towards my body. His face once again met with my pussy. He ravished my cunt with his tongue. This time he went right for my clit but I was more than ready. The flicker of his tongue across my love brought be quickly to orgasm. My moans of ecstasy filled the air.

My brother moved up beside me. He collapsed down next to me. My little single day bed didn't leave us any choice but to cuddle. I snuggled up under his arm as I had done in the back of the truck. His warmth embraced me. In that position we both fell asleep with the smell of our sex lingering in the air.

The morning seemed to come quickly for me. I was so tired from the night before that I slept like a baby. I was still laying next to my brother although it looked as if he had shifted a bit during the night. I looked over at the clock. I had not slept this late in a long time. On the other hand my brother had a few more hours before his regular time to get up.

I turned and stared at him. How did I let myself get to this point? I really enjoyed myself but still had reservations about him being my brother. I would have never considered this at the beginning of the summer. It had never dawned on me that I would be laying naked next to my own sibling. He certainly wasn't on my list for most likely to take my virginity. I had that idealistic attitude that my virginity would be had on my wedding night.

I didn't stare at him too long before my curiosity got the best of me. Last night I had seen his cock erect in all it's glory. I saw his balls hanging like delicious fruit from a man tree. During all that had happened the night before I didn't get to touch it. I didn't get to feel his little man throbbing in my hand. I gently lifted the blankets, careful not to wake him, and took a long gander at his manhood.

It lay there against his leg as limp as a wet noodle. Last night I had seen it hard as a steel rod. His nuts hung like they were relaxing in a hammock on the beach. They looked like they needed to be touched. The way his cock was hanging gave me the impression that it

needed to be caressed. I wiggled my way under the blanket until I was nearly face to face with his cock and balls.

This was the first time in my life that I had seen a cock up close. I was so fascinated by the shape. I was fascinated that men could have that much between their legs and still walk around. My naivety was quickly being crushed. I ran my fingers up and down his penis watching as it came alive. It was if I had awoken it from a deep sleep while its master still slumbered. I wrapped my hand around his ever hardening cock.

Feeling his cock in my hands was amazing. The softness of its skin yet the hardness of its erection. I was instantly hooked. I reached down and cupped his balls in my hand. I gently moved them around getting a feel for their construction. They felt like little footballs hooked to a myriad of wiring. This whole time I had imagined them to be round as a circle.

I had told him that he would not be getting a blow job from me. Sitting down there with it in my hands and right in front of me I began to have a desire to experience his taste. It was his scent that really convinced me. I moved into position and stuck out my tongue. With a little licking of his shaft I received a taste of his manhood.

I had tasted his bitter sweet fruit of desire and I wanted more. I moved slightly to a better position and grasped his hard cock. His rounded mushroom head fit easily into my wide mouth. After that I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do. I just sucked on his cock head while I jerked his shaft with my hand. It wasn't long before I started feeling his hips begin their fucking motion.

His cock started fucking my mouth. It was a bit more vibrant than I had expected. It didn't take me long to adjust myself to take his cock in further. I heard him begin to moan. I had

given him a blow job to wake up to. I could feel the intensity rising as I continued to suck his cock and became more vigorous in my jerking. It wasn't long before I could feel his cock begin to tighten. I had never imagined taking a man's cum into my mouth but at that moment I knew I had to.

His cock began it's throbbing and I could feel his sperm rushing into my mouth. the taste was salty and bitter all at the same time. I swallowed it down and felt his little men swimming the whole way. Last night his cum was caught by a naughty little prophylactic but this morning it was swimming inside me.

I slid back up from underneath the blankets. "I thought you weren't going to give me a blow job?" My brother seemed pleasantly surprised.

"I wasn't. Don't think it will ever happen again." My brother just smiled up at me. I leaned in and kissed him, "Why don't you go back to sleep? Its still a bit early for you." My brother smiled and lay his head back down on my pillow.

I threw on some loose gym shorts and quietly exited my room. I felt more sensual than I ever had before. with nothing but some gym shorts on I wandered through the house. I sat in the recliner and brought my knees up to my chest. I nibbled a little on the end of my thumb and giggled out loud. I couldn't get passed it. I was a woman now. A full fledged fucked woman.

I wanted to do something nice for my first lover. He was in my bedroom sleeping in my bed. I felt my tummy grumble and I knew exactly what would do it. I headed into the kitchen and looked around. A few eggs, some cubed ham, a little pepper jack cheese, some onions

and green peppers. Everything I needed to make a fantastic omelet. The preparation of which took much longer than I anticipated with all the slicing and dicing.

Once it started cooking it didn't take long for the omelet to come together. Its scent filled the kitchen. I had become much more sensitive to smells since my love session. I dished the omelet up and placed it on a plate. I was still rather exited. In a state of perpetual wetness. So I reached in and used my finger to gather a little of my wetness. I ran my finger along the top of his omelet. Now it had my taste as well.

A quick glance at the clock let me know how much time I had taken to make breakfast for my brother. It was still earlier than he normally got up but not by too much. I quietly opened my door. My brother was still sleeping quietly. I placed the plate on my nightstand and laid down next to him. He was still naked as can be as he lay in my bed. I placed my hand on his cheek and leaned in for a kiss.

His eyes opened after my supple lips left his. "Hi," I said.

"Hey. How are you?"

"Good. I made you breakfast, an omelet."

"It smells good. You didn't have to..." I cut off my brother in mid sentence.

"But I wanted to. You were so good to me yesterday."

"Yeah, but in return you had sex with me."

"And now I've made you breakfast," I replied as I reached for the plate.

I handed the omelet to my brother and watched him as he took the first bite. I got so horny watching him eat the omelet that I made and topped off with my juice. With every bite I imagined him licking my wet cunt again.

"This is really good sis." My brother's words snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Thanks, I topped it off with my special sauce."

"I don't know what sauce that is but its great." He looked up at me and smiled. Then he reached over and grabbed my exposed breast and gave it a little squeeze.

"Just finish it and then I'll give you dessert."

I watched as my brother took the last bite. "Dessert for breakfast?"

"Yeah, its covered with my special sauce."

"What is it?"

I stood up and tried my best to slide my shorts off in a sexy manner. "Next you get to eat my pussy for breakfast." I put one leg up on my bed spreading as far as I could. He leaned in and gave my pussy a little taste. "Oh, so thats where your special sauce came from." My brother's density sometimes surprised me. "Let me go use the bathroom and I'll be back in to eat you out."

He climbed out of my bed and left my room. I watched his ass as it ran away. Oh my, it was so cute! I lay down where he was. His scent was still lingering in the air. I smelled my sheets and could smell his cock. "Hey sis, what are you doing?"

Startled, I rolled over onto my back. "Just smelling where you slept." By the time he had returned from using the bathroom his cock had once again become erect. His cock head pointed to the ceiling as if saluting me. His balls hung from his majestic pole like service medals on a uniform. "Do you want to eat my pussy for breakfast?"

My brother moved between my legs and got to work. He surprisingly remembered what I liked the night before and started in on my vaginal opening. He licked circles around my love hole and started penetrating me with his tongue. He worked my hole over and over and finally gave my pussy a lick upwards. Eroticism encompassed my body as my brother started in on my clit. His warm and soft tongue worked my clit over and over. He sucked it gently while penetrating me with his finger. I could feel my body beginning to climax. I moaned more loudly as an orgasm ripped through my body. He continued to work my pussy as I came on his face.

"Fuck that was good!" My exclamation brought a smile to my brother's face.

"You did give me an unexpected blow job this morning."

The thought of my brothers cock penetrating me overcame my thoughts. "It looks like your cock is ready to fuck me again."

"Are you sure that you want to keep doing it with me? You did give me the impression that I would be stuck with a mostly full box of condoms."

"Yeah, its better than I expected."

I watched his cock swing about as he got up to get another condom. I stood up and led him back to my bed With no words exchanged I suggested that he sit at the head of my bed. I watched him as he fumbled to get the condom onto his cock. I moved onto the end of my bed and began to crawl towards him.

I kissed his legs all the way up. I nibbled on his nut sack and teasingly bypassed his cock. I kissed through his pubic hair and up to his belly button. I tongue fucked his belly button before moving on. I reached his nipples and gave them both a good tongue lashing. I reached his neck and ravished him like a wild beast.

I stood up on my bed with my pussy in his face. He grabbed my ass and pulled me in. I could feel his tongue reaching in for my love. I pulled back on his hair and made eye contact with him. I slowly lowered myself down keeping his eyes locked with mine. I gazed deep into his soul. We connected emotionally as brother and sister. But most importantly we connected emotionally as lovers. I kissed him on the lips as his prick made contact with my pussy.

Being as horny and wet as I was earlier, his cock slid right into my love tunnel. I bounced vigorously on his hardness while gently giving him lustful kisses. He began to moan. "I can feel your pussy juice running down my balls."

His words drove me crazy! I started bucking back and forth as fast as I could. He tightly grabbed my ass. I could feel his body beginning to tense up. His cock began throbbing inside me. He moaned loudly and I could feel his body shake. I didn't have an orgasm that time but I felt a little jolt through my body as his cock throbbed inside me.

I stayed on his cock as long as I could until it softened sufficiently enough to fall from my grace. I moved off my brother to allow him room for condom removal. Once he had set his used condom on my nightstand I moved back over him. I gave him a kiss.

"I think I'm in love with you." Although the words came from my mouth I was still shocked to hear them. "Not just love you because your my brother, but I think I've fallen in love with you."

"I love you too sis."

"Really? Do you? Have you fallen in love with me?"

"I love you more than I ever have. I'm not sure if I have fallen in love with you."

I felt a bit disappointed. I wanted him to love all of me. I wanted our hearts to connect and become one as we had during sex. "Well, I'm going to take a shower then. Could you take your used condoms out to the trash?"

"Yeah. I'll do that."

I left my room heading for the shower. The hot water rushed down on me. What the fuck had I done? I had fucked my own brother then I told him I loved him. I wished I could take back some of the things I had said. I began washing my hair when I heard the bathroom door open. I felt a rush of cold air mix with my hot steamy shower.

"Can I get in with you?" I heard what my brother had said. I was disappointed in myself and took a moment to respond.

"If you want to."

His head poked into the shower and paused. He looked at me and smiled. I responded with a half smile. His body soon followed his head as he stepped in. I turned away from him to allow the water to cascade down my chest. I kept scrubbing my head and soon felt his hands begin to help. I let him wash my hair. He made sure that each strand had been scrubbed before tugging on my shoulder.

I turned around and looked at him. He picked up the soap and lathered it in his hands. He started up top and washed my body. His soapy hands caressed my neck. They moved down to my arms. He kissed my arms downward and then scrubbed his kisses off. I lifted my arms for him and he washed my armpits. His hands moved onto my chest. He lingered there for some time. My breasts had to be cleaner than they ever had been. He turned me sideways and moved behind me. He washed my stomach paying careful attention to my belly button. He finally reached my pussy where he made sure to clean between my lips and labia. He rubbed it with his soapy hands. The feelings coming from my pussy were reminiscent of his oral sex. He turned me back around and got on his knees. His hands rubbed my thighs down to my feet. He lathered his hands one last time and lifted my feet. I could feel his kisses right before he washed them off.

He stood up and turned me around. he rinsed off my body with his hands. I turned back around and rinsed off my hair as he caressed my breasts. He suggested I move back around placing his hands on my back. Leaning in he kissed me on my neck. "I'm in love with you. But I can't be. I can't be in love with my sister."

I turned back towards him. I put my arms around his neck. "The sex was your fantasy. Love is mine. I love you and you can love me back. Its OK."

Our lips met in an embrace. He moved my ass up against the side of the shower. I could feel his cock moving in between my legs. The angle was too far off for penetration. He began sliding his cock in and out anyways. I could feel him moving between my lips. I moved my hips in unison with his. I moaned with ecstasy as his cock was stimulating my clit. The humping became faster and faster until I felt my orgasm grip my body. My brother gave me one last hump and I thought I felt his cock throbbing again.

My orgasm finally subsided. "Did you cum too?"

"Yeah. I couldn't stop it. You may want to wash my sperm off of your pussy."

I could feel it's warmth between my legs. "You dick. You aren't supposed to cum on my pussy." I started washing myself off.

"If you loved me you would let me cum on it." My brothers comment came across as rather sarcastic.

"Fuck you. If you loved me you would have licked it off instead of telling me to wash it off."

My brother kissed me one last time before we traded spots placing him underneath the cascading water. I returned the favor washing his body as he had done mine.

Our weekend continued on with sex happening as often as was needed. We were so horny we could barely be bothered to leave the house for dinner. We ordered in a pizza and ran around the house all day.

The summer turned into a fun one. My brother fucked me everywhere possible. He fucked me in the kitchen, the hallway, on the staircase, on the couch, and even in our parents bedroom. After some time my brother and I had discovered that our parents were completely clueless to our actions, leaving open the option for us to sleep in the same bed at night.

Our sex did not stay indoors either. He fucked me in our backyard and in our garage. We even went camping one weekend and fucked all over a public campsite. The nearby stream also saw some action. With each love making session I fell for my brother that much more. Needless to say my savings began dwindling slightly as our demand for condoms rose.

Unfortunately the summer began to come to an end. It wasn't long before he was buying up books for his next semester. I didn't want him to go. I wanted him to stay with me and give me the love I needed. But I understood the need for his education.

Our last night together was bitter sweet. We made love like it was our first time. But that time we did something we had never done before. That time I took the condoms out of my brother's hand and set it aside. That time he came in me with every orgasm. It was the last thing I could give my brother. It was the only thing I hadn't completely given to my brother all summer.

I'll never forget the last words he said to be before he left. It wasn't the words as much as it was the way he said it. As he looked deep into my soul he said, "I love you." And that was it.

He was gone. I left my junior year of high school a girl. I was returning my senior year as a woman.

Right before Thanksgiving came around I heard from my mother that he had met a girl. He planned on bringing her home to Thanksgiving dinner. It was heart wrenching watching that bitch sit across the table from me. I was so jealous of her. How the hell could she swoop in and take my brother away from me like that? My heart was broken.

During the Thanksgiving break I logged onto my brother's computer one last time. I sifted through his new data collected over the summer. I found pictures of his girlfriend naked on his dorm room bed. It hurt seeing her there. I wanted to be in her place. I ran across a video of them together. Tears poured from my eyes as I watched him make love to her. Every thrust of his cock into her body felt like a stab in my heart.

Near the end of the video I felt a hand on my shoulder. I knew who it was but I was crying too hard to face him. "I'm sorry. I know you really loved me. I was in love with you too. I still am. We can't marry each other. You know that." His hands lifted my chin. He wiped the tears from my eyes. "She is a great girl. I know that once you get to know her you will like her." He leaned in and gave me one last kiss.

My brother got married and I attended the wedding. I was jealous the whole time. My heart was full of hateful thoughts. My passionate feelings towards my brother caused me to cry for weeks afterwards.

Its been four years since then. I've got a few years left of college and still no knight in shining armor. Admittedly I have been cautious about the men I date. To this day my brother is the only man to whom I have given my whole self. I still occasionally watch the

videos that were made. The secret recording I made is mostly us sleeping on my bed together but at times it is a great comfort to watch.

I have only recently begun mending my relationship with him. We have talked openly about our past and our future. There is no doubt that what once was will never be again. He is madly in love with his wife who has given him a beautiful son. He was right about her. She is a really wonderful woman. I'm just glad to see that he is happy.

The Gentleman's Club

Around the club that time of year,
When the men stood about drinking their beer.

Walking throughout in nothing but socks.
All of them with their old droopy cocks.

This gentleman's club was a different breed.
Catering to the men and their cock's need.

For on this day when it came about,
A whore would suck these men; small and stout.

Together they did drink and laugh and cheer,
When their whore would visit this time of year.

She sucked and she fucked and she moved all about,
Why she even took on the old man with the gout.

To her he did say, "Oh my dear! You whore!"
"Twenty cocks you sucked within the hour!"

Then his cock with her mouth she devours,
"I've got 50 more and only three hours!"

"Then get a move on you nasty old witch,"
"Suck off each man before you switch."

"Take their cocks into your mouth and cunt,"
"Do it right now at this moment."

The old man with gout she did obey,
She lay on her back for an easy lay.

With one dick in her cunt and one in her asshole
She pleased those men with their large bankroll.

She sucked and she fucked and she worked the night away.
Paying special attention to the man with a birthday.

Ejaculate and cum and semen did abound,
It dripped from her and right to the ground.

As you imagine she should have been thanked,
But instead these old men had her spanked!

Her ass and her tits and her cunt were so sore,
And she could not locate the clothes that she wore.

"No matter, no bother, I've done this before,"
"It is much like last year," said that dirty old whore.

A bag I did bring with some extra provisions,
I've got a red dress with some bright yellow ribbons.

And then she counted up the cold hard cash,
which she earned giving those men a good tongue-lash.

"What a pleasant sight," cooed that old nasty bitch,
"If I do this once more I'll be quite rich."

Abbie's Dream

The hotel room was dark. Abbie lay nude on the stiff sheets of the hard bed. She felt like a little girl again. She was giddy and so in love like a young teenager with her first crush. She was so excited for what was about to happen, knowing that her life would never be the same again.

The bathroom light turned off as the door opened. The flash of light was temporarily blinding. Abbie watched the male figure walk to the bed. He knelt down in front of her and grabbed her legs. She willingly moved her body as requested by this soon to be lover. No words were exchanged, just simple physical gestures of motion. This man has began kissing up Abbie's legs and to her inner thigh. His face felt extremely smooth and freshly shaved. He caressed her abdomen with his hand, coming dangerously close to her pussy but never making contact. The man kissed her thighs, completely passing by her sweet pussy.

These acts of purposeful teasing were driving Abbie crazy. She began rubbing her own breasts to relieve a little of the tension. She had always cursed her larger breasts. She didn't like the attention she always got from them. As the teasing continued her larger breasts came in handy as she was able to slip her nipple into her mouth. She sucked her own nipples furiously as the tension in her pussy continued to build.

Finally after no longer being able to endure the continual teasing, Abbie reached down with both hands and shoved her lover's face into her pussy. He opened his mouth and willingly took in as much of her pussy as possible. His tongue slipped into her vagina and he could feel it trying to penetrate her. His tongue moved from Abbie's vagina up her slit to her clit and back down. His tongue ravaged her vaginal opening and teased her clitoral hood. Abbie continued to suckle her nipples. She felt the electrical shocks that she was producing from her mouth move through her nipples and down her body to her pussy. Her hips bucked up and down with every lick of her lover's tongue. She felt her body preparing itself for an orgasm. The tension in her pussy was building faster and faster. Her clit was becoming increasingly sensitive. Her lover focused on her clit just long enough to make her cum. Her body tensed up and her muscles randomly twitched all over. She could feel the muscles in

her pussy doing their usual orgasmic pulse. Abbie's voice broke the silence with moans of delight and pleasure.

Before She could catch her breath Abbie's lover stood up and gently tossed her body so that her legs were no longer hanging off the edge. He climbed up on top of her. She tried to put her arms around him but he grabbed them and pinned them and threw them to the bed, pinning her under his weight. He moved his head in close to hers. He kissed her on the lips and she kissed back. The taste of her pussy juices pierced her lips and landed on her tongue. The smell of her pussy drifted to her nostrils and filled her with desire.

Abbie's lover released her arms and began feeling her breasts. She could feel the head of his cock pushing at her love tunnel. She was soaking wet and quickly lubricated her lover's cock. He squeezed her breast as his cock slid into her. She moaned in delight as she felt her pussy become filled with her man's love. He slowly began moving his strong cock in and out of her soaking wet pussy as he continued to kiss her. She had expected only sex from this man but he was actually making love to her. He began moving his cock faster and faster. Abbie could feel his balls slapping her ass with every thrust. He grabbed her breast again and moved it towards his mouth. Leaning in he was able to lick her nipple while he fucked her. She felt the tension in her pussy building again. She began moving her hips faster and faster, encouraging her lover to do the same. He moved in and out, tapping her g-spot with every move.

Abbie's voice broke the silence again with a load moan. This orgasm had gripped her body and she could feel her pussy spasm around her lover's cock. Orgasms were so much better for her with a man inside her. She felt her muscles twitch and her voice squealed in delight.

Abbie's still hard lover pulled out as her orgasm subsided. He motioned for her to sit up and then get on her hands and knees. He held his cock and guided it back into her now pleased pussy. He grabbed her hips and started thrusting vigorously hard into her. He lifted his hand and slapped her ass as she pushed back against him. She could feel his balls slapping against her sensitive pussy lips and clit. It didn't take long for her lover to grab her hips and bring her in right up against him. Abbie could feel his cock swell as he was preparing to cum. Her lover let his cock shoot it's load deep inside her. She felt each spurt of love juice fill her womb.

After her lover's orgasm Abbie fell over on the bed. She rolled over onto her back and her lover collapsed beside her. She could feel his cum oozing out of her pussy and dripping down her ass. She reached down and felt his cock. It was still semi-hard and she could feel the blood pumping through it.

Abbie's curiosity got the best of her. She reached over and turned the light on. She looked over at her lover in shock. She saw her brother smiling back at her.

This revelation stunned Abbie out of her deep slumber. She had been having this reoccurring dream for weeks, but this was the first time she looked at who her lover was. She was shocked from the dream but certainly not disgusted. She had fantasized about her brother when she was a teenager. Although she had never done anything sexual with him she had fantasized about him for years. This dream seemed very real, as if she had really done it, although Abbie knew she didn't. She vividly remembered the hotel room and the sex her brother had given her. She began feeling her wet pussy. She could feel the wetness that had rubbed off onto her sheets while she slept. She rubbed her swollen pussy, thinking about her brother. She quickly brought herself to orgasm.

Abbie's fantasy of her brother cuddling up to her afterwards was interrupted by the ring of her phone.

"Hello?" Abbie's voice crackled.

"Are you still in bed?" Abbie heard her brother's voice respond.

"Yeah, sorry, I'm awake. So whats up."

"Listen Abbie. My company is sending me to New York for a few meetings. They are sending me for a week and I'm only required to attend a few meetings. I know you have always wanted to go to New York. Danica is taking the kids to her mom's house for a visit so

it will just be us two. And I know you have been pretty lonely since your divorce. How about it? Want to go with me?"

Abbie's lips quickly turned into a smile. "Of course. That sounds like loads of fun. I'll get my bags packed."

She hung up the phone and lied back on her bed. Her hand went back to her swollen pussy. She knew it was going to be fun. Abbie also knew what they were going to end up doing. She had no idea how it would progress to sex with her brother but she knew her teenage fantasy would soon be a reality.

Hermaphrodite Sister

CHAPTER I

Boy, have I got a story to tell you. My name is Jessie. I am the oldest of three siblings. My parents only intended to have two children but they were given a surprise of twins during my mom's second pregnancy. To top it all off I'm only 14 months older. I guess they wanted to have their kids as fast as possible.

Everyone assumed that my younger sister Jamie and my younger brother Jordan were fraternal twins. They very well may be. On the other hand it is my sister who has blurred the lines of reality for me. I had never expected nor was I ever prepared for what I learned a few months ago. It is time I share our family secret. It is time to get this off my chest and out into the open.

I had just finished up my first year of college and was home for the summer. It was exciting being back with Jamie. We were the best of friends in our youth. Despite our closeness our parents always insisted that she had her privacy. When we went swimming I always wore cute little swimsuits. Jamie was always put in a full one piece bathing suit and my parents insisted that she also wear swim trunks on top. To everyone else this seemed odd but to me it was normal, that was the way I was brought up.

Jamie was beautiful. She had the curves of a goddess. Her breasts were larger than mine, a sore point for me. Her skin looked as soft as freshly fallen white snow. However her personality was much different. She often acted boorish and powerful. She often acted masculine. To me this was normal. This was the way things had always been and I had no reason to question it. I had no idea she was a bit different until we were lying in bed having the conversation of our lives. Nothing like catching up after being at school for a year.

It was Jamie who started this part of the conversation. "Jess, can I tell you something? Something really secret. Something about me that only mom and dad know?"

"You can tell me anything. What are sisters for?"

"Well, I'm afraid you might not understand. Or that you might think I'm gross."

"Jamie, it doesn't matter what it is. I'll always be there for you, even if I don't completely understand."

Jamie then got out of her bed and walked over to mine. "Mind if I get under your blankets with you," she asked.

I smiled at her, "Of course," I said.

Jamie climbed in next to me. "I think it might be easier if I just show you," she said. Then she lifted her hips and pulled her pajama pants off along with her panties.

I gave Jamie an odd look. She took my hand and began guiding it to her crotch. "No, Jamie. I can't do this. I'm not that type of girl. But if you are into women..."

Jamie cut me off, "It's not what you think. Just please..."

I stopped resisting her as she continued moving my hand to her genitals. I felt skin, lots of soft warm skin, laying within her mound of pubic hair. "What is this," I asked her.

"Jessie, I have a penis. I'm inter-sexed; a hermaphrodite."

My eyes opened wide as our lives flashed before my eyes. I quickly began understanding our parents' desire for Jamie to have her privacy. I knew then why I had never seen her completely naked. "But, but how?" My question seemed insensitive.

"Some genetic accident I guess," Jamie replied. "I've always had a penis, and underneath it is my vagina."

I reached down below her penis and felt her labia protecting her entrance. "So how do we know you are a girl?"

"We don't really. That's just how mom and dad raised me. And when I hit puberty and got these boobs they just figured they were right. Even the doctors are confused about me. They say I'm medically impossible. I have one testes and one ovary."

"Holy shit." My response was out of shock. She looked like a beautiful woman. She didn't even have hair on her face from the extra testosterone in her body. Her skin was smooth. "So can you cum out of your penis?"

"Yes, I've jerked it off a few times. But I don't know how to masturbate as a woman. I've tried and I just end up back jerking off."

I didn't really know what to say to her. I was full of questions and curiosity. "Can I see what you look like completely naked," I asked.

Jamie was shy at first as she moved herself out of my bed. She stood up with her back towards me. She lifted her shirt above her head and I could see her curves. With her arms over her head, her plump breasts that I was so jealous of, bounced out to her sides. She stopped for a moment, "Jess, you promise you won't laugh?"

"Of course not. I think you are beautiful."

Jamie slowly turned around. Her hands were both down covering her genitals. I looked her in the eye and smiled. "It's okay," I said. "I don't care what it looks like."

Jamie moved her hands and put them on her hips. Hanging from where her clitoris should be was a little cock. "It gets bigger when I'm horny, about five inches," she said.

"Five inches huh? I've given blow-jobs and hand-jobs to a guy about that size. Not porn star sized but close to the average." I reached my hand out towards Jamie's penis and stopped short. "May I," I asked her.

"Yes," Jamie replied as she moved closer towards me.

I took her penis in my hand and began stimulating it. I jerked her off until that little penis of hers began to come to life. I watched as it stretched from its limp state into a rock hard erection. "Jamie, this is incredible."

"You really think so?"

"Yes. I really do. You said you have one testes so where is your ball sack?"

Jamie chuckled a little. "I don't have a ball sack. It is up here," she pointed to the left side of her stomach, "right where my second ovary should be."

"So can you cum? Does it shoot sperm," I asked as I continued to rub her cock.

"If you keep doing that you will find out."

I smiled coyly teasingly at her. "Well I want to know."

I continued jerking her off as I moved in closer. I moved my head in close and tasted the tip of her cock. Jamie let out a gratuitous moan of pleasure. I quickly moved my head away, looking up at her. I shushed her with my lips and finger. The last thing we needed now was to let someone hear us. I moved back in and took her cock head in my mouth. Jess again let out moans of pleasure but this time she was much more quiet.

I continued sucking her cock with vigor. I would jerk her quickly when I needed to take a break. Unfortunately my arm gave out before she was done. "Oh, I'm so close," she said.

I looked at her and bit my lip. "Let me get on my back. Then you can fuck my mouth until you cum," I then took off my night shirt. "But I want you to shoot it on my chest. I want to see what your cum is like."

I rolled onto my back and hung my head off the edge of the bed. Jamie moved her cock towards my face, which I took without hesitation. She fucked my throat hard and fast. She grabbed my tits as she fucked me and I did my best to try exploring her labia with my fingers. I felt Jamie's body begin to tense up, it was time. I opened my mouth wide and allowed her cock to go free. She grabbed it and jerked a little until she shot a load all over my chest.

I was so curious as to what it looked like that I nearly forgot about my sister. I looked down and began rubbing it between my fingers. It felt like cum and it smelled like cum. I moved my fingers to my mouth and put a little bit on my tongue, it even tasted like cum. I rubbed the remaining cum into my skin.

Jamie motioned for me to slide over then she lay back down next to me. "Holy shit Jess. That was the most amazing thing anyone has done for me. It felt so good."

"You mean you have never done that with anyone else?"

"No. I've made out with a few guys before and even let them play with my boobs but I always stopped it when they wanted into my pants. I'm still a virgin."

"If it makes you feel any better I'm a virgin too. The only thing I've done is oral, but I've never gotten it back from any of those selfish bastards."

"Oooh," Jamie cooed with sympathy. "That's too bad. I just found out that getting oral is pretty awesome."

"Yeah, well thanks for letting me know."

"Maybe we could do it for each other."

"Oral," I asked. "I just did it for you. And I don't expect you to lick a pussy. Being that you are a girl and all. You are a girl, right?"

"I like to think of myself as a woman. I'm a chick with a dick." We both giggled at the sound of it. "Jessie, I was thinking something more than just oral. I was thinking that maybe we could give each other our virginity."

Jamie's proposal was enticing. I was already very horny from sucking a cock. I was ready to rid myself of that nasty thing called virginity. "So would you wear a condom," I asked.

"I don't think I need one. Most of what I ejaculate is just semen. I have a really low sperm count. Like maybe ten each time I cum. The doctors said it would be impossible for me to get anyone pregnant." Jamie's words calmed my worst fears.

"Wow. Well in that case I think we should do it."

Jamie suddenly acted very giddy and lightly clapped her hands together. "This is going to be so much fun." She cuddled in close to me. "But first we'll have to get your panties off." She reached her fingers under the elastic band. I lifted my hips and she slid them off, dropping them to the floor.

I grabbed Jamie's neck and pulled her in for a kiss. We began making out as she moved herself on top of me. Our nipples teased each other as her heavy boobs brushed against mine. It was a titillating feeling having another woman's breasts brush against my own. Her semi-soft penis was rubbing against my clit. I had never felt so calm about being touched by another person. I was beginning to get very wet when I suddenly felt more fluid running down into my slit.

"Are you cumming again," I asked my sister.

"No. That's from my pussy. I'm so wet doing this with you."

I'm not sure what it was about Jamie saying that to me, but I was instantly ready for her. My want for sex had turned into a need. "Jamie. You make me so horny. I need you to fuck me."

I could feel Jamie's cock begin to harden once more. She looked me lovingly in the eyes. Her dick made its way to my loving hole. We both took a deep breath and relaxed before she entered. Her cock slid effortlessly into my pussy. I could feel myself stretch to accommodate her. It hurt a bit and I whimpered slightly.

Jamie stopped moving, "Jess, are you okay?"

"Yes. That just hurt a little."

"Do you want me to take it out?"

"NO," I nearly yelled it. "Just lay here in me for a little bit and let me get used to you."

Jamie relaxed her hips on mine but I could still feel her making little gyrations with her hips. "I don't know how long I can lay still Jess."

"Just fuck me slow."

Jamie's hips began moving. I could feel her dick move itself nearly out and then back in. It took a moment but it finally began feeling good to me. "Look at me," my sister demanded. I looked up to her eyes gazing back down at me. "Don't make this just sex Jess. Make love to me."

I stared into Jamie's eyes as I began to move my hips in a gentle unison with hers. Our emotions began to blend together as her dick continued to penetrate my pussy. In and out, over and over, she made love to me like I dreamed so many men might. Our souls were connected, lost in the thoughts of being fucked by my sister. I suddenly felt her body beginning to tense up. I knew what was coming. And nearly out of nowhere I was also filled with sexual tension.

Jamie started cumming. I could feel her ejaculate shooting forcefully inside me as an orgasmed simultaneously ripped through my body. Together we shook in pleasure as our bodily fluids mixed inside me.

I went limp as my orgasm passed as did Jamie. She collapsed on me, breathing heavily in my ear. "That felt amazing," she gasped. "You are the best sister a girl could have."

"No Jamie, you are the best sister. Who else could do what you do without getting me pregnant?"

Jamie finally had the strength to roll off me. "I don't know about you but I would like to do this again sometime."

"What do you mean sometime? We are going to do this all the time. No matter what it takes we have to make sure we are roommates at college next year."

Jamie giggled, "Most definitely."

I cuddled up to my inter-sex sister as we both drifted off to sleep.

C H A P T E R 2

I woke to the warming rays of the sunlight which had made its way to my face. I felt someone next to me and the memories of my previous night had come rushing into my mind. I couldn't believe the secret my sister had held on to for so many years. She had confided in me and together we both lost our virginity.

My eyes opened to the sight of Jamie smiling at me. "Good morning big sis."

I smiled back at her. "Good morning sexy."

"I'm so glad I found someone who understands. Someone who wouldn't make fun of me."

I sat up and straddled Jamie. She reached down and adjusted her dick so it was between my pussy lips. I started moving my hips back and forth, feeling her cock begin to harden. "We are going to have so much fun together. I wish I would have known about this earlier," I said.

"Jessie, if we do this a lot then how are we going to keep it a secret from mom and dad? And Jordan for that matter? I can't just pretend this isn't happening."

"Don't worry Jamie. We will figure it out." I continued sliding myself over her now rock hard dick. My pussy was getting wet really fast. I could also tell from the look on Jamie's face that she was enjoying this too.

Of course things never turn out the way you want them to. I had imagined a morning of making love to each other followed by a fun day of sister bonding time. Unfortunately most sister bonding time is always interrupted by little brothers. Without knocking on the door or a warning of any kind Jordan barged into our room.

He saw me straddling Jamie with my tits bouncing as I rocked on her. He saw Jamie, her large breasts hanging off to her sides, as she moaned with pleasure.

"Holy fuck," Jordan yelled. Both Jamie and I quickly came to our senses and I rolled off her as we both covered up under the blankets. "I always figured Jamie to be a lesbian but I never thought you were too, Jessie."

"Shut the fuck up," Jamie yelled back. "You had better keep your fucking mouth shut."

"Or else what," Jordan chimed in. "If mom and dad knew what you two were doing they would shit their pants." Jordan was right and we all knew it. "So what are you two going to do for me so I'll keep it a secret?"

I could see Jamie's face being filled with rage so I decided to butt in. "What would you like us to do Jordan?"

"Fuck me too," he said without hesitation.

Jamie and I both knew what he wanted before he even said it. She turned to look at me and I looked back at her. "So what do you think," she asked.

I leaned in to whisper in her ear, "Do you want to fuck his asshole?"

I saw a beam of inspiration fill her eyes as she giggled a little. She whispered back to me, "That sounds like fun. He wouldn't be expecting it if we can hide it until the last second. But should we make him use condoms?"

"Of course," I retorted loudly.

We both giggled together one more time before we looked back towards Jordan. "You have to use condoms and you can't ever tell anyone, ever." Jordan listened as I gave him our counter offer.

"Fine, I'll use condoms. But both of you had better be ready for me." Jordan turned and quickly ran off.

Jamie laughed out loud. "This is going to be awesome. So how are we going to get him?"

"Just follow my lead," I told her.

It didn't take Jordan long to return with a condom in each hand. "I've got one for each of you."

"So you only want to fuck both of us once," I asked. My brother's face went from smug to vexed nearly instantly. "Well, don't just stand there with those condoms in your hands, take your clothes off so we can see what we are getting."

Jordan took off his shirt revealing a thin but weak looking chest. Then Jamie joined in the fun, "I've seen better. What do you have in your pants?" Jordan turned around and pulled his pants off. "Well at least you have a decent ass," Jamie spouted.

I had enough of this teasing. "Turn around and show us your cock." My brother slowly turned around and gave us a side view.

"Oh thats nice," Jamie said. "Its a little bigger than..."

"SHHH. Don't say anymore," I said to Jamie. "Now Jordan," I continued, "in order to fuck me you have to do one thing first."

"What," he asked.

I got out of bed and walked my naked body over to his. I ran my finger down his chest and gripped his cock. I then grabbed his balls firmly. "First of all you have to be quiet. We don't want mom and dad hearing us all fucking."

"Don't worry about that," said Jordan. "Mom and dad left earlier and said they wouldn't be back until this afternoon."

"Good," I replied, "And the second thing is we want to play with your asshole first."

"What? Why would you want that?"

"I want to see if you can take my little dildo. If you can you can have Jamie's virginity."

"Jamie is a virgin," he asked exuberantly.

"She has never had a guy in her pussy. So I would say she is."

Jamie jumped back into our conversation, "Jordan, Get your bitch ass on your hands and knees. I want that ass in the air." Jordan complied with her demands without reservation. "Good boy," she said as she obscured herself while she got up behind him.

"Could I at least get some lube on my asshole."

"We could at least wipe off our pussy juice and slather it on his asshole," I suggested.

Jamie smiled. "That sounds fine." So together we wiped up our pussies and gave Jordan's asshole a decent lubing. "Relax you little whore," Jamie demanded. She stroked her cock a little, working up a bit of pre-cum. Then she moved herself to his asshole and began working her cock into Jordan's ass.

"Is that a strap-on," Jordan asked.

"Yeah, its a fucking awesome strap-on. Now shut your bitch mouth while I fuck your ass." Jamie had worked her way into his asshole and started having her way with him. She moaned with delight and pleasure as he groaned in pain. It wasn't long before I could see an orgasm being worked up in Jamie's body. She pumped his ass a few more times before she screamed as a result of physical euphoria.

I will never forget the look on Jordan's face as he realized Jamie was cumming in his ass. I could see amazement in his eyes with every shot of her cum. "What the fuck was that," he asked in bewilderment.

"She just came in your ass," I told him.

"How the fuck did she do that?"

I looked over at Jamie. "Show him," I requested. "Now turn your sore ass around and look at Jamie's naked body," I told him.

Jordan turned around and gave Jamie a good look over. "What the fuck? Jamie, you have a dick."

Jamie and I both laughed. "I've got a pussy too you little bitch." Jamie then spread her legs and showed off her labia. "And if you keep that bitch mouth shut I might let you fuck it."

Jordan's demeanor went from shock to concern. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know."

I reached over for Jordan and hugged him. "I just found out last night. She has had to deal with this her whole life. The least we could do is help her not be self-conscious about it."

"I fucking love you sis," Jamie said right before she kissed me on the lips.

"This is incredibly hot," Jordan said. "I'll do whatever I have to in order to fuck you, both of you. Hey Jessie, are you a virgin too?"

"No, Jamie took my virginity and I took her dick virginity. But she needs you to take her pussy. What about you Jordan? Are you a virgin?"

"Fuck no. I've been with a few girls. So which one of you wants to have me first?"

I looked at Jamie. "Its up to you babe. My pussy has already been fucked."

"I'll last longer for the second one," Jordan said.

"I better go first," said Jamie "I don't know how long I can take it the first time."

Jamie lay on the bed while I helped Jordan roll on his condom. I could tell Jamie was apprehensive about this. She looked tense and very nervous. Jordan seemed oblivious to her body language and he took his position on top of her. I moved over next to both of them and placed my hand on Jamie's head. She looked over at me. "Relax sweetie. It will hurt at first but it starts feeling good," I told her.

Jordan had worked his way to her pussy and started sliding himself in. "Oh fuck," Jamie screamed as he tore through her hymen. She grabbed the headboard tightly. We both continued to look at each other as Jordan did his business. I could see a little tear form in Jamie's eyes. "Don't cry babe," this isn't your first incest.

"I'm not crying about that. That fucking hurt more than you told me."

I looked over at Jordan and he was fucking her as if she had been doing it for years. I slapped his ass with my open palm. "Slow the fuck down. Fuck her gently. She is a fucking virgin you dick." Jordan complied with my demands while Jamie continued to look at me. It was as if she was trying to ignore his presence while imagining it was me who was fucking her.

"Oooh," moaned Jamie. "Its starting to feel good."

"I'm happy to hear that," I told her. Maybe if you are lucky you could cum. But in true teenage boy fashion my brother started tensing up and quickly shot his load.

Jamie lay there nearly motionless as Jordan finished up. "Get that thing out of me," she demanded. Jordan pulled his cock out and took off his cum filled condom.

Jordan stood up and looked down at his sister still lying there. "Well you must have enjoyed it, your dick is hard."

"Shut up you stupid fucker," Jamie said back to him.

"Well why don't you two fuck and let me watch while my cock gets hard for Jessie."

I could tell Jamie was obviously not enjoying our brother's comments so I went and lay down next to her. "It's okay sweetie. We don't have to," I told her.

"Let's do it," she said. "I want to show this idiot how to make love to a woman." Jamie then tried moving to get on top of me.

"Not so fast," I told her. "Let me be on top. Let me ride you. Let me make love to you."

I could see Jamie relax as I suggested she stay put. I moved back up on top, straddling her as I had earlier that morning before we were so rudely interrupted. "Are you sure you are feeling well enough for me to ride you? Or are you still too sore?"

"I'm ready to do my sister."

I leaned down and started making out with Jamie. Our breasts caressed each other as our bodies began heating up. Watching her get fucked along with our earlier foreplay had left my pussy dripping wet. I didn't need much in order to lube up her cock. She easily slid into my pussy.

I stared into her eyes as I moved my hips up and down along her shaft. We connected emotionally and spiritually as we had the night before. Together we made love to each other, fulfilling each other's needs. And together we orgasmed. My body shook as her dick shot its semen into me. I never looked over to see what Jordan was doing but I can imagine he was in awe at what we shared.

I lay on top of her as she spilled out of me, leaving a mess on top of her. "Wait, what the fuck," Jordan exclaimed. "Why do I have to wear a condom but she can cum in you?"

"Fuck you Jordan," Jamie quipped.

"Jamie, not so harsh," I said. "Jordan, its because she makes semen but has a really low sperm count. It would be nearly impossible for her to get me pregnant."

"That just sounds fucking weird," Jordan replied.

I rolled off Jamie and she moved over to make room for Jordan to fuck me. "Come get your sloppy seconds," I told him.

Jordan had already put on the next condom and gained another erection. He moved up on top of me just as he had done to Jamie. He seemed to move a little slower with me but I was completely wet. Not only was I lubed up from my own juices but also from Jamie's cum. To

Jordan's surprise he easily slid into me. I could feel my pussy stretch a little more to make room for him. He was definitely bigger than my sister.

This time Jordan began slower. He took his time with me while doing his best to kiss my neck. He pumped my pussy with his cock, in and out he went. All the while I gazed into Jamie's eyes, imagining as she did, that it was us who were fucking. I started moaning loudly with every thrust. He must have learned something from watching Jamie and I going at it.

Jordan did take longer with me than he did with Jamie but as all things go, so did he, or should I say cum? I felt his body tense up and his cock pulsing in me as his baby batter was caught in a latex dick glove.

Jordan moved off me and took off his condom. "Was that better," he asked.

"It felt a little better than your sex with Jamie looked," I responded.

"Maybe we could do this again later on," Jordan suggested.

"Shut your bitch mouth," Jamie said. "We'll decide that."

"Why have you been so mean to him today," I asked Jamie.

"He has been an asshole since you went to college. And then he interrupted us this morning and made us fuck him."

"Jamie, he has your virginity, or at least half of it."

"You're right Jess. Maybe we can let him back sometime to teach him how to do it right."

I looked over at Jordan. I motioned for him to come in close to me. "Did you hear that? She might ask you back to teach you how to treat a woman," I said to him. I then grabbed his neck and pulled him in. I gave him a kiss on the lips. "If you ever tell anyone about this I'm going to fake cry and claim you raped me." Jordan's face went from pleased to fearful. "Now get out of here and let me and Jamie have some time together."

Jordan gathered up his clothes and meekly left the room. I lay back down next to Jamie and she cuddled in under my arm. "Hey Jess, do you still need more sex from me?"

"Only if you need it," I told her.

"Oh no. My pussy and dick are both sore. But I would do it if you needed it."

"Why don't we get out of here then? We could go get some breakfast and spend some time together like sisters should."

"That sounds good," Jamie replied. "One more thing Jess. I love you. Not just as my sister, but I really love you."

I smiled at Jamie. "I really love you too babe."

It Was Unintentional

CHAPTER I

His cock pulsed with passion as his love juice filled my womb. He was in so deep I could feel his sperm crashing up against the end of my love tunnel. His firm grip on my ass lightened as his cock began to relax. I could feel his cock slide out, leaving my pussy feeling suddenly empty. It had been a while since we fucked doggy style. I missed the gentle kisses he usually gave me after sex. Instead he reached around and gave my breasts a nice little squeeze.

Of course he had to get up and leave right after fucking me. I had gotten rather used to that. I would usually follow him and cuddle up to him on the couch or wherever he ended up. This time I didn't. Instead I dropped my chest to the bed and left my ass in the air. I loved feeling his cum swim inside me. Usually after a good fuck my mind would begin to wander. How the fuck did we end up like this? What was it that got me fucking my own brother. Most importantly, why the hell did I like it enough to keep coming back for more?

Since my incestuous baptism by fire I have become rather engrossed in the erotic stories pertaining to the subject. I can say that it wasn't catching either one of us naked. It wasn't blackmail or an instant willingness to get it on. There was no booze involved. Nor was there anyone trying to convince us to fuck. It was really a series of events, or mistakes, that caused a serious error of judgment. It could all be explained as a mix-up of messages. Wires were crossed and the wrong idea got into the wrong heads.

Let's not get ahead of ourselves here. This story starts well before our first sexual encounter. It really starts with a decision made by our father that landed us in a situation for this to happen. It was his suggestion and his desire to make things easier on him that lead up to us sharing an apartment.

My first year of college was coming up. I had looked into all sorts of different housing options from dorms to apartments. The university was just over three hundred miles from home so living with my parents was not an option. My brother was also on the housing hunt. He had spent his first year in the dorms and spent the second year in an apartment with

some rather financially flaky roommates. As a result my dad ended up paying the full rent because it was my brother's name on the lease.

After living in an apartment my brother really didn't want to go back to the dorms. My father started weighing the financial cost and decided he wasn't paying for both of us to live in a dorm room anyways. He also didn't want to get stuck with an apartment bill from non-paying roommates. It wasn't long before he presented to us an option that was hard to refuse. He offered both of us \$400 per month for a housing allowance. This was short of the necessary amount for the dorm fees and it would be up to us to pay any differences between flaky roommates.

Now don't get me wrong here. I know that my dad paying for us to live away from home while in college was a fantastic thing to do. He was also footing the bill for tuition provided that we kept a 2.0 average. It didn't sound all that hard to me. There were just enough financial perks to avoid the negative consequences of not doing as my father asked of us. So when he suggested that we look for an apartment together we weren't too opposed to the idea.

As a result of my father's recommendation my brother and I set out on a road trip to find a suitable apartment. Now I know this is when most incest stories leap right into sexual favors but that wasn't the case for us. There was nothing sexual about this road trip. There was nothing that happened between us that would even suggest the possibility.

We searched all over for an apartment. We started with the big apartment complexes but quickly learned that for a two bedroom we would end up paying well over half our monthly allotment. This left us with little left for other living expenses let alone food. Looking at one bedroom apartments gave us the quick impression that there was little room and privacy available for either of us. Privacy was one thing we were both looking for. We really weren't interested in sharing a room but the higher cost of two bedroom apartments was sure pushing us that way.

It wasn't until we started looking at the homegrown apartments that we finally found something worth sharing. It took a while, digging through the classifieds and driving to

different locations. We finally found a house with an apartment in the basement that we felt we could share. It was in a great location, only a half mile from the university. It had a decent sized living room but the smallest kitchen I have ever seen. It was like a miniature hallway with cupboards, a refrigerator, and a stove. The biggest positive of this apartment was the bedroom. Calm down pervs, it wasn't like that. The bedroom was nearly half the size of the whole apartment. With the doorway located roughly halfway through the room we figured it would be easy to split it in two. A hanging wire and a few blankets or sheets would give us enough privacy. We signed the lease and returned home for our things. With only a month before school starting we figured it would be a great time to get to know the city and the area.

Returning home with a signed lease was a less than ideal situation according to our parents. They really wanted to check things out before we made any "rash" decisions. In our minds the price of the apartment was too good to pass up. Only \$350 a month would leave us with enough money to eat well and pay all of our bills. It was also easy to give my dad the impression that it was upwards of \$450. That way we could have extra money every month without my parents asking about it.

Our parents drove back over with us bringing along beds, a couch, a few chairs, some minor kitchen furnishings, and a couple desks. Our description of the apartment left a little to be desired from both our parents. They weren't too excited about a single bedroom setup. It didn't take long after they saw the large bedroom before they agreed with us. A little help from my father and we ran a wire across the room and hung up some old blankets from home. Now we both had our own separate space with our own privacy. My brother chose to sleep on the side with the door, violating his privacy a bit. I thought it was rather sweet of him to do so.

I know what you are thinking but slow down pervs. I never saw him naked nor did I ever catch him jerking off. When I said there was nothing sexual about our living situation I really meant it. I always quickly passed right by his side of the room on the way to mine. I always made sure I was ready for bed and into my area before he was. This usually gave me some pretty early nights which lead to me waking early in the morning.

There are many of you who would be thinking that we should be bumping nasties after living together like that. But in reality it was the furthest thing from our minds. The last thing I was interested in was being physically involved with my own brother. Besides that my studies had come first above all. Being a music major I spent a lot of time in the practice rooms anyways. With my brother being an aspiring engineer he too had lots of homework. For both of us it was simply the same as it had always been except we no longer lived with our parents.

Despite our rather engrossed lives we both finally ended up dating. My brother tended to go through women rather quickly. He would take them out on a date or two before he would move on. Surprisingly enough he had a rather gentlemanly reputation and not one of looking for sex only. I guess he figured it was time to start looking to settle down so he would just stop dating a girl if she didn't match up to what he was looking for. As for me I too had started dating. But I ended up with one guy. We dated for a good portion of the school year up until the terrible miscommunication.

Paul was my boyfriend. I met him in orchestra. At first I just thought he was another egotistic trumpet player. But he cared about me, was a little on the chubby side, had a great smile, and had a great sense of humor. He also had a rather short temper. It didn't take much for me to set him off. He never really hit me but would sometimes say things which I felt bad about. In return I would spend hours trying to make him feel like I really did love him. Our physical relationship went slowly, very slowly. It was my decision and was also one of those things which caused him to get upset pretty often. Even though I didn't want to budge on the intercourse I was willing to go for oral sex. I guess I was idealistic. I wanted to save the sex for marriage. I had done it before with a high school boyfriend but felt like he had run away with everything I had ever owned when he broke up with me. I just never wanted to feel like that again.

Paul wasn't really a big man. His cock was easy to suck on. I had definitely seen larger cocks in porn and also on amateur guys on the Internet. I didn't care so much about the size of his manhood but more the size of his heart. I wanted him to love me so much that I would give him a blow job whenever he asked. It was rather easy to deep-throat his erection. After a few months of being together this is where our relationship settled. He fondled my breasts a lot but never seemed very interested in getting down my pants as long as I sucked him off. Not even with his hands. This usually left me to take care of business after he dropped me

off at my apartment. Now hold on there perverts. It wasn't my brother that helped me take care of my personal business. It was my right hand mostly and the occasional cheating with the left.

My brother finally found a girl who he dated more than a week or two. I was a bit jealous of her. She was gorgeous. I know exactly what it was that attracted my brother to her. Her eyes were so deep. Her hair was so shiny. She had the most amazing hourglass shape. Oh I hated her for it. I hated her because she was beautiful. And on top of all that she was nice! Damn her! She was the sweetest girl my brother had ever dated. I knew that Maria was the girl he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

So don't you understand? I had Paul and my brother had Maria. There was no reason that we should have started fucking each other. It seemed as if things were going well for the both of us and that we would both be soon moving on with our lives. It was just as things began to heat up between Paul and I that things came crashing to a devastating end. Yes, it was then that my brother and I found ourselves in a very compromising situation.

But what could have actually happened to cause such a mess of emotions and lives? A series of events. Fortunate or unfortunate depending on your point of view. It wasn't until after this had all unfolded that we found out what actually happened. So what you get from me is the story with hindsight.

I had finally decided to give Paul everything he wanted. I had decided to make love to him. I had prepared myself with the proper safe sex precautions. I had even taken the time to groom my rather lush forest of pubes. Then I informed him of my decision and of my desire that it be memorable. His response was to get into my apartment and leave a message for me. Apparently my brother had let him in. He left an envelope on my desk for me to open when he asked me to.

It wasn't his note that caused our miscommunication. There was a slight mix up which caused large consequences. You see, earlier that same day Maria had been over at our place doing some homework. Of course my brother was at his desk so she went ahead and made herself at home using my desk. My brother, being the super creative guy that he was,

thought the whole love letter idea was great. He also decided to write a letter for her and sneak it into her books.

Maria was packing things up just as I had arrived home. She smiled at me, "I'm just leaving so you can have your desk."

That caught me a bit off guard. I hadn't expected to use it. Although I was rather jealous of her for being the perfect woman I didn't mind her sitting there. "Don't worry about it," I explained. "You are welcome to use it anytime."

"Thanks," Maria retorted. She turned around and picked up her books ready to walk out the door. A small envelope fell to the floor as she turned around.

"I think you dropped this," I reached to the floor and picked up the small white parcel.

Maria looked at me and then looked at the envelope. With a rather curious glance she reached for the envelope. "Oh thanks." She seemed almost as if she wasn't expecting it to be hers.

"See you later." My brother responded to her with a mumble, completely engrossed in a time wasting computer game.

It wasn't until after Maria had left that my brother seemed to break away from his intense point and click strategy game. "Where did Maria go?"

"Seriously," I questioned in disbelief.

"Yeah. Where is she?"

"She said goodbye to you and left."

"Oh, oops." My brother went back to his game for a moment then magically broke away again, "Paul left you a note on your desk."

I turned towards my desk and gazed through my neatly organized clutter. Obscurely placed was an oddly folded piece of paper. I walked over, reached down and picked it up. I unfolded it and read the contents to myself:

"Meet me at the Holiday Inn at 7:00. Tell the person at the front desk that you are looking for some lemonade. They should give you a key and a room number. I'll be there ready and waiting."

Don't you see perverts? Don't you have enough foreshadowing to know what actually happened? Well, you should not have figured it out completely. After all I should have known when I got there right? I should have known that it was my brother and not Paul. With all the hindsight I have now I'm not sure how I missed it. As it is often said, hindsight is better than foresight.

C H A P T E R 2

After I read this note I was fucking pissed. I figured he would at least treat me to a nice dinner and possibly a romantic stroll together before he tried getting me in the sack. I had already told him we would do it so I figured I would trust him. Who knows, he may actually have something nice planned.

With my trusting attitude I left my house at roughly 20 minutes to seven, headed for the Holiday Inn. It was a good drive from where I was. Five miles isn't all that far but it sure as hell takes a bit in heavier traffic. Even more so while riding a little underpowered scooter. Being a Friday night I should have expected the heavier traffic flow. I finally arrived at the Holiday Inn, a few minutes late.

I felt silly telling the girl at the front desk that I was looking for lemonade. I didn't want to do it but as I walked in she seemed to be expecting it from me. "Hi," I begrudgingly babbled a salutation. "I uh.. Well... I'm..."

She interrupted, "You need some lemonade?"

"Yeah," I gave her a slight smile.

She handed me a key, "Room 312. Have a nice time."

I felt so embarrassed. This girl at the front desk knew what was going on. It felt like I was about ready to be cheating on my spouse and she knew it! I felt so dirty but headed up the stairs towards room 312.

I apprehensively slid the key card through the door's card reader. The light went from a solid red, to a blinking red, and then back to solid red again. "Fuck," I thought. "I hope she told me the right room." I slid the card through again, this time I was more deliberate about sliding it through. The red light began to blink but this time turned green. I pushed down on the door's lever handle and it opened right up.

The room was filled with darkness. It seemed as if all lights in the room had been squelched by something or another. The window was pitch black. I even noticed a lack of a familiar blinking VCR display. I set down my bag and made my way towards the bed while looking for a light by running my hands along the wall.

Just as I felt the edge of a light switch I was abruptly seized. Spun around like a top and met with a kiss. It was deep and passionate. I had never expected such a kiss from Paul. He was a good kisser but there always seemed to be a lack of emotion. This kiss was filled with love. This kiss got me very excited and I forgot about my expectations of romance before sex.

As I reached my arms around I felt his body. He was already naked. I rubbed my hands up and down his back feeling his warmth. His cock pressed into me. It felt harder than I had ever remembered. I reached towards his ass and felt an unfamiliar hardness. At this point I should have known. With as hefty as Paul was I should have known that this wasn't his tight ass. But it didn't click. My mind was so drawn away by the passionate kissing that my thought processes had nearly shut down. Sex was the only thing I was looking for now.

My clothes quickly dropped to the floor as we kissed over the short distance to the bed. I fell backwards on the bed while my lover moved in on top of me. He caressed my cheek before coming back in for more passionate kissing. This is another one of those hindsight things. Paul had never caressed any part of my body let alone my cheek. At that moment it

didn't matter. I was ready. I had been thinking about doing this all day and now I was here with him, ready for penetration.

His cock made its way to my pussy. I could feel the large amount of pre-cum that had accumulated on his cock head. It helped lubricate my opening. With a little wiggle and a slight thrust his man rocket entered my vacuum of space. As his cock kept going I instantly had serious doubts about this man's identity. Paul's cock could have never penetrated that far. I never remembered him being that long or that thick. As our pubic bones came in contact with one another I could feel this prick teasing my diaphragm.

He began thrusting before I had a chance to say anything. Good fuck, it felt fucking fantastic. His cock kept thrusting in and out and I finally had to say something. "Slow down a little. Your cock feels a lot larger than I thought it was."

He stopped humping me, "Your tits feel kind of different too."

This was it perverts. Yeah, it took us both that long to finally figure it out. I knew as I heard his voice that I wasn't being fucked by Paul. I knew that voice. It was as familiar as my own brother. After all it was my brother.

He lay there on top of me supporting his upper body with his elbows locked. We were both rather calm when we should have been both jumping up in disgust. If he had reacted in such a way I may have just ended up sitting in a super hot shower with my knees pulled up to my chest. Very similar to a bad Lifetime women's original movie cliché. But he hadn't. He just continued to lay on top of me calm as can be. His cock still inside me, seemingly frozen like a deer caught in some headlights.

It felt as if a few years had passed from the moment of recognition to the moment of consolation. It was me who broke the silence, "So have you figured this out yet?"

"Yeah."

"Would you take your cock out of me? Or are you just going to lay there deep inside your sister all night?"

"Give me a second."

My brother's response totally caught me off guard. I completely expected him to jump right

off of me. Instead he lay there with his cock continuing to throb within me. "So... I guess I'll just lay here until you make up your mind."

His cock finally started to withdraw from our sexual combat. Without saying a word he moved off the bed and turned on the lights. The luminosity of the lights was instantly more than expected. After having spent some time in a pitch black room all I could do was squint while my eyes adjusted. As I was able to look up I saw my brother standing there with his cock waving in all it's glory. His balls seemed to hang as a swinging ballast to his manhood.

My brother roared at me, "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"The note on my desk told me to be here at seven and to ask for lemonade," I retorted back as I moved off the bed to a standing position.

"What? That was for Maria! Your note was in an envelope." My brother's tone of voice seemed to go from astonishment to anger. It was also at this moment when it all came together. I felt so embarrassed.

"Why was it on my desk then and not in her hands?"

"I put it in her book so she would find it later."

This whole time we had been aggressively moving towards each other, both ready to fight to the death.

"Well you missed. Your damn note was on my desk!"

"Where is the envelope that Paul dropped off?"

"Maria dropped it after she picked up her books and I picked it up and gave it to her!"

By this time our voices had risen to the decibel level of fighter jets. I was super mad at him for not getting his note firmly in Maria's book. He was over the top fuming because I had given her the note intended for me and instead took the note intended for her.

It seemed to go silent as we both stared each other down. It had to have been the most awkward staring contest in all the world. I could see his brow curling and his lips snarling. And finally he broke. His eyes gave me a once over.

"Stop staring at my tits!"

"I'm not staring," my brother's voice seemed to calm down. I knew with my tits staring back at him I had the power. That's how all men are. "I was just thinking how pretty you are. And how I'm upset with you but I don't care because you're my sister."

"So you liked fucking your own sister? Holy shit you are one hell of a pervert."

"It wasn't like I was the only one who liked it. I heard your moans. You could have attracted the attention of hell itself with all the noise you were making."

Oh I was livid. My brother had just insulted my dignity and my morality. He had downtrodden my ego. The worst part of it was that he was right. I could only answer with a loud "Argh!" With that I went for my clothes and started to get dressed. My brother followed suit.

I put on my clothes as quickly as I could. I grabbed my bag and headed for the door. My brother was in hot pursuit while zipping up his pants in the hallway. "Where are you going," he urged.

"I'm going to Paul's. If I see Maria I'll tell her where you are."

"Stop being so mad. I'll take you." I stopped and looked at him. "Come on. It will give us a chance to talk things over. I just want to make sure you are doing OK."

For having just penetrated his sister's body with his cock he sure seemed to want the awkwardness to continue. "Fine," I retorted. "But no one, and I mean no one at all, ever hears about this. Not Maria, not Paul, not our parents, not any friends; past, present, or future. This is just between us."

"Fine," my brother responded. "No one. Not like I had intended to anyways."

I moved towards my brother's beat up car and took my place in the passenger seat. He suddenly seemed so willing to be nice to me I had to nearly run to open my own door. The drive was rather awkward. It was silent the whole time. Not a single shred of communication. In a car without a radio this was a rather emotionally grueling trip.

Silence was broken like the shot heard round the world. "I'm going to stop at home real quick. Its on the way, maybe we can call Paul before we try going over there."

"Fine, whatever you want," I replied aggressively.

"Why are you being this way? We both made mistakes to get us here. We both had a little sex with each other."

"Don't say it like that."

"What? That we had sex?"

He was starting to get to me, "Yeah. I don't want to hear it."

"Are you ashamed of doing it with me."

I just stayed silent. I didn't want to answer. I wasn't really mad that we did it. It was really good. It was also only a few good pumps of his hips. So could we really call it sex? "We didn't really have sex."

"What? Really? Oh yes we did. I put my cock inside of you... you know... sex."

We finally made it back to our apartment and I was able to walk away from his attempt at reconciling our mishap. You see perverts, I was not mad that I did it with him. My biggest issue about the whole situation is that I enjoyed it. I'm not supposed to enjoy having sex with my own brother. It was nice. He kissed me like he really needed me. He held me like a man should. I was mad at myself, and not him. It was really my fault that we ended up together. It was also my thoughts about it that kept enticing me.

I made my way through the front door of our apartment. I headed straight for the phone frantically dialing Paul. I heard my brother come inside and saw him sit on the couch out of the side of my eyes. With each passing ring I became more nervous. After it was apparent that Paul was unavailable I hung up. "Did you want to call Maria while we are here?"

"Yeah. I'll give her a try." My brother picked up the phone. He too waited while the phone rang. There was no answer. "Well I guess that didn't work. Want to drive around and see if we can find them?"

Without an answer I walked out the door and sat back in his car, waiting patiently. My brother soon followed. It was another awkward drive as we made our way to Paul's place. The windows were dark. It was obvious no one was home.

"Mind if we try Maria's apartment," my brother asked.

"Yeah. Thats fine."

Maria lived a bit further away. So again it was a long awkward moment with my brother. I wanted to tell him that I wasn't mad at him. I wanted to tell him that it wasn't his fault. I wanted to tell him that even though he was my brother I enjoyed it. I wanted to tell him all of these things but I just wasn't ready to.

We finally made it to Maria's apartment. The lights were on in her bedroom. "Do you want to come in with me? Or are you going to continue to sulk in the car?" My brother's statement cut me to the core, but he was right. I needed to get over it. Not like Maria would ever know what happened. She was probably mad that he hadn't called her yet.

My brother knocked on Maria's front door. No answer. He knocked again a little harder. Again there was no answer. Just as I was thinking we were going to head out he turned the door knob. It was open so he pushed on the door and took a peek in. I followed him into Maria's apartment feeling rather self-conscious about the whole thing. We had just walked uninvited into her apartment.

"Do you hear that," my brother asked.

"Yeah. I do. Do you think that's Maria?"

"Only one way to find out." My brother walked towards the noise coming from Maria's bedroom. My heart was beginning to beat faster and I could tell his was too. He reached for her bedroom doorknob and with a quick movement swung the door wide open. The scene before us was nearly more that I wanted to take in at that moment. There was Maria with all her prettiness. Her fantastic shiny hair glistening in her bedroom lights. Her fantastic and nearly flawless skin boasted of her beauty. Yes, perverts, there she was naked as can be. Right there on top of Paul.

I know most of you perverts would suggest we just join in as if it were no big deal. Thats not how life works perverts! Most of us aren't that way. Instead my brother and I were now on a

united front. Both no longer upset or disappointed in each other but only in our now ending relationships. Maria hastily moved off of Paul which opened him up for a beating of epic proportions. I lunged with all my might and gave him a wicked thrashing. My brother had the frame of mind enough to pull me off amidst the loud cussing.

A few unkind words were exchanged between my brother and Maria. He obviously had more experience breaking up than I did. It was rather sad seeing her, as beautiful as she was, in the corner crying. In the meantime Paul decided he had enough of me. He came at me yelling and my face had an unfortunate collision with his fist. I guess my brother had said his peace to Maria because the next thing I heard was another punch. I was expecting it to land on me. I could feel Paul's presence above me and I could sense him ready to give another blow. But it never landed.

I opened my eyes and wiped away the tears. I was crying partly because of what happened but mostly because Paul's punch hurt. Looking out across the room I could see blood begin to fly as my brother landed punch after punch on Paul's now heavily bruised cheeks. My brother finally finished, stood up, and composed himself. Maria rushed to Paul's side. My brother turned to me, "Lets get away from these dumb fuckers."

I cried as I walked back towards the car. My face throbbed from the unexpected blow. My brother was kind enough to put his arm around me as we walked. He opened the door and helped me in. "Wow, thats a shiner. We should get some ice on that." I smiled at my brother's remark. I was a bit surprised that he jumped in and pummeled Paul as he did. Then again I was really moved by it.

We drove home in silence. This time it wasn't awkward, it was just a short cooling off period. We pulled up and the noise of the engine faded away as my brother turned the key. "Listen, I'm sorry that this all happened tonight. I'm sorry about Paul. I'm sorry I had sex with you. I'll never talk about that again."

I can't ever remember my brother apologizing to me. "Thanks. That means a lot to me. Would you just hold me tonight? I think I need some comforting."

My brother smiled at me, "Yeah, maybe we can kiss and make up like mom used to always say."

I couldn't help but laugh, "Shut up. Your making my face hurt."

"Well it's killing me too." There it was. There was my brother that I knew and loved, sometimes loathed

CHAPTER 3

Quite to our surprise there was a knock at our door only a mere minutes after we arrived home. I was still loading ice into a bag to place on my new battle scar. My brother answered and I could instantly tell something wasn't right. I headed for the door to see what was up. With an ice pack on my face I looked out to see a police officer standing on our door.

Paul, that stupid fucker, had called the cops on my brother for beating the shit out of him. The officer looked at my brother and then at me. He looked back at my brother. "We have gotten a report that you were in a bit of a altercation this evening."

Before my brother could answer him I jumped in. "Why don't you come in. We can sit down and tell you what happened."

The cop, Sergeant Dixon, walked in but decidedly stayed standing. He took another look at me while I held the ice pack up to my face. "It looks like more happened than what was reported." He pointed to my brother. "Did he do this to you?"

"No, it was my boyfriend. Well, my ex-boyfriend now."

"So do you two want to tell me your side of this story?"

The officer seemed nice. There was a genuine concern to find out what really happened. We recounted everything to him, minus the part about us getting it on for a second. We were honest and tried to give an unbiased view of the story. After listening to what we had to say he excused himself. It turned out that another officer was currently at Maria's apartment with her and Paul. After spending a bit of time in his car he came back in.

"Well I just got off the radio with the officer over at your boyfriends place." He had it wrong but I didn't feel the need to correct him. "It seems you have all separated yourselves from a bad situation. One of two things is going to happen tonight. Either you all go downtown and spend the night in a cell, or you all drop the charges."

My brother looked over at me and our eyes met. I could tell he didn't want to go to jail for me. He looked back at the officer, "Its up to her."

"I would be happy to drop the charges, if that's what Paul does."

The officer looked at both of us. "Alright. Let me call back over and see what they want to do. You two stay put for now." He headed back to his car this time only spending a short amount of time out there. He came back and knocked on our door again. We greeted him and let him in. "Well, it looks like both of you are off the hook. Paul didn't want to drop the charges but we were able to talk him into it."

Talk about a relief! Wow, that would have been a shitty day getting shittier. Before he left the officer took a few pictures of the shiner Paul gave me. Just in case he decided to change his mind. He also informed us that if this ended up in court for some reason he would be willing to testify for us. He finally walked out the door.

My brother looked at me and I at him. My eyes widened as far as they possibly could, "Damn that was close."

"Your telling me," my brother said emphatically.

I could feel the tears beginning to build up inside of me. I could feel my tear ducts beginning to weep. A tear ran down my cheek. My brother pulled me into a close hug. "Whats wrong?"

I couldn't talk. All I could do is just cry. My brother just kept holding me, "Its OK. Let it out. It's not your fault anyways."

I was finally able to calm down enough to talk. "It is my fault. I'm the one who picked up the wrong note. I was the one who tried to hit Paul first."

"But he is the one who left a mark."

"Thanks for standing up for me. He would have really hurt me if you weren't there."

"I know."

I had calmed down enough that my brother released me from his embrace. He sat down on the couch and I sat down next to him. I had never cuddled up to my brother before but I had no one else. It wasn't nearly as awkward as having sex with him. He just put his arm around me and tried his best to comfort me.

He finally patted me on the shoulder, "Did you want to go out and do anything tonight?"

"Not really. I am getting pretty hungry though. Did you have something in mind?"

"Well, I was thinking that we could maybe grab some food on our way back to the hotel."

"Why do you want to go back there?"

"We did leave your scooter there. So we have to go back to pick it up anyways. And I figure there is cable TV there."

My brother was right about one thing. We were going to have to go back to pick up my sweet ride anyways. "Sounds great but there is only one bed in that room. I'm not sure its a smart idea to sleep in the same bed as you."

My brother chuckled a little, "Are you still upset with me about what happened?"

"I'm not upset with you. I'm upset with myself."

"I never understand what women mean when they say that. Why are you upset with yourself?"

"I can't tell you why. Its not something I'm ready to say."

"Because you don't want to admit it that we did it a little? Or..."

"Because I liked it." I couldn't believe it. I had said it. It kind of slipped out but I said it.

"Really? You liked getting fucked by your own brother?"

I could tell where my brother was going with this. There was no way he would let me live it down now. "Shut up. I should have known it wasn't Paul anyways."

My brother squeezed my shoulder trying to affirm his caring for me. "I'm a bit upset too."

"Why, because you liked it too?"

"No, it isn't that. I'm a little upset that instead of ending up with my girlfriend and her perfect breasts I ended up with my sister." He tried looking down at me but I already felt like shit and didn't want to look back. "But I guess the difference is that even though Maria is really hot you are really cute."

I looked up at him inquisitively, "What the hell kind of difference is that?"

"In twenty years you will most likely still be cute. On the other hand Maria will probably look like someone beat her with an ugly stick. That's the difference between cute and hot."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Thanks. I'll take it as a compliment." It was an odious compliment but a compliment nonetheless.

"Why don't we go get some food and your scooter. If you want we can stay in the hotel tonight but we don't have to."

"I'll think about it. Let's just get going."

After a quick stop at Burger King we ended up back at the Holiday Inn. My brother parked next to my scooter. "So what do you want to do? Do you want to go in and watch a little cable TV? Or did you just want to go back home?"

I know my brother wasn't trying to get me back in the room just for his own sake. We didn't have cable television in our apartment. Just the intermittent over the air signal. "I really need to pee. So let's go up for at least a minute."

My brother accompanied me back up to room 312. It felt a little odd walking back in there with him after all that had happened. But when nature calls it needs to be answered. He jumped on the bed and made himself at home. He turned on the TV just as I entered the bathroom. I was blown away by the amenities found in there. The first thing I noticed was a good sized jacuzzi tub. While relieving myself I also noticed a phone right next to the toilet. So much fun that could be.

I picked up the phone and pressed the button to ring the bed area. My brother picked up, "Hello."

"Did you know there is a jacuzzi tub in here," I exclaimed with excitement.

"Yeah. I payed a little extra for that."

I finished up and flushed the toilet. "Eew. Did you just flush the toilet while talking to me?"

"Yeah. So?"

"Thats gross!" And with that my brother hung up the phone.

I walked back out and sat on the bed next to my brother. He looked at my cheek. "If that shithead ever tries touching you again I'll fucking kill him."

"Can we just keep all this between you and me? I don't want mom and dad to find out about all this. The only thing they need to know is that Paul and I are through."

"Sure thing. Don't worry about all that."

"I'm sorry I ruined your night. It looks like it would have been really fun with that jacuzzi tub and all."

"Don't worry about it. I'm glad I found out that Maria would cheat on me now instead of after we started having sex."

"Yeah, I guess you are right. I kind of always knew that Paul wasn't completely into me. I can't blame him for wanting to be with her either. She is really pretty."

We sat together just watching the boob tube for a while. My brother loved cheesy comedy shows which seemed to only show up on cable. You perverts should know the kind. The comedy shows which have tits for the sake of tits but seem to have a thinly veiled plot.

My brother finally initiated another conversation, "You know that you don't have to be naked to get into a jacuzzi tub."

"What are you saying?"

"If you have a swimsuit we could both go soak in there for a bit."

"Well I didn't bring a swimsuit with me."

"Just hang out in your underwear. It covers the same as a swim suit anyways."

My brother's proposal sounded nice. I could use a good soak. The water jets in the tub would feel nice. It would be a nice respite from my throbbing face. "OK. But I go get in first and then you can get in after me."

"I didn't bring a swimsuit either. Would you mind if I got in naked."

"I knew it. You wanted to get me back up here so you could try fucking your own sister again."

"I'm not trying to have sex with you again. I just don't have any spare underwear."

"Ugh. Fine. But if you get a boner I'm done."

"Sounds fair to me."

I excused myself and headed to the tub. I began filling it with steaming hot water. I used the hotel shampoo as a bubble bath. If my brother got a hard-on I wasn't too interested in looking at it. He was my brother after all. Even though I enjoyed the feeling of his man meat I knew I couldn't let that happen again. Its socially wrong. Completely unacceptable. And it would be wrong to accidentally get pregnant by my own brother.

I took off my shirt and my pants. I thought about what my brother said. It had dawned on me that I didn't have any spare panties as they were in my bag, out in his car. I could live without a bra for the evening but I personally prefer to have something snuggling up my labia. I took off my panties and set them between my pants and shirt before settling into the tub.

The hot steamy water filled the pores of my skin. I hadn't had a good soak in a bath since I left for college. I was beginning to lose myself in the strong jets pulsating against my body. I had nearly forgotten what it was like. My brother's voice interrupted my meditation. "If you don't want to see my dick you had better close your eyes."

"OK. I'm ready," I replied.

My brother made his way into the bathroom. I had my eyes closed. At least he thought they were closed all the way. I had them open slightly. I wanted to see that cock again. I peeked at him as he walked in. His member swinging back and forth as an elephants nose. I watched him as he entered the tub. The sight of his dick gave me the desire to touch him again.

The Jacuzzi tub was surprisingly large. It easily fit my brother and I into it. My feet lay next to his hands. Our legs intertwined as we both soaked in our bubbly jetted tub. He grabbed my foot and started rubbing. It felt so nice. I was completely lost in the massage. I hadn't noticed my brothers feet caressing my thighs.

"Is it just me or are you not wearing any panties?" My brother's comment broke me from my dreams.

"Your not wearing underwear either."

"It just seems a little profound since you obviously didn't want to be naked with me."

"I'm not naked. I'm wearing my bra."

"Yeah, but why just a bra?"

"I don't know. I thought you wouldn't notice the lack of panties but would notice if my bra was off."

"You don't have to wear it if you don't want to."

"I would take it off but you would get yourself a boner looking at boobs. Then I would have to get out."

"Come on. Don't be that way. Besides if you left I would see you naked. most of you anyways."

I wanted to remove my bra. I really did. I had a desire to be with him. He was teasing me enough. "Fine. I'll give into you. I don't know why but your so animalistic." I removed my bra and let my tits go free. They made a quick appearance before sinking back under the warm water.

"There. Don't you feel better now that its off?"

"Maybe."

Shortly thereafter I began to relax again. My brother's foot massage had done wonders for me. I had nearly forgotten that my face hurt so bad. I just lay there as he treated me like a queen. It wasn't until the water began getting cold that I finally opened my eyes. The bubbles had long subsided and my brother was obviously enjoying the view.

"Ooh, Its getting cold. I'm going to get out." My brother let go of my feet as I finished my sentence.

"Did you want me to get out first? I wouldn't want to to feel self-conscious about me seeing you naked."

"Your an ass. You know that? How long have you been looking at me anyways?"

"Long enough."

I stood up ready to get out. My brother stood up next to me. I glanced down at him. his cock was in a semi-hard state. I wasn't too exited about him seeing all of me so I did my best to keep my legs close together as I stepped out of the tub. I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around me. I grabbed another towel and wrapped it around my head. "I sure hope you enjoyed the view," I mentioned to my brother. I walked out of the bathroom and made myself comfortable on the bed.

I had acquired the hotel lotion before taking my place on the bed. My brother came in with a towel around himself and sat next to me. "Aren't you going to get dressed," he asked.

"I have to moisturize my legs first."

"After all that time in a tub of water you sure seem to think your dehydrated."

"Don't make fun of me. I've had a hard night."

My brother's cock had regained its consciousness as it began protruding from underneath his towel. "No way its as hard as my night has been."

"Stop being a pervert. Your not going to get back in my pussy so just chill out."

There it was perverts. That was it right there. The now familiar awkward silence. It was polluting the air like a conversational smog. "So are you at least going to cover up your cock?"

My brother stood up and took off his towel. After giving him a disappointed look he climbed onto the bed and under the blankets. "There. Its covered up."

"Dammit. I'm not sleeping naked with you."

"I didn't ask you to. I just thought I would." My brother was obviously being sexually aggressive. Not rapist aggressive but suggestively aggressive.

I couldn't help but urge him on without making it sound like I was. "You are going to try to fuck me tonight aren't you?"

"I'm not going to force you to do it. You do have a point. We are siblings we shouldn't just fuck."

"That's right," I affirmed.

"But it was you who said you liked it. Ever since you said that I can't seem to get you out of my head."

"You just want to fuck the ugly girl who has a black eye."

"You're not ugly. You're really pretty actually. I've never thought of you this way before but you are really hot. Paul was a dumb ass to cheat on you. How long have you been fucking him anyways?"

"We haven't done it. Tonight was supposed to be it for us. I have given him a lot of blow jobs though."

"I'm sorry things didn't work out for you."

Our conversation ended as my brother turned the television on again. I finished up rubbing in the lotion on my legs. I stood up and headed over to the mirror. It so happened to be located next to the television. This was the first time that I really took a good look at my face. My cheek was swollen pretty good. The redness was beginning to go away and be replaced with a dark purple color.

"You have a pretty nice ass too." My brother's compliment prompted me to immediately stand upright.

"OK," I began. "I'll make you a deal."

"A deal? This sounds interesting."

"I'll give you what you want tonight. You can fuck your own sister. You can be a fucking pervert and have your way with me. In return you become my slave for the rest of the semester. You do all the dishes and cleaning. You also make dinner more often."

"So your saying that you want it? You want to fuck me too but I have to be your slave?"

"Exactly."

My brother seemed a bit dumbfounded. "How about if I'm your slave but we have sex occasionally?"

"I may consider that. I'll have to think about it."

I turned around and went back to doting over my eye. I intentionally ignored my brother who was obviously horny. He finally got tired of waiting. "So what do you think? Sex occasionally?"

"It's going to take me a few days to decide."

"How is that supposed to help us tonight?"

"You could just agree to my terms. If your lucky it will happen again."

It was again silent. I can only think my brother was weighing the terms of our oral contract. It took him longer than I expected. I finally turned around and looked at him with one raised eyebrow. He made a little noise. To me it sounded like a "Hmmm." In response I opened my towel exposing myself to him.

"Well," I questioned him. "Is it a deal." All he could do is look at me. "Last chance. I need an answer or I go get dressed. And then I'll go home."

As I was wrapping my towel back around me my brother finally started to talk. "OK. Its a deal. I'll be your slave. But you have to really think about doing it occasionally and not just say you are."

"OK, I'll really think about it." I replied. "How did you want to start?"

"Why don't you start with dropping that towel?"

"Oooh. Right down to business?" I dropped my towel to the floor. I also pulled off the towel which was wrapped around my head. My hair draped down past my shoulders after I shook it out. There I was bare ass naked in front of my older brother. He rolled over on his side as I walked to the other side of the bed. I had a hard time making eye contact with him as I climbed under the covers next to him.

All I could do was lay there with the blanket up over my chest as I stared at the ceiling. Thoughts were racing through my head at a phenomenal rate. Why the hell did I just offer this? Was I going to regret it? Would it be awkward later on? The longer I lay there the more I tensed up.

"You don't look like you want to do this. We don't have to. I could just go wank off in the bathroom."

"No. Its fine. I told you I would do it."

"Then why are you look so nervous?"

Shit. Was it really showing that bad? Was I giving myself away so blatantly? "I'm just a little worried about a few things."

My brother moved in a little closer and began caressing my shoulder. "Like what?"

"Like people finding out that I had sex with you. Like if you decide to brag to your friends that you porked your own sister. Or like getting pregnant. Or what if sex will change our relationship."

"I won't tell anyone. That would be a bad thing for both of us. If mom and dad found out I would be cut off so fast. Dad would probably give you a hug and me a kick in the ass."

"Yeah. He probably would."

"And I guess I could wear a condom. I don't have any though. Maria told me she was on birth control so I didn't worry about any for tonight."

"I have condoms. They are in my bag. Which is still out in your car."

"Did you want me to go get one."

"I am on the pill too. I just figured it would be even more effective. Its like 98% effective so I shouldn't get pregnant this time."

"If your OK with that."

Talking openly to my brother helped me relax a bit. His hands also started moving a little further beyond my shoulder. "And of course our relationship will change. But I think it will be for the better. Since we have lived together this semester I have really gotten to like you. You really are my only real friend here. I think sex would just make it better for both of us."

My brother was really working it hard. I was going to still have sex with him but he seemed to think he needed to keep reassuring me. I smiled a little and looked over at him. "Thanks. I guess that makes me feel a little better."

His caressing hand moved much further than before and lightly grazed across my breast. He continued his teasing of my breast. Following up with a light squeeze he moved the blanket off my chest. "Wow. Your tits are awesome."

"Really?" I had personally never thought my breasts to be all that great.

"Yeah," my brother replied as he moved in for a suckle.

The feel of his lips upon my breast got my heart racing just a bit faster than it already was. His tongue teased me with all it's might. My brother came up for just a moment as if to get a breath of air, "Those are some nice nipples." Then he quickly returned from whence he came. Sucking my breasts as if it was the first time he had ever seen a pair.

His kisses began moving up my body. Lingering around my collar bone and neck I began crying out in ecstasy. As my moans became louder he finally moved in for a kiss. The passion I had experienced earlier in the evening was no match for the power which gripped our souls. This kiss sealed our agreement. This time I knew it was my own brother.

Our lips parted and eyes met. No words needed to be exchanged. He gazed into my eyes while shifting his body over me. His long hard cock slid across my leg. It was amazing to feel his manhood brush across my skin. It's soft skin and hard state had aroused something deep within me. I could feel my pussy go from moist to outright rain forest wet.

I thought he was preparing for our sexual coupling. Instead he surprised me and started kissing his way back down my body. He lovingly kissed his way to my chest. He encircled each of my breasts with light kisses. He topped them both off with a heavy kiss of my nipples. He continued to move down my body. I knew where he was going but wasn't too exited about it. I was rather self-conscious about my pussy. I've got a large set of inner labia. I've never felt comfortable being naked in front of anyone because they stick out so far. Even in a swimsuit I worried about my labia's bulge. Now my own brother was on his way down to get to know them first hand.

My brother paused a moment when he finally reached my pussy. This was the first time that he had gotten an up close view of my most intimate parts. Even Paul with all the sexual favors I gave him hadn't gotten this close to me. My high school boyfriend was the only guy before my brother to see my cunt. He was also the most harsh about it's appearance. He wanted a girl who had nice labia all tucked in like a little butt. He wasn't interested in a woman with a protruding labia. After getting what he wanted from me a few times he decided it was time to move on. And that is exactly what I thought my brother was going to do.

Much to my surprise my brother went down on me anyways. His tongue reached deep between my lips wandering up and down. He focused in on my vagina trying to penetrate me with his tongue. I could feel him lapping up my juices and couldn't stop myself from screaming out in pleasure. The jive of his tongue against me caused me to begin fucking back at his face. He pulled back slightly and sucked in my pussy lips. He moved them in and out. It was by far the most sensational thing I had ever felt. I was overcome with desire. This being the first time I had ever been on the receiving end of oral sex.

I grabbed his head and motioned that he move back up. He kissed his way back into position as I impatiently pulled up on him in any way I could. He had finally moved his body back into position. I wrapped my legs around him and looked him in the eyes. I could see his desire and longed for our soon to be physical connection. I felt him pull back a little, almost as if slightly resisting. But it was my actions that sealed our sexual deal.

I lifted my head up to go in for a kiss. His cock head teased my pussy as our lips embraced. He penetrated my mouth with his tongue while simultaneously penetrating my pussy with his prick. I felt him fill my body with himself. Our connection had gone beyond casual sex to an emotional bond. I could see his feelings in his eyes. They grew deeper with every kiss and every thrust. He pumped his cock in and out. In and out. In and out. My moans with his intense thrusting combined to create a slight Doppler effect.

With all the sex talk and foreplay it didn't take me long before I felt my body begin to shake. My pussy tightened around his cock. This caused a chain reaction as I began to feel his dick pulsing with love juice. The power at which his cum was extruded from his body caused my uterus to shake with each load. My brother collapsed on top of me. His hand moved up to my breast. He groped at my hard nipples looking for affirmation of my orgasm.

That was it. Our sex was over. Within a relatively short amount of time we had become one. My brother panted for breath as he rolled off of me. I cuddled up onto his shoulder letting my body relax against him. He put his arm around me and pulled me in tight. Nothing was said between us. There I fell asleep with my brother's cum slowly creeping out of my pussy.

CHAPTER 4

When I woke the next morning my brother was mysteriously gone. There was no sign of him being there at all. I glanced over at the clock. Almost eight in the morning. I hadn't slept in this late since I got to college. I was so used to waking up between 6:30 and 7:00. That extra hour seemed like almost nothing compared to how late it was when I finally dozed off. However, I did have a decent hotel room all to myself for three hours. I didn't have to checkout until 11.

I sat up in bed and pulled the covers off. The room was rather warm making me very comfortable in the nude. I turned on the television and flipped through the channels. Although the television was blaring at me I wasn't really watching. I felt so relaxed yet so anxious about all the happenings of the day before. I had mistakenly fucked my own brother, broken up with my boyfriend, caused a bloody fight, and then fucked my brother again; the second time on purpose. It was a whirlwind experience.

My thoughts kept taking me from Paul back to my own brother. I was fucking pissed that Paul would do something that stupid. I was a little grossed out that I fucked my own brother. Actually, more than a little. I was upset at myself for letting things go as far as they did. I blamed myself for everything that happened. It was really me who had messed things up. I was the one who didn't stop the sex initially even though I knew it couldn't be Paul. It was me who jumped on Paul causing the fight between him and my brother. It wasn't really a fight but more of a fierce beating. And it was also me who invited my own brother into the jacuzzi tub with me. Even though it was my brother who was so sexually suggestive it was me who gave the go ahead.

Don't you see perverts? It was all my fault. I started all of this. I was the guilty one. This is the point in most stories where we just admit we liked it and start fucking like rabbits. But perverts, that's not how it worked out for us. It was a lot more involved than that.

I heard the doorknob while I was immersed in my emotions of self-loathing, self-pity, and guilt. The distinct sound of an electronic card being swiped and the lock snapping open. I reached for the blanket to cover up. I knew it must be my brother but I also knew it could

easily be a housekeeper. I was able to cover up my bottom half before I saw my brother's head peek around the corner.

"Good morning," my brother gleefully sounded off. "Good to see your awake." I smiled at him in response. "Even better to see that your tits are still out."

I donned a look of surprise and pulled the blankets up over my chest. "Stop looking at my tits. You can't do that anymore."

An instant look of disappointment covered his demeanor. "Tits or no tits I brought you breakfast. Being that I'm your slave now I figured you might like something to eat." He moved around to where I was sitting and set a tray on my lap. My brother had gone to the in house restaurant and purchased a nice breakfast for me; waffles, sausage, scrambled eggs, and toast. Then he joined me up on the bed, sitting as close to me as he could.

He just sat there waiting for me to eat. It was a little odd so I asked, "Didn't you get breakfast for yourself?"

"Yeah. I got up a while ago so I ate down there. Sex makes me pretty hungry, especially when its with you."

"Don't be an ass. Just because we did something we shouldn't have doesn't mean you can treat me like some super slut."

"It doesn't make you a slut to like sex."

"No, but am I a slut for fucking you?"

"No. I don't think so."

I took his answer for what it was worth. I knew he was talking to me as if I were a girlfriend whom he just fucked. But I was his sister. I wanted his respect even though I knew I didn't deserve it. The smell of breakfast brought me back to the plate of food. I began to ignore him as I took my first bite. Awkwardly he sat and watched every time I scooped food into my mouth.

"What," I finally growled. "What do you want?"

"Nothing." My brother's response felt like a lie.

"Really? Nothing? Are you still hungry?"

"No."

"Then stop watching me."

"Sorry," he cowered slightly. "I just wanted to look at the cutest girl alive."

I couldn't believe what I had just heard. Did my brother actually fall for me? Good hell. Had he fucked Maria last night instead of me then it would be her in this position. "I'm not all that cute with this big bruise on my face."

"I'm sorry Paul did that to you."

"So am I. I did jump him first."

"If Maria was a guy I would have kicked the shit out of her too."

"Thats nice to know you won't hit a woman. So I guess I'm safe with you."

My brother reached up and caressed my cheek. It hurt a bit but I knew he had good intentions. He finally sat back and watched TV with me while I finished my breakfast.

I handed my brother the empty dishes, "Would you mind putting this on that table?"

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because I'm naked. I don't want to look at me again or else you will want to fuck me."

My brother relieved me of my dirty dishes. "I want to fuck you again anyways, naked or not." He sat the dishes on the table and looked back at me. "So the deal we made last night, was it uh..."

"Was it what?"

"Was it meant for sex just once last night? Or is it still a possibility before we go?"

I was slightly astounded by this question. I guess I hadn't really spelled that part out. I said I would have sex with him but I figured it was only going to be once. I knew he was fishing for it again. And you know what perverts? Deep down I wanted it too. I knew I shouldn't. I knew that if I fucked him again before we left then it would happen again after that. And once it starts there is no way I could stop. So I did what I could to try to talk him out of it.

"Would you stop trying to pressure me into having sex again. It was embarrassing enough. I don't need all that again."

"Embarrassing? What was so embarrassing about it?"

"You saw me. All of me. Even my pussy."

"Whats so bad about your pussy?"

"You saw it. You almost stopped last night. Once you saw it I thought you were done and this was all over."

"Thats so far from the truth. I stopped to admire your pussy. Its so fucking hot. I have never seen a pussy with big labia like that. It was awesome. And running my dick in and out of it sure felt great. Its like no other pussy I have ever felt before."

"And how many other pussies has your cock felt?"

"Besides yours? Two."

I snickered a little out loud. "With as many women as you take out on dates I figured you were fucking all the time."

"Nope, just a few times."

"So... What feels so different between me and the other two?"

"Do you remember Karen Jones?"

"You fucked Karen Jones?"

"Yeah, virginity and all."

I nearly burst out laughing. Karen was a seriously popular girl. She hung out with my brother for a few weeks and then suddenly decided she no longer wanted to be his friend. I guess this explained it all. "Yeah, I remember Karen."

"Well, her pussy was actually pretty big. I didn't know it then because it was the first one I had ever had. But her pussy could take in quite a bit. I think she got it a lot from the football team."

I couldn't help but laugh. "So what about the other girl? Do I know her too?"

"No. I met her here during my freshman year. She was fun and her pussy was a lot tighter than Karen's. She was really tight. Her pussy was also pretty dry. It was like a continual drought. Even after a torrential rain of oral sex she would dry up like the Mojave. She could get wet enough for me to get in but not so wet to drip down my balls when she rode me. Her cunt was nice but without lube it was like a fine grit sandpaper."

"Why do you have to be so graphic about it all. I'm getting jealous."

"Jealousy? I thought you didn't want to do it again." My brother looked at me while waiting for a response. I successfully ignored him and brushed off the question. "When I saw your pussy I knew I needed to try it. Your's is fucking awesome. It feels like I fit in there. Like I belong in there. Every time I moved my cock in and out I could feel your pussy lips moving with me. That felt really cool."

"So you want to fuck me again because my pussy felt cool?"

My brother smiled at me. "That does have something to do with it."

I could feel my juices flowing. Just hearing my brother describe his desires caused my pussy to arm itself for a fierce battle. But what the hell was I thinking perverts! I was seriously considering this. Not only did I want to fuck him again but I was ready to disregard all thoughts and emotions I had experienced not more than an hour ago. Since I was still naked I was certainly ready for it.

I was finally tired of his persistence. "We have almost two and a half hours left in this room. Do you plan on pressuring me for sex the whole time?"

"I'll try not to," my brother's response seemed so half-assed.

"Alright," I took a deep breath. "I can't believe I'm about to say this. If you go down on me again then I'll let you fuck me." My brother suddenly got a huge look of excitement. "BUT... But you can't talk to me about sex once we leave this room. This room is it. No sex outside this room. At least not with me."

My brother calmed down for a moment. After a period of thought he looked back over at me. "Can I see your boobs?"

"Ugh, your such a perv." I pulled the blanket down exposing my tits to him.

"And I can't even talk to you about sex after we leave this room?"

"No. Not at all. No pressuring me for more. Not even casually talking about it."

He just sat there looking at my tits. If we weren't just talking to each other I would have thought he was sleeping with his eyes open. His eyes seemed to be trying to memorize every inch of my breasts. I finally got tired of the silence. I stood up with the intention of walking towards the bathroom to get my clothes.

"Did you want me to eat you out?" My brother's question seemed a bit odd. I had just explained that to him.

"Excuse me?"

"Did you want me to eat you out?"

My brother's inquiry brought me right back to the conversation which had ended abruptly. "No sex out of this room. Right?"

"OK. I promise I won't talk to you or ask you for sex when we leave."

I moved back to the bed and lay down. I looked him in the eye while biting my lower lip. I spread my legs open for him, "Then get down on that pussy."

He eagerly moved himself into position and began to gratuitously make out with my pussy lips. The soft silky feeling of his tongue caressing up against my wanton lips coaxed out moans from deep inside me. He seemed to be a master at pleasing me. His tongue pushed harder and his mouth sucked in my lips and then out again. I began moaning louder and louder. I felt my body growing to climax. It didn't take my brother long to completely send me over the top. I was seized by a large orgasm. I bucked at my brother's face while the pulsating orgasm completed its course.

After that orgasm I completely expected my brother to rip off his clothes and begin fucking me. Much to my surprise he didn't. Instead he moved up and laid his head on my shoulder. He fondled my breasts a little and then began caressing my belly, just over my uterus. It felt wonderful.

"So why don't you want to have sex after we leave this room? Why don't you even want to talk about it?" My brother's question wasn't what I was thinking about. I was hoping for him to be in me. I wanted him on top and I wanted to look into his eyes while he got off inside me.

"Because I feel guilty. I woke up this morning and just felt awful for having sex with you."

My brother just continued to lay on me while caressing my belly. The silence that I had become so accustomed to no longer seemed awkward. After he had processed all the information which I gave him he finally spoke, "I understand. I guess if you don't want to have any more sex then I'll be OK with that."

His understanding and candor had done more for me than I could have ever imagined. Although I was naked and completely at his mercy, I felt completely safe with my brother. "It's just not right. We aren't supposed to have sex together let alone be enjoying it."

My brother continued to cuddle into my shoulder nook as he had before. This time he never really said much more to me. He just laid with his head on me while gently caressing my body. After quite a period of time he finally reached down between my legs and ran a finger through my slit. He sat up and looked into my eyes. "I'm not going to ask you to have sex with me. I don't want to have sex with you for my pleasure only. But I am going to ask you something. Do you want sex? Is it something you want to do with me because you desire it and not because I asked you?"

Shit. My brother knew exactly how to get someone else to make the tough decisions. Of course I still wanted sex but I was still trying to work past the social and moral implications of admitting that I wanted to continue on. "Fine, I want it. I do. Does that make you happy? Are you glad I admitted it?"

My brother simply lifted his head, looked at me, and then raised an eyebrow. I felt as if I needed to keep talking. "You know as well as I do that we aren't supposed to do this. And if we get involved sexually then how will we ever keep it between us? Someone is bound to find out and I'm not sure if I want to be known as the incest girl."

My brother sat up and looked at me. He looked as if he was really interested in what I was saying. "And if you were to ever get me pregnant there would be hell to pay. How would I ever explain that to mom and dad? Oh hey dad. Just wanted to let you know I'm pregnant. Oh yeah. The father? Sure you can meet him. Just talk to your son about fucking his sister."

During my whole rant my brother just listened intently. I went on and on unloading all my fears and reasons for not continuing relations with my brother. Then I finally started listing the positives of convenient sex. The comfort that I was feeling just laying there with him. How I felt respect from him. How I had completely fallen for him because of his actions of the previous night. I had finally unloaded all my thoughts and feelings.

He looked me deep in my eyes. Almost as if he were staring into my soul. "But do you want it? Is it a desire you have?"

His question brought me full circle. Here I was going on and on about nothing while my brother waited patiently. "Yes. I want it. You had better get your clothes off and get inside me before I change my mind."

My brother quickly stood up and stripped his clothes. It was quite a treat for me to watch this happen. As he pulled his boxers down I could feel myself becoming ready for his love.

I lay back while my brother took a prone position above me. His cock began to tease my lips and with a little wiggling he gently slid into my willing pussy. This time our sex wasn't really lustful. It felt as if it were a bonding. A deep connection we were creating which would bind us together forever. I could see how he felt as I gazed into his eyes. With every thrust of his hips I could feel myself approaching climax once again. I was once again gripped by muscular contractions rather abruptly. Not only had my body erupted in orgasm but I could also feel my brother's cum filling my womb.

We lay in each other's arms up until check out time. It was with a little regret and a bit of fun that we helped each other dress. As we readied ourselves to walk out the door my brother stopped me. "So is this it?"

"I think that would be best. Don't you?"

"You're probably right. I'll see you when I get home. I've got some things I want to go do."

I smiled at my brother and kissed him. I then headed for the parking lot and rode off on my little scooter. The night before had been a huge whirlwind of emotions and actions. Not only had I found out who really cared for me but I had also broken society's unwritten laws.

As far as Paul and Maria. Well lets just say things worked themselves out between them as well. Once the word got around the music department that it was Paul who gave me a giant black eye he found himself socially castrated. I always tried to be positive and never said anything about what happened that night. It was his own bragging that ended up chasing away most of his friends.

Maria wasn't quite as prepared as I was. Matter of fact she was planning on something completely different than I was. Just one time in bed with Paul and she was pregnant. She called my brother and tried to tell him that it was his. My brother swears up and down that he never had sex with her. I guess she was just trying to find more stability in her life.

After a few years together Maria and Paul had both finally had enough of each other. Paul had gotten abusive towards Maria and they split up. Two kids and a shitty marriage all from a mixed up set of notes. Now I'm glad that all of this happened. It wasn't my life that Paul screwed up.

CHAPTER 5

That was supposed to be the end of our relationship. We weren't supposed to talk to each other about sex. We weren't supposed to suggest it to each other or even look at each other like we wanted it. Our time in the hotel room was the be all and end all. But that's not how things happened. We had both just recently broken up with our significant others. That wasn't really a matter of choice for us but more of a matter of circumstance. So when all the dust settled my brother and I had a lot more time to spend at home. And there wasn't much more at home except each other.

It took a few weeks before the sexual tension started rearing its ugly head. But it didn't all come out at once. We didn't jump on each other at any moment in time. But suddenly spending more time together led to more awkward moments. We didn't completely ignore our deal at first. Matter of fact things were working out nicely for me. I hadn't done dishes since we left the hotel. There was no need for me to do any of the housework. It was already done. Our relationship was better than it had ever been.

After a few weeks I could feel the long staring gazes from my brother. He would just watch me as I moved about the apartment. It felt desirable when I first noticed his glances. But as those glances turned into outright stares I started feeling a bit self-conscious. On the other hand I can't say I was all innocent. I did go to bed early as usual. But instead of going right to sleep I would sit in the dark long enough for him to come in the room. Then I would peek through the blankets at him.

I had never seen him masturbate before. And after I started watching him through our makeshift wall, I found out why. He always jerked it right before bed. I couldn't help but watch him as he pleased himself every night. Occasionally I would even masturbate along with him. Not only did he jerk it at night but I also noticed his shower times increased. I also knew what I was doing in the shower and figured he had to be doing the same thing.

Finally after a few weeks my brother made a move. Not directly but psychologically. He finally decided to start walking from the bedroom to the shower in the buff. This left quite a bit for me to see. I watched as his balls swung from side to side as his cute little ass walked into the bathroom. I heard the shower start and the desire within me finally took over.

I picked myself up and followed him into the bathroom. The steam was rising from behind the shower curtain and I could imagine him rubbing himself behind it. I sat down on the floor and stared towards the shower. I was achingly horny. More importantly I was horny for my brother.

His head poked out from behind the shower curtain. He never said anything to me. Our eyes simply met and he moved backwards, opening the shower curtain just enough for me to see. He started jerking his cock for me. Vigorously moving his cock skin back and forth. I couldn't help but join in with him. I pulled my pants down to my ankles and began to masturbate with him. Occasionally we would glance at each other's genitals but for the most part we maintained our eye contact with our emotions locked between our gazes.

I watched as he turned perpendicular to me and his cock began to shoot cum. He had a pretty good distance going for him. His eyes broke from mine as his orgasm possessed his body. After his orgasm receded away he placed his hands on the curtain rod and watched me as I continued to rub my ever swollen pussy. Our eyes met again as I continued to show off my pleasure for him. I finally made it to my breaking point and my own orgasm peaked throughout my frame. With my brother still looking at me I stood up and pulled my pants back up. Our eyes met again and I could see a look of gratitude in his eyes. I turned and left the bathroom.

Now you would think that with such an intense occasion we wouldn't be able to anything but talk about it. But my brother seemed to want to keep his end of the bargain. He didn't say a word to me about our mutual masturbation moment. No talking about or asking for sex was something he agreed to.

However our indiscretion didn't seem to stop there. We both began to do things to sexually arouse the other while making it look as if it were no big deal. My brother continued with his naked jaunts to the bathroom. I would occasionally follow and join him in a mutual self pleasuring occurrence. On the other hand I began to find reasons to remove my bra or shirt in front of him. I even followed his example with the naked jaunt to the bathroom.

To top it all off we had both begun masturbating at will. If we felt we needed to orgasm we would go ahead and begin playing with ourselves. We offered up no explanation to each other. More often than not the other would join in as if to say that we agreed. It was all a game. Neither of us wanted to talk about sex. To be the one to verbally begin a conversation about sex was deemed wrong in both our minds.

Now that I ponder back on the whole situation I wonder how my brother did it. I'm not sure how he went so long with so much sexual tension without somehow coercing or pressuring me into having sex. Perverts, what I have to tell you next is something I'm not particularly proud of. Sooner or later something had to break. And unfortunately it was me who lost control and went far beyond the necessary requisites for sex.

I am still not proud of what I did. I'm ashamed I wasn't just more direct or that I didn't just push it further during one of our silent mutual masturbation sessions. What I did is rather inexcusable. On the other hand my brother was pleasantly surprised to partake in my perverse actions.

I waited for a Friday night. I wanted all the time I needed without worrying about upcoming tests or homework. I lay in my bed with the lights off. This was completely usual for me. On the other hand I had done something rather unusual. I had prepared before hand. All I needed to do was to wait for my brother to get in bed and fall fast asleep.

When the time was right I went stealthily into his side of our room. I reached under his bed and grabbed for my earlier preparation. I pulled out one end of a previously placed rope. Carefully, silently, and gently I began by tying his wrist. I moved to the other side of the bed and reached for the other side of the rope. Carefully again I was able to secure his other wrist. Without much complication I repeated the procedure with my brother's ankles.

The circumstances of my thoughts and actions had kept me in a very aroused state. I moved my brother's blankets up off of his hips. I reached into his boxers and pulled his cock out of their conveniently placed hole. With a few wanks of his cock I was able to get him into a somewhat aroused state. I kept jerking him until he had finally gotten hard. It was then that he started to stir about. I could see his sleep wasn't as deep as it had previously been.

I didn't care. I went for it. I moved up on his cock and guided him into my young libertine pussy. With this action he gained full consciousness. It took him a moment to realize what was going on. He jerked his arms and then tested his legs. All four limbs were securely fastened. I began rotating my hips on his swollen member. This seemed to bring me back into his focus. He looked up at me and I began moaning in pleasure.

Perverts, I rode his cock as if I was starved for sex. I bucked wildly upon his manhood. This was the first time I had ever taken charge. This was the first time I ever dominated my partner. I continued to fuck him until he had no choice but to fuck me back. Our bottled-up sexual tension lead to an intensely wild session. His cock wasn't able to hold out for long. I felt my orgasm hit me as soon as the first string of cum made contact with my uterine wall. I moaned with pleasure as I had finally used my brother as a sex toy.

My actions seemed so lustful. They were so naughty and so outrageous. It was my brother who finally brought me back to reality. "Would you untie me?"

I looked in his eyes trying to see what he was thinking. With all my might I couldn't figure out what must have been passing through his mind. As I freed one of his wrists he finally told me, "You know, you didn't actually have to tie me up to get sex. All you had to do was ask."

This moment. This one here. That's the one that made me truly realize what I had done. I was a sexual aggressor towards my brother. I couldn't help but run back to my side of the room and bury my head in my pillow. I cried aloud for some time and my brother left me be to my own thoughts. Those thoughts were simple: I took advantage of my own brother.

CHAPTER 6

I woke to the sweet smell of breakfast. I could hear the sounds of a spatula on a pan. I heard the sizzle of bacon and identified its pungent smell. This intense stimulation of my senses brought me to the stark realization that I was hungry. My stomach churned in anticipation. It also continued to churn with the feelings of guilt.

My thoughts bounced back to the night before. I had gone above and beyond what was acceptable. I had taken what I wanted from my brother without concern for his desires.

My thoughts were broken as my brother walked into my side of the room. With my head tucked under my covers I couldn't see him but could feel his presence. He nudged my shoulder, "Hey. Are you awake?"

I wanted to ignore him. I just wanted him to forget about what I had done. I didn't need any guilt trips. I knew he had to have been upset with me about my sexual execution. Despite my feeling awful I couldn't keep my consciousness a secret. I let out a little whimper and began to cry. Then I tried talking through my tears. "Yes, I'm awake. But I'm just going to stay here."

"You don't have to cry. I'm not mad at you. Actually I'm kind of glad it happened. I just wish you would have told me you wanted it. I could have made it so much better for you."

I couldn't help but continue to cry. My brother sat down on my bed and tried rubbing my back through the blankets. After a few moments he pulled back my covers to try to comfort me more. I didn't get dressed the night before. I only curled up in my bed and cried myself to sleep. As I became exposed he saw me laying in my nakedness. I felt his hand make contact with my bare back. It was the first time that he had benevolently touched me since our sexual contact at the hotel.

His gentle touch helped calm my emotions. It didn't take long before I was consoled enough to cease the uncontrollable weeping. I wiped the tears from my eyes and finally opened

them. I had not expected to see what was resting before me. Sitting on the edge of my bed was my stark naked brother. I could see his semi-soft erection.

I rolled onto my back and gazed into his eyes. He softly spoke, "I was curious if you would like to do it again?"

"You know we can't do this. I'm your sister. We can't have this kind of relationship."

"Then why did you do it? Why did you ride me last night?"

I sighed as a worried look came across my face. "I want you. I want to do it but we just can't."

"When are you going to stop denying what's happening between us? I love you. I know we can't stay together forever but we can take advantage of this time now."

As I lay under his view I became increasingly aware of my naked state. I began to pull my blanket up over my chest. He grabbed the cloth and pulled it back down. "No," he uttered. "Carpe Diem."

As much as I hated to admit it my brother was correct. I wanted him. More importantly I needed him. It was the social taboo which led me to deny my feelings towards him. Despite my desire for him I still had reservations. It was my brother who broke the silence again, "Besides, you have been masturbating in front of me for the last few weeks. How am I supposed to interpret that?"

I could only smile at him with a little glimmer in my eyes. That was all the invitation he needed. He leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on my lips. With one swift motion he was next to me in my bed. His head was propped up on his arm. His body snuggled in close to me. I could feel his warmth. I could especially feel his growing prick.

He began to caress my stomach with little light circles. I looked into his eyes and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Leaning in a little closer he whispered back, "Why are you sorry?"

"Because I took advantage of you last night. It was all planned ahead and I knew what I was doing. I should have just asked you."

Moving one arm to the opposite side of me he was half way to being on top. "Don't worry. I liked it. I just think it could have been better."

After saying that my own brother moved the lower half of his body so that he was on his knees hovering over me. His lips began contact with mine in a gentle and caring manner. This wasn't the same type of kissing we shared in the hotel room. This was a deeper more affectionate love. My only reaction was to reach up and pull him down towards me. Our bodies had finally come into full contact one with another.

My lustful desires from the previous night were gone. I didn't want to have another fuck session. This time I wanted to bond on a deeper level. This time we were to make love.

Our passionate kisses caused my slit to become filled with emotion. My pussy sobbed with joy in anticipation of our soon to be coupling. The tip of my brother's cock was silky smooth with his pre-cum. He clumsily wiggled his cock around as we continued to kiss. Our eyes were inseparable. Between his pre-cum and cock teasing it wasn't long before his shaft bottomed out inside of me.

I was emotionally immersed in his slow but rhythmic pumping of my pussy. We maintained eye contact as we continued to kiss and as I began to push my muff back into him. I could feel the emotional bond between us beginning to grow. Throughout my life I had never felt

the same kind of caring from any other guy. It didn't matter that we were having sex. I knew the way he did it with me that he loved me.

My brother's cock slid ever so easily in and out. In and out. Soon his member began swelling with excitement and I could feel the now familiar pulsating of his prick. His body quivered as his cum filled my body. With a few more slight moves I was sent over the edge and my orgasm took control. With his dick beginning to lose its firmness and with my bucking back towards him, his cock fell out. A wet spermy mess was left on my sheets as my pussy oscillated.

He collapsed down upon my sweaty body. His breathing began returning to normal when he started talking to me again. "Thanks. I really needed that."

I smiled to myself. My hands began rubbing his back. "Your welcome. It's the least I could do. I have a lot to make up for."

"Stop worrying about last night. Its over. Its done. You can't change it."

My brother's kind words helped me to feel at ease. I was comfortable with him. I wanted to be with him. And this time the guilt I was feeling for having fucked my own brother was just a little less than it had been before. I finally responded to him, "I know I can't change it. But that doesn't mean I can't do something for you to make up for it."

"Well I've done something for you," he retorted.

"Yeah? Like what?"

"I made you breakfast. But its probably starting to get cold."

"Then we should get up and eat it."

My brother rolled off of me and stood beside my bed. He reached for my hand and gracefully helped me to my feet. I reached down for my regular set of sweat pants but he stopped me. "No. Just come out naked and let me take in your beauty."

The smell of bacon brought me swiftly back to my earlier thoughts of hunger. It wasn't until I reached our very tiny kitchen that I had realized how much my brother had done. He had cooked up bacon, made waffles, and scrambled some eggs. I squeezed in next to him as he dished up breakfast for both of us.

Our existing furniture accommodations were rather meager. We had a couch, a few chairs and a couple desks. We had usually eaten on our respective desks but today that just didn't seem right. I made my way to the couch and took up a position at one end with my legs crossed underneath me. My brother took the opposite end.

"Thanks for making such a great breakfast," I commented.

"Its no problem," my brother retorted back to me. "I figured you might want a healthy sized breakfast after what you did to me last night."

"Could we just not talk about that anymore?"

He could tell I was still feeling frustrated about my feelings. "Fine, I won't talk about last night but I think we should talk about us."

"What about us. What kind of 'us' can there really be? We can't be together like a normal couple. Dad would slice off your dick if he knew you were slipping it to his little girl. And could you imagine how mom would take it? She would be a blubbering mess."

"I didn't mean to have an all out relationship that everyone knows about. I meant about us now. About what we are doing and what we both want out of it."

He had said it with so much confidence that I couldn't help but believe what he said. "Fine, what about now? I like being with you. I love the way you make me feel. But how long is all this supposed to go on?"

"I don't know." His response seemed so uncertain. "We don't have to put a time line on it. Just go with it. Lets be lovers."

I turned my thoughts to my brother's proposal as I focused in on my remaining breakfast. The idea of having such a caring and considerate lover was more than appealing. Knowing that he would protect me and take care of me was comforting.

We both finished our breakfast in our own thoughts. My brother was obviously enjoying the naked view I providing to him. I placed my plate on my desk after I finished up the remaining food. My brother had been talking so much that he hadn't spent much time eating. That combined with the much larger portion he had dished up provided me with an opportunity to do my own staring at him.

He was cute. I never thought my brother would top my list of cutest guys ever. But there he was now taking first place. He wasn't super buff or even very coordinated for that matter. But seeing him gloriously naked in front of me convinced me that I should really consider what he was saying.

He finally finished his meal. I took his plate and placed it on mine. "Listen," I began. "I know what we have is something special. I felt really guilty after we did it the first time. But in the hotel room you seemed to brush it off when I told you. I felt awful after last night. But this morning you were so caring and loving there was no way I could say no to you. After we were done I still felt a bit guilty but not nearly as much as I had before."

My brother just stared at me intently. I couldn't tell if he was thinking about what I was saying or if he was just admiring my boobs. I continued on, "We can give it a try for a while. At least till the end of the semester. If things get weird we can both go find a new place to live and new roommates."

My brother's face grew a smile a mile wide as he heard me say this. He moved in towards me. His lips met with my own. "Why don't you lie down on the couch," he requested. "I'll cuddle up to you and we can watch a little television."

I smiled at him. "That sounds nice. I would like that."

I lay down on our couch and he spooned with me from behind. His arms wrapped around me pulling me in tight. He cupped my breasts with his firm hands. In that position I gave into his request to be his. I fell asleep in the arms of my new lover.

C H A P T E R 7

I woke to the feel of my new lover rubbing his hands along my thigh. I glanced down at his hand and then back up to the clock. It was nearing the late morning. A few hours had passed since I dozed off. I was a bit shocked that I had slept for so long.

I looked back into my brother's eyes. "Hi," he whispered into my ear.

I bit my lower lip and gave him a loving look. "Hey."

"You are so beautiful when you sleep."

I broke from the spooning position we were in and turned over onto my other side. "So I was thinking about us."

My brother slightly grimaced. "OK."

"Well, you want to be lovers. Have sex and all that."

"Yeah," he affirmed.

"So did you just want to be fuck buddies or would you like more than that?"

"Well what are you looking for? Did you want more than sex?" Oh, that was just like my brother. To turn the question back around on me.

"I just don't want our relationship to be only about sex. Sometimes we did some really fun things together. I just want to still have fun with you."

"How about we still go do the things we have always done. But instead of coming home and going to bed alone we can now have sex." He had a way of saying things that made me want to go along with his plans. At least we could give it a try.

"So what do you want to do today?" My inquisitive question obviously got the cogs in his head to churn.

"Thats a good question," He indicated. "Maybe I could somehow convince you to have sex with me again. After that I could maybe go over and listen to you practice while I work on my own homework."

Oh practicing. Being a music major I was sure terrible at spending time in the practice rooms. I really needed to get in and play through my scales. It would sure be a lot easier if I could get someone I liked to go with me. "That sounds good so far. Maybe if you kissed me more I wouldn't need to have my trumpet up to my lips as often."

My brother smiled and put a finger up to my lips. He caressed my lower lip. "You are actually a really good kisser. I'm surprised my sister knows how to work those things so well. I think its because you spend so much time with your lips on that trumpet."

He leaned in and laid a kiss on me. It was soft and supple. I could feel him trying to extend his love through his lips. I was completely seduced by his emotional smooching. I also knew where this was going but I wasn't quite ready for it again. So I moved myself up towards him before he had a chance to get on top.

I broke off the kiss and looked down at him. "I have an idea. Before we get all hot and heavy over each other why don't we go jump in the shower together. I would love it. Just absolutely love it if you washed my hair."

He reached up, grabbing my ass, and pulled me in towards his skin. He rocked my hips against his body. "Are you sure you don't want to have sex first?"

I continued to rock my hips against him. "Yes. I'm sure. The sex last night, the love we made in my bed this morning, and cuddling with you naked while I slept, after all that I really feel like I need a shower."

"But your pussy feels so wet right now."

"Just shut up and do what I ask. Aren't you supposed to be my slave?" I stood and walked to the bathroom door. I stopped for a moment while I posed at the bathroom door. My hand on my hip with my ass pushed out to the side. I looked back to see my brother lightly

stroking his hard shaft with one hand while caressing his balls with the other. With a grimace I entered the bathroom.

I bent over to turn on the water. While I was adjusting the temperature I felt my brother's presence behind me. I stayed bent over but spread my legs slightly for him to get a good view. To my surprise he didn't just take a peek. I could feel his cock rubbing up and down my slit. It felt amazing having him just caress me with that soft cock head.

Before being completely overcome with lust I straightened back up. His cock had squeezed itself in between my legs while his hands reached around for a good cupping of my breasts. The water continued to run as he kissed my neck up to the back of my ear. I felt his hand rub down my hips and to my thigh. He reached under my knees and pulled me up so that he was holding me in his arms. He kissed me on the lips one more time before putting me back down under the warmth of the shower.

My brother closed the shower curtain behind him as he stepped in next to me. I turned to face him. He gently guided me under the shower head, wetting my hair. I was engrossed in the feel of his hands running through my hair. I closed my eyes and enjoyed his touch. He broke away from my head and I took a step towards him. I was soon met with soapy hands beginning to caress my scalp. Given a bit of time he had finally scrubbed me to cleanliness. He eased me back under the shower head and began rinsing my hair in the same manner.

I was overcome with passion. I placed my arms around him and pulled myself up to his lips for a long kiss of thanks. I could feel his cock probing for its pussy friend. I opened my legs to allow him in just as he pulled his head back from our kiss. I looked at him with desire while I bit my lip.

He reached over for the soap and began to lather up the rest of my body. His touch with the silky smooth feel of the soap as it ran across my physique was exactly what I needed to be ready for a good fucking. I returned into the running water and rinsed my body off. I then returned the favor for my brother. Starting with washing his hair.

Soon enough the water began to cool off. Our water heater was unable to provide enough hot water for us to finish in the shower. We turned off the water and stepped into the steamy bathroom. My brother grabbed my towel and began to dry my body. I loved feeling his firm hands as they pressed against me. He handed me my towel and watched me as I wrapped it around my head. I reached for him and gratuitously returned the toveling off favor.

As we entered back into our bedroom we were faced with a decision. "Your bed or mine," I inquired.

"I think I have a better idea," he responded. I then watched his cute ass as he pulled our makeshift partition of blankets from their wire. He then returned to his bed and pushed it over to where our blanket wall once was. Then he moved my bed up against his.

I couldn't help but to laugh slightly. "Mr. Gorbachev," I exclaimed. "Tear down this wall!"

My brother returned laughter in response to my comment. "You always call me a nerd but then you make comments like that?"

I gave him shocked look which he quickly wiped away with a kiss. He picked me back up again and placed me ever so gently on his bed. He gazed upon my nakedness with a combined look of desire and gratitude. I was in no way comparable to his now ex-girlfriend, Maria. But his projected feelings were not lost on me. I too was grateful to have a man who cared so much for me.

He moved himself upon me. With all our shower foreplay we were both very ready to have sex. His cock easily entered me. I loved how he filled my love cavity with his manhood. He slowly and gently fucked my pussy as he had earlier in the day. It was during this sexual encounter that I finally let myself go. I let go of all my inhibitions. I let go of all my worries. I let go of my guilt for having sex with my own sibling.

His cock began to flex. I could feel it's pulsating action which informed me that he was ready to cum. I grabbed his ass and pulled him into me. He was balls deep as his sperm filled me with it's love. Just as he had finished cumming I was engrossed in my own big O. Again his cock softened and slid out allowing his cum to ooze from my pulsating pussy hole.

He collapsed down on top of me. I could feel his heavy breathing beginning to subside. Just having him there with me, on top of me, and as my new lover was emotionally fulfilling. I whispered into his ear as I caressed his back. "I'll be your lover. But I still want you to keep doing the dishes."

C H A P T E R 8

Time sure flies when your cuddling naked with your own sibling. Laying and talking together made the time pass faster than I had ever imagined. Before we knew it late afternoon was coming upon us. Our conversation turned to school and how much homework my brother needed to get done this weekend.

I also realized that I had been naked since last night and had sweaty sex three times. On top of that I hadn't taken a shower. I really felt dirty. "Well why don't we get going," I suggested. "I really need a shower. Then we can head over to the music department. I can practice and you can do homework."

A smile broke out across my brother's face. "Only if you let me take a shower with you. I haven't had one since this morning before I started breakfast."

"Well I guess since you are still my slave you could wash my hair." I had always dreamed of getting a romantic hair scrubbing.

It took a little teasing and a bit of tickling before we were both in the bathroom awaiting the shower to warm up. As I was bent over adjusting the water temperature my brother lovingly caressed my ass. I shifted my ass up to allow easier access for him. It didn't take

much before he was rubbing my pussy instead. With all my juices and a good portion of his cum still slowly leaking from me his hand became rather lubricated.

Then suddenly and without warning my brother instantly stopped. As I looked back to see why he stopped I could see his open hand flying towards me. It made contact with my ass sending a ripple of pain through my cheeks. "OUCH! What the fuck," I said furiously.

"You had better get your ass in that shower before the hot water runs out," he demanded. "I can't wash your hair if the water is cold."

I jumped in the shower and watched my brother as he followed me in. I rubbed my ass while looking at him with sad puppy dog eyes, "My butt hurts now. Would you mind kissing it better?"

He smiled at me and quickly got to his knees. A gentle kiss turned into a sloppy mess as his tongue started to get in on the action. Then gently his teeth nipped at my behind. "OK. Stop that," I laughingly responded. "I wish my naughty brother would get up here and wash my hair."

As he began to stand up my brother nudged me under the shower. Water ran through my hair and dribbled down my face. I felt his hands make contact with my scalp. His fingers scratched their way across my head and back again. He pulled me out from under the shower head and I stood waiting for what may happen next. The feel of cold shampoo made contact with my head sending shivers down my spine. His fingers began to massage my scalp in little circles. My blood began to pump hot with the sensation of his fingers running through my hair. I was suddenly awakened from my heavenly bliss as he pushed me back under the shower head to rinse off my hair.

He moved me back out from under the water and brushed my wet hair out of my face. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. "Wow. That was the most amazing feeling."

My brother leaned in and passionately kissed me. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," he replied. Then with the soap in hand he began lathering up my body. Starting with my neck and moving southward. He spent more than needed time on my erogenous zones. The attention he gave my body was enough to let me know how he felt towards me. With a quick rinse I finally felt clean. I still felt a bit morally dirty but my body felt clean.

I quickly and clumsily returned the favor for my brother. I washed his hair and gave his body a good scrubbing. I teased his cock with a few soapy strokes but never did enough to bring him to climax. After I was finished with him we made out until the water began to run cold.

As we exited the shower my brother continued the sensual connection. He dried my body and helped me dry my hair. I returned the favor and dried him off as well. Then he took me by the hand and guided me into our now shared room. He pawed his way through my closet and finally pulled out a dress. It was a cute flowery number with a nice low neck with a long bottom that reached nearly to my ankles.

He held it up to my naked body. "I believe this will be a good choice," he said as he began removing it from the hanger. He opened the top and I stepped in. He moved the dress up my body and zipped up the back.

"So I guess I don't get a bra or panties," I inquired.

He looked me up and down and had me spin around. "Panties, no. A bra, maybe." And with that he fumbled through my drawers and pulled out my sexiest bra. He returned to me and unzipped my dress. He pulled it down a bit exposing my breasts to his view. I willingly helped him to get my bra on. With a few of my own adjustments I was comfortably being zipped back up into my dress. "There we go," he said as he finished up. "That's what I want you to look like tonight."

I reached down and grabbed his still bare cock. "We had better get you dressed as well. I can't be seen in public with a naked brother." Before I could jump in to help him out he quickly dressed himself in jeans and a t-shirt..

We walked out of our apartment for a nice walk to the school and with a little quality time intended to be spent. I felt a little upset that he would get me into a dress while he walked around in jeans. But I was just happy to have a man who cared so much about me.

Alone in a practice room I played as he worked on his math. Time passed as we both focused in on our own disciplines. As the evening turned into night we had both had enough. My lips were beginning to feel chapped from the relentless practicing and I could tell my brother was beginning to tire of all the writing. I stopped and sat down next him. "It looks like your a bit tired of doing homework."

"Yeah. My eyes are starting to hurt a little."

"Don't you still have a lot of reading to do," I inquired.

"Actually no. I was able to reach my books while you were sleeping. I got all the chapters read I needed to.

"You mean you weren't staring at me the whole time?"

My brother could only laugh. "Sorry. My attention span is too short for that."

"Well what could get you to look at me with desire?"

"Why don't you take off that dress and let me watch you play your trumpet naked? I bet when you hit the high notes I could really see it in your genitals."

"Oh so scandalous," I replied. "But people could look in the door's window and see me."

"Well I have some paper and a little bit of tape in my backpack. Lets just cover it up."

It didn't take anything to convince me. As he covered up the little window on the door my dress dropped to the ground. Then my brother sat down and began to watch me as my trumpet made its way back to my lips. I played for him as he intently watched my body. His hands made their way to my legs and wandered around as I continued to perform for him.

"Nice," he cooed. "That was seriously cool to watch."

Then without any hint of my actions I put my trumpet down to my pussy. "Maybe these lips can play." I mimicked a few trumpet sounds as my brother began to laugh out loud.

"You really are a weird girl."

"What do you mean? Am I really that awkward?"

"Lets just say a lot of my friends in high school thought you were pretty hot but thought you were too odd to hit on."

I won't bore you with the conversation that started afterwards. But I will say that my brother and I sat in that practice room for a long time exchanging past secrets. It wasn't until we heard some janitors talking outside the door about locking up and getting out of there. Then we finally looked at a watch. I had sat naked in a practice room for nearly two hours while talking to him. Much to my surprise I did not feel self-conscious about my nudity. I actually felt really comfortable being naked with him.

My brother finally ended our lengthy conversation with a suggestion. "Why don't you get your clothes back on and we can get out of here."

I quickly put my dress back on my body and had him zip me up. I then shoved my bra into his backpack, put away my trumpet, and began to head out. We were alone walking through the halls. It was late enough in the day that everyone had already left. As we walked passed the auditorium my brother checked the door. It was uncharacteristically unlocked. He disappeared behind the door as I frantically followed. "Where do you think your going," I asked.

"Just thought I would see whats in here, thats all."

"I don't think you understand. This auditorium is like the holy of holies for the music department."

"Oh, so I'm standing on sacred ground?"

"Something like that," I replied.

He leaped up onto the stage, "Well maybe my little sister might want to be a bit sacrilegious for a change." He reached down for my hand.

I reached up and allowed him to help me up on the stage. Without much more conversing we were frantically kissing each other again. It had been a great day for both of us and I had never expected to be making out in the auditorium.

Our hormones flared as my brother once again unzipped my dress. It slid off my shoulders and hit the floor. I helped him with his shirt and rubbed his chest. For the first time I began to kiss downwards on him. I kissed down his neck. I lingered on his man nipples before heading further down. He helped me get his pants off and his cock sprung from its confines.

My brother's cock stood majestically before me. His balls hung as an ornament to his manhood. I cupped his sack in one hand and firmly grasped his cock in my other. I gently kissed the soft head of his member. I rubbed his pre-cum into my lips before I began to take him in. I slowly sucked his cock as I slowly jerked along while caressing his balls. It didn't take too long before I felt his cock beginning to tighten up. I stopped and released my grip on him. "Not yet," I whispered.

I stood back up and began kissing him. Exchanging with him the taste of his cock. He began to kiss downwards as I had done to him. He motioned for me to lay down on the stage and I felt a desire to do as he wanted. He kissed down my chest. I was his desire and my breasts were my tools to satisfy him. He sucked them gently while beginning to finger my pussy. He started to kiss further down as I began to fuck back at his hand. He finally reached my pussy lips, pleasing them as masterfully as he did before. It only took me a short bit of time to reach my climax. My body spasmed as his tongue worked my bits.

He kissed his way back up my stomach and to my lips. He shared my taste with me as I had done with him. With as much foreplay as we had done his cock easily made its way into me. He kissed me gently as he started pumping my pussy with his man meat. I moaned loudly as he continued his relentless fucking. That night we gave a stellar performance of our own to an audience of no one. It was topped off with a generous load of cum filling my pussy.

My brother and I dressed each other and finished our exit from the building. I held his hand the entire walk home as his love dribbled down my leg.

Once we walked back into our apartment door my brother dropped his bag. "Hey. Would you take off your dress for me?" He had asked so nicely.

"Again? Aren't you sexually satisfied yet? We have had sex like four times today."

"Yeah. I'm feeling really good actually. I would just like you to be naked for me tonight."

That night my brother and I slept in our pushed together beds. Our blankets shared between the two of us. Our bodies cuddled in close.

CHAPTER 9

It didn't take long for our licentious relationship to become a habitual activity. The moment I returned home everyday I would immediately remove my clothing. Not only had my brother always requested my nudity but I had become pleased with the serene feeling of being naked. It also provided substantial opportunity to have sex with my brother. Sometimes I believed he needed it more than me. His cock was always full of vim. I gave him plenty of freedom to fill me with his vigor.

Yes, sex had become so frequent and so regular that there wasn't much that differentiated one time to the next. It seemed to always start with some deep kissing. There was always plenty of groping. Then one of us would go down on the other. This oral interrogation of each other's genitals would always be retaliated. My brother enjoyed me being on top so he could play with my tits. I enjoyed him on top, just because I liked it that way. So we would usually end up rolling around until one of us victoriously stayed on the bottom. Finally we would end up with the fucking which most always ended with him cumming inside me.

This all sounds so very routine and perhaps a bit tedious. Being that the sex was incestuous I had always felt the excitement that would declassify our sex as routine. As time went on our emotional connection during sex became unfathomably deep. Though I was scared to admit my feelings I knew that I had actually fallen in love with my own brother.

In order to avoid a laborious story telling of epic proportions I have chosen to now share sexual encounters that were different than our usual. Those sexual experiences that caused memories to be seared in my mind. So now a bit of fast forwarding through time.

We had a good number of fun sexual times together. A couple of our most memorable sexual confrontations happened during midterm week. My brother and I had been sexually active for well over a month. It was normal for us to have an erotic coupling at least once a day. During midterms this had all changed. My brother had become a study whore and avoided

me as much as possible. Even though he wanted me and desired my body he also wanted to keep good grades. I can't say that I blame him. So, during midterm week we had a bit of a sexual slowdown.

My own midterms were not nearly as difficult as my brother's. He had confined himself to the school library for most of the week. After seeing him for only a few moments every day that week I was beginning to feel rather lonely. Spending my free time at home in a state of undress was not quite the same as having him there with me. Invariably I ended up masturbating more often than not.

It didn't take much self pleasuring before frustration hits. Especially when I knew that my brother could easily help with my sexual dissatisfaction. The cogs in my brain began to spin while thinking about ways to seduce him so heavily he could not refuse. I considered lingerie. I thought about saving some money in order to get our favorite hotel room. A room which we had not visited since that fateful weekend. I even considered tying him down to his bed again just to have my way with him.

All of these thoughts seemed to come up short. I wanted fun sex. I wanted amazing sex. Unfortunately I had no money for a hotel room and no way to convince him to join me there. So out of sheer lack of imagination fueled by my sexual frustration I set out to go talk to him. If only to be with him for but a short moment.

I arrived at the school's library and began my search. The first floor was disparagingly void of my brother's presence. I certainly understood as the first floor was the busiest and therefore the noisiest. The second floor also turned up nothing of interest. It wasn't until I reached the fourth floor that I finally found him ducked into a corner dutifully reading his books.

I sat a ways away from him and watched his intense focus. Writing and reading followed by obvious thinking. I didn't want to interrupt him but found it hard to move my eyes away from his image. I had nearly resigned myself to another evening of self love when my brother finally leaned back. I could only stare in his direction as he stood and headed towards the restroom. He seemed completely oblivious to my presence.

The library's fourth floor was always sparsely populated. I knew that if I wanted any action that day I would have to move fast. I nearly sprinted towards the restroom door that my brother had just walked through moments ago. I quietly made my way inside and locked the door behind me. I moved around the corner and stood behind my brother as he relieved himself at the urinal. I didn't want to startle him. I certainly wasn't in the mood to be covered in pee.

I had seen my brother urinate quite a number of times. He had a routine which involved shaking off his shaft after he was done. So I waited until he began his regular ritual before I said anything to him. "Shake it once your cleaning it off. Shake it twice your playing with it," I tooted at him.

My brother abruptly turned around while trying to tuck himself back into his pants. "What the fuck are you doing in here? Are you fucking crazy?" His response seemed rather perturbed.

"Oh don't worry," I replied as I smiled at him. "I've locked the door." He simply looked disparagingly at me as I moved towards him. "As long as we are quick no one will ever find out."

"You really want to have sex in a public restroom," he inquired.

"I want to have sex now. We just happen to be in here." In order to entice him more I removed my shirt and dropped my pants. I stepped away from my clothing and slid my ass up on the counter. "So what do you say? Want to penetrate my pussy?"

My brother seemed reluctant to engage in sex with me in the library restroom. "Come on. Get dressed we can't have sex in here. This is a public place."

"That didn't stop you when we were on the stage. Why don't you just get over here and get the job done?"

He finally pulled his cock back out. In the short time since I announced my presence to the time he pulled himself back out he had developed quite a good erection. "Your pussy had better be wet. If you aren't I'm leaving."

I could feel it. I knew my brother would slide right in. I had been psychologically preparing myself most of the week for this one moment. I didn't know it would happen right then but I was more than ready for him. I could feel myself beginning to drip as his cock made its way towards me.

The pure ecstasy of feeling his cock for the first time in days nearly sent me over the edge immediately. My brother's cock was deep inside of me. His hands grabbed my hips as he began pumping his cock in and out of my wet and wanton womanhood. I could feel myself reaching my climax with only a few more good pumps of his cock.

"Fuck me baby," I whispered in his ear. "I'm going to cum for you."

He began fucking me harder and faster as my orgasm wrenched through my body. I squeezed him in closer to me. I lifted myself up using his neck and fucked him back as hard as I could. As my brother was supporting both our weight I felt his cock begin to erupt. I continued my relentless humping until he had become limp enough to slip right out of me.

I put my feet back on the ground and leaned in for a kiss. At that moment we heard a slight rattle at the door. "Shit," my brother quietly exclaimed. "We had better get out of here."

He pulled his pants back up and watched me as I frantically put my clothes back on. My brother unlocked the door and peeked outside. The coast was clear. We made a break for it and quickly ended up back at the table where my brother was studying. We couldn't help but giggle together as another guy showed up a few minutes later with a school janitor in

tow. The janitor reached up and opened the door without a problem. He then gave a disgusted look to the guy as he walked away.

"That was so much fun," I told my brother. "I can feel your cum soaking my panties. Its so hot."

My brother smiled at me. "We almost got caught. Do you realize what could happen if people found out about us?"

"Don't get your panties in a twist. We didn't actually get caught did we? And it was lots of fun."

"Yeah. You had your fun. Now get out of here so I can keep studying."

My brother seemed rather upset with me. I figured it was best not to push my luck with him any further. I headed for home and prepared for his arrival. I figured he would be upset with me and would like to share a few choice words when he got home. The sex we shared was quick and dirty but I loved every moment. I sat quietly sulking as I expected to receive a stern talking to.

Merely an hour later, much earlier than I had expected, my brother came barging through the door.

"I'm sorry I made you have sex with me," I said to him.

He didn't say anything to me at all. Instead he swiftly spun me around and bent me over the arm of our couch. I could feel him roughly pulling my pants down. His cock forcefully probed at my pussy until I was wet enough to allow him entry. He shoved his cock into me and started pumping me vigorously.

"You want my cock," he said angrily as he continued his fucking movements. "You fucking take my cock, bitch."

My brother had never treated me like this. Being dominated in such a rough way was a major turn on for me. His cock was roughly pounding me from behind while he spoke so dirty to me. "Yes," I yelled out. "I need your cock!"

He started fucking me harder. "You only get my cock here. You understand me?"

"Yes!" I yelled with a vibrating tone as he was pounding my pussy.

He began slapping my ass with his open palm. A stinging slap with every pump of his cock. "You've been a naughty girl!"

"Yes," I yelled again. "Punish me."

My brother pushed himself balls deep. His cock began to pulsate as his fresh cum began to mingle with the leftovers from just over an hour ago.

I felt his cock vacate my body. I stayed leaned over the couch expecting more of a spanking from him. I heard his zipper followed by the door opening and then closing. He had left. I had expected an exchange of words with him. Instead he made his point clearly, in the way I needed it. I lifted myself up from the couch and moved my ass to its nearest cushion. My pussy was feeling good but my ass hurt. I just needed a few moments to let it rest. I also needed a few moments to mull over my brother's fun but harsh punishment.

CHAPTER 10

His balls began to tighten as his cock started pulsating heavily. Just a few more strokes from my soft hand before his cum started erupting towards my face. He moaned with enjoyment as his hot sperm made contact with my skin at nearly thirty miles per hour. I enjoyed each protein string of baby batter splashing against me.

My brother laughed at the sight of his cum dripping down my face. "It looks like you might have to get in the shower with me to clean that up."

I tried opening my mouth to respond. With every word I had to fight the bitter taste of his salty semen. "If you would stop cumming on my face this wouldn't be a problem."

"If you would stop following me into the bathroom every time I took a shower I wouldn't feel like I needed to," he quipped back at me.

I stood up and removed my panties. I usually slept naked with my brother but during that special time of the month I wore some panties to bed, just in case. My brother moved aside while I stepped into the shower with him. I moved my head beneath the shower and started washing his cum off my face. I felt his hands make contact with my back, a bar of soap in tow. His lathering touch was a great way to begin the day.

"So what did you want to do for spring break?" My brother's question brought me out of my relaxing trance and I listened to him continue, "I'm done with classes tomorrow afternoon. So we have a whole lot of time to spend together, alone."

"Mhm, I love the sound of that. My period should be over sometime tomorrow so we can get back to our regular fucking schedule." My brother had never been too keen on having sex with me when I was on the rag. I was a bit disappointed at first but I understood his repugnance.

He continued washing the rest of my body. "Well it has been a really amazing blow job week."

"You know you can fuck me when I'm having my period... right?"

"Of course I know that. I just don't want your pussy bleeding all over me." And thus was the monthly course of our relationship.

"So what did you have in mind? Tie me to the bed and have me be your fuck slave all week?"

My brother pondered over my suggestion as he began working lather into my hair. It wasn't until he was finally rinsing it out that he responded. "Maybe we could try doing something different."

"Oh, different? I'm listening."

"What do you think about going camping for a few days?"

"It could be fun as long as you keep me warm and safe at night. We would need to figure out how to get some gas money so we can get home to get our camping gear."

My brother gave me that evil plan look. "That's why you just call dad and sweet talk him into giving us more money."

I picked up the soap and started washing my brother as he had previously washed me. "Let's say I agree to this. You do realize that mom and dad will want us to stay there for a few days."

"I know," my brother retorted.

"They won't be too excited about us sharing the same bed. Or having sex. I don't know if I can stop long enough while we are there. And spending the night without you will be really hard."

"Maybe you could sneak your sweet ass into my room at night."

"Your room is the worst possible place. Right next to mom and dad's room. Then they hear us having sex and guess who they think started it? Me, the girl that sneaked into your room."

"And what do you think dad will do when he sees me in your bed?"

I simply laughed at my brother as I finished rinsing his body from my sensuous washing. "I'll just tell dad you have been making me do it for the last few months."

"Yeah, that would work really well as long as you're willing to attend my pending funeral afterwards."

I stepped out of the shower and grabbed my towel. "I would totally go to your funeral. I would even have a few nice things to say about you." I left the bathroom before my brother was able to respond to my cavalier comment.

By the time my brother left the bathroom I was well on my way to being ready for another day of classes. Just a couple days of lectures before I could forget about school and relax over spring break.

My brother walked into our room wearing nothing but a smile. He lay down on his bed and started fondling at his genitals. He was generously tugging at his scrotum, "So what do you think of my idea? A few days out in the outdoors together?"

"I mostly like it. Just figure out how to spend the least amount of time at home with mom and dad and then we'll have a deal."

"Just tell them that we are supposed to meet some friends on Saturday. That should be a pretty good excuse to spend only one night there."

My brother had a very good point. This whole thing was a lot easier than I was making it out to be. But being that he had class until the late afternoon we wouldn't get home until Friday night. So only one night at home with our parents and then off to a nice camping ground with little contact from anyone else. Just a nice time alone with my sexy brother. "Alright," I agreed. "I'll call dad and see if I can get him to send us some extra money."

One thing I noticed about my dad was that it didn't take much to talk him into giving me things. It only takes a little girl asking her daddy for something with a sweet begging tone to get what she wants. I'm pretty sure that my current living arrangement with my brother wouldn't exist if I didn't have my dad wrapped around my finger.

After I got home from classes that day I called my father. With a little groveling and an exited tone in my voice when I said I wanted to see him, my dad happily deposited a few extra bones in my checking account. My brother was right about me being able to get more money from our dad. But I had always felt bad about doing it.

With some extra money now in our possession it would take another night of blow jobs, one last day of classes, a long ride, a painfully lonely night alone at our parents house, and then we would finally be able to have a nice week away from everyone and everything. There were some great camping spots in the area between our home town and our college town. Some of which were very nicely tucked away in a secluded wilderness area.

That day seemed to creep by. It wasn't until classes were over for the day and I was once again lounging around my apartment with my naked brother that time seemed to speed back up. I was so full of anticipation that Thursday night. Before I knew it Friday had rolled upon us. My sense of time seemed as if it had screeched to a halt. I knew we were leaving that afternoon but that didn't help my morning classes move any faster.

Finally, after what seemed like very long hours, my brother and I were on the road towards home. I always loved road trips with my brother. It gave us a chance to talk about everything. It seemed to me that he opened up more when there was nothing else vying for his attention. You perverts have stuck with me this far and I don't plan on losing your attention over some lame conversational topics. However I know that the majority of you perverts reading my story would be happy to know that we played some fun flashing and groping games on the way!

Lamentably, even good things must come to an end. The time I spent with my brother had reached its limit as we finally rolled into our parent's driveway. The old feeling of being back home surged my emotions. I began feeling nervous about the relationship my brother and I had developed. I was worried our parents would notice how close we had become or how I looked at him.

My brother reached over and put his hand on mine and topped it with a little squeeze, "Are you ready for this."

I looked up at him and he smiled. I smiled back, "Yeah. Let's do this," I replied as The outdoor porch light suddenly came to life.